Collier's

JULY 5, 1947

TEN CENTS

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GETTING SET
FOR THE OLYMPICS

PAGE 20

"I WILL NOT RUN FOR A THIRD TERM" — F.D.R. TO FARLEY

PAGE 16

•

Beginning MERCHANT OF VALOR
By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

July 5, 1947

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When on summer nights
You turn on the lights
And the neighbors come over to play

No matter who wins
There'll be plenty of grins
When Old Thompson appears on the tray.

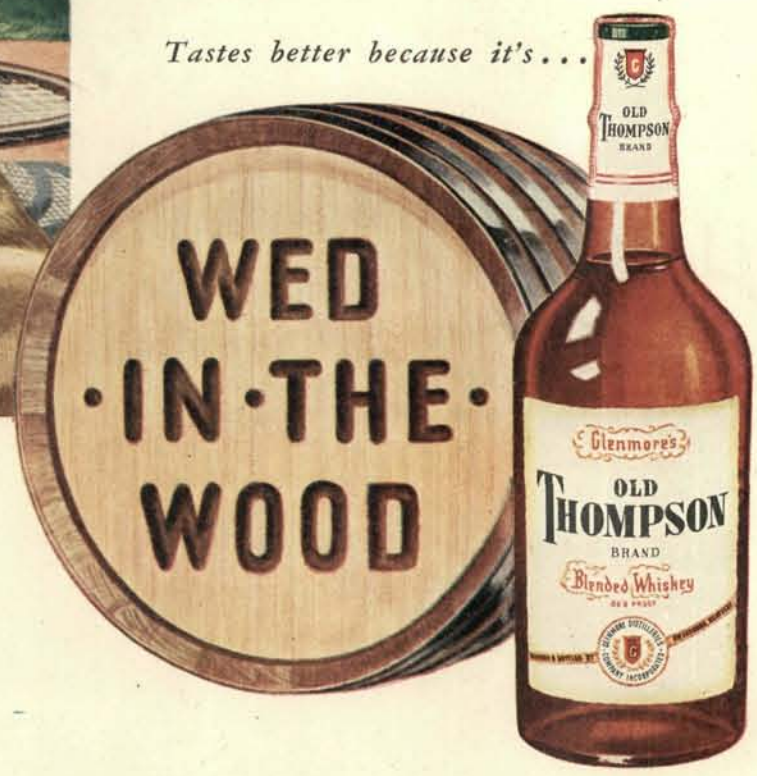
H. E. Kelley

One good serve deserves another

So next time make it Old Thompson . . . it's smoother and tastes better. It is different, you'll find, because it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD. Fine old Glenmore whiskies are blended with the choicest grain neutral spirits and then *put back into barrels to assure a perfect union* of these famous distillations. This method costs more, takes longer, but the difference really tells in the taste. Try "Thompson!"

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% Straight Whiskies — 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Tastes better because it's . . .



OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

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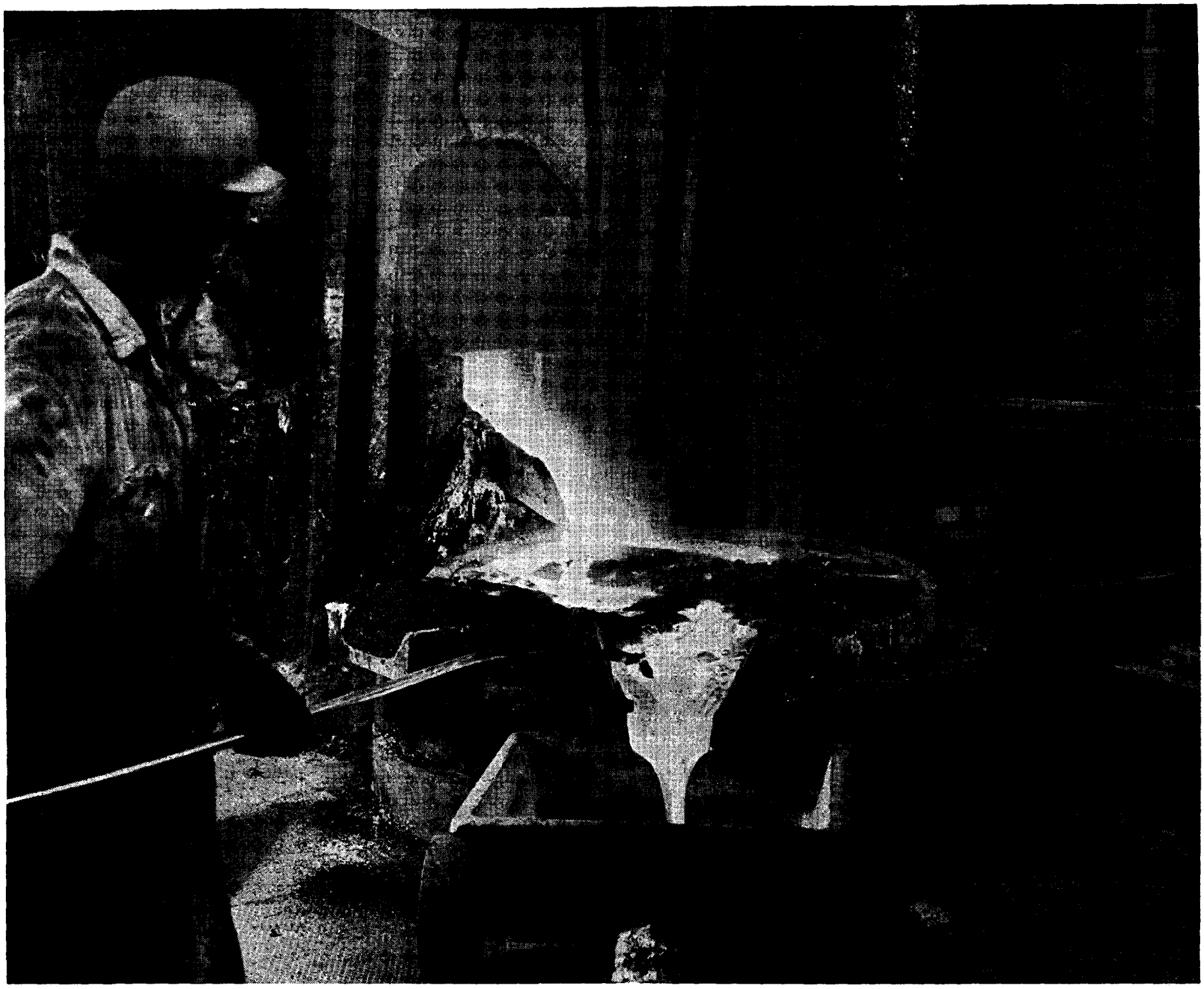
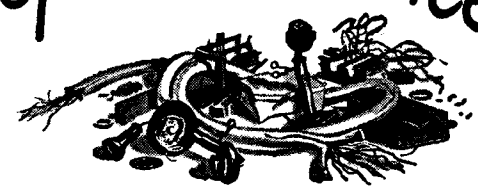


MELTING SCRAP LEAD from discarded telephone cable. It is smelted and refined at a Western Electric plant. The lead ingots will return to service as new cable sheathing.

He's cooking up telephone service



The salvaging of worn-out equipment has always been important in the telephone business. It's more important than ever right now.

For it isn't just so many pounds or tons of lead and copper and zinc and steel that come out of it. It's telephone service.

Every bit of recovered material helps to relieve shortages and enables us to build more of the telephone equipment that is so urgently needed.

That means better, quicker service for everyone. It also brings telephone service nearer to those who may have been waiting for a long time.

So salvaging is more than salvaging these days.

It's the voice of a friend. A hurry-call to the doctor. A visit with someone in a distant city. Somebody's link with everything and everybody, everywhere.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

"FIESTA"

IN TECHNICOLOR

ESTHER WILLIAMS

AKIM TAMIROFF · CYD CHARISSE
JOHN CARROLL · MARY ASTOR
FORTUNIO BONANOVA

and introducing

RICARDO MONTALBAN

Original screenplay by
GEORGE BRUCE and LESTER COLE

Directed by.....RICHARD THORPE
Produced by.....JACK CUMMINGS

We've always admired Esther Williams—and we'll bet a jingling handful of bright silver pesos that you've always shared our sentiment. She's so lovely to look at even standing still. And when that lissome, athletic body begins to move—well, that's poetry in motion. And when she dances a gay Latin flamenco—that's breath-taking. *And* when she goes through the brilliant and tense drama of bull-fighting, swirling the matador's cape, dodging the massive and murderous plunges of an angry bull, that's—"Fiesta", M-G-M's south-of-the-Rio-rainbow of Technicolor romance!

To heighten the excitement of this color-splashed musical romance M-G-M introduces a talented and versatile new star: suave, handsome Ricardo Montalban, beloved idol of many of Mexico's greatest films. Ricardo epitomizes the word "smooth". Whether he's dancing with lovely Cyd Charisse, or serenading to the sultry twang of a guitar or startling the arena with his powerful grace as a bull-fighter, Ricardo maintains the same confident, likable ease. We predict America will hail him as the very best of Good Neighbors and a brilliant new star in the Hollywood firmament.

"Fiesta" is in every sense a glorious, unforgettable adventure. There's all the glamour of Mexico itself, photographed in fabulous Technicolor. There's sparkling music, magnificent dancing and a romantic story that sweeps to new heights of dramatic excitement. M-G-M has given "Fiesta" a supporting cast of the first magnitude: Akim Tamiroff, dashing John Carroll, Cyd Charisse, Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova.

"Fiesta" is a triumph of spectacular entertainment. Therefore, this column shouts "Viva!" for Director Richard Thorpe and Producer Jack Cummings and for that gifted writing twosome, George Bruce and Lester Cole, who did the original screenplay.

We recommend "Fiesta". "Fiesta" is the most-a of the best-a. And so is Esth-a!

COLLIER'S

July 5, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

FICTIONAL THERAPY

DEAR EDITOR: The story, Hearno, Speakno, Seeno (Mar. 29th), came when I was in the midst of spring cleaning. The paper hangers had just gone and left the usual mess behind them, which I alone had to clean up. I had lumbago besides and a headache and my feet hurt but I was hurrying to get done before my in-laws came. I took time out for a cup of tea and picked up a Collier's magazine and before I knew it I was shaking with glee.

I felt better both in mind and body. I think the whole world needs stories like that. DOROTHY HATFIELD, Everett, Wash.

VERSE AND VERSE

DEAR EDITOR: The succinct quatrain by Dorothy Farrell, of Honolulu, T. H. (The Week's Mail, May 24th), evoked a discussion:

If Dorothy's diet
Had had *less* religion
She would be, I am sure,
Much *less* callipygian.
If Dorothy's diet
Had been *more* religious
She would be, I am sure,
Less steatopygous.

NILES S. COLMAN, San Francisco, Cal.

DOCTOR! DOCTOR!

DEAR SIR: So you can't get a doctor! (May 17th). Hey? Why don't more doctors settle in the small communities?

I might tell Albert Maisel that I traveled out to South Dakota last fall, a matter of some 1,500 miles to see a location for an M.D. It was a nice town and they did want a doctor. But they did not have a house in town to live in, they offered no stipend to help one to move there. I could have practiced there, but was warned that the winters were cold and I knew that bringing up five children in a tent in a South Dakota winter was somewhat harsh. I wrote to several other places—Ohio, North Dakota and other states mentioned in the article. Most of the towns wanted me to come out and look them over. No mention of traveling expense, no housing mentioned and no subsidy mentioned in case the doctor could not make a living.

P. J. LAWRENCE, M.D., Brandon, Vt.

. . . Here's how we got one of the best doctors in the country for our little island—an hour and a half from the mainland by boat—with about 400 people.

We subscribed money by door-to-door canvass, had a big celebration, auction, suppers, etc.—got a subsidy from town—had paint days, clearance days, etc., and now we have a fine doctor's home and

(Continued on page 68)

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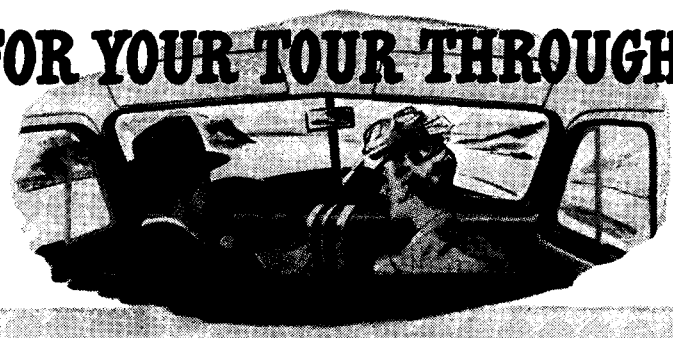

Switch to — AUTO-LITE

Three of the greatest documents in the World's march from bondage were signed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia . . . the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Federation and the Constitution. In the central rotunda stands the Liberty Bell, famed symbol of Freedom.

Money cannot buy a better spark plug

Tune in
"Lawyer Tucker" starring Parker Fennelly, Thursdays 9:00 P.M. E.T. on CBS

● Travel is a freedom, too...born when America removed barriers between states . . . come of age with the automobile and modern highways. Enjoy re-discovering America this summer in a car with a smooth running engine. For real driving pleasure replace your faulty plugs with a new set of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs . . . ignition engineered by the same engineers who design complete electrical systems for many of America's finest cars, trucks and tractors. See your Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer and "Switch to Auto-Lite."

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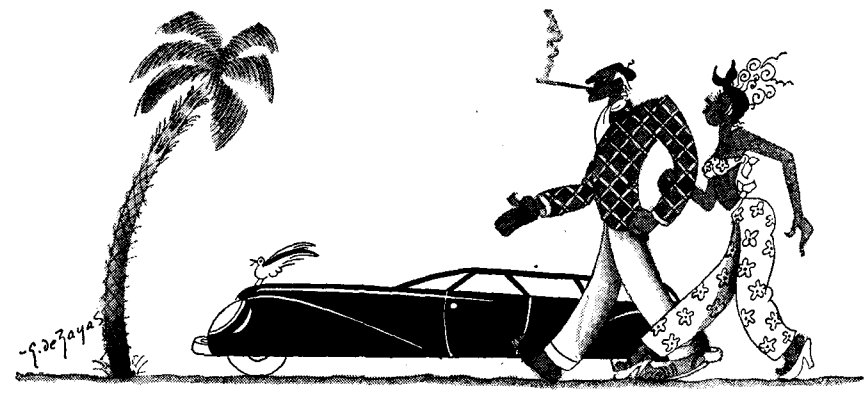
. . . when you smile your sweetest, and

Keep Kissable!

His heart sings the ageless serenade, "You're so beautiful . . ."
You query, "Could *any* girl be this girl? Could I?" Rather, ask yourself,
"Does *my* smile compel compliments? Is *my* mouth sweet, fresh, inviting?"
Answer a confident "*yes*", if you've beauty-bathed your teeth and mouth with the *new* Listerine Tooth Paste. One trial will show you why.
So refreshing . . . so stimulating . . . this delightful new dentifrice leaves your teeth sparkling in all their natural brilliance,
your mouth enticingly sweet. You're extra nice . . . you're kissable!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

"THE *Beauty Bath* FOR TEETH!"

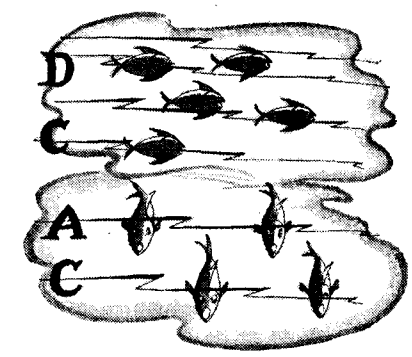


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

A new fad in California is to own a "personalized" automobile—one which has been so changed in appearance that it resembles no other car. To disguise an automobile thus may cost as much as $1,000. Specialists usually lower the body several inches, remove chrome strips, reshape fenders, install new bumpers and a special radiator grill and repaint the car in a peculiar color.



A mysterious fact came to light some years ago in a study of the effect of electricity on different species of fish as the current flowed through an oblong aquarium. Each fish would place itself parallel with the flow of direct current, but would take a position at a right angle to the flow of alternating current.

On April 1, 1947, near Fairbanks, Alaska, the life of a U.S. Army paratrooper was saved after his chute collapsed in mid-air. The instant it folded, a brother paratrooper who was descending a little below and to one side was swept, by a sudden gust of wind, so close to the disabled chute that he was able to grab its shroud lines, which he held while his own chute carried him and his friend safely to the ground.

The source of light in a new unit, to illuminate airport approaches in fogs and storms, is a four-inch tube filled with krypton gas. The unit's special optical equipment, however, increases its intensity to 3,300,000,000 candle power, which is 600 times as bright as the most powerful lighthouse beam in the United States.

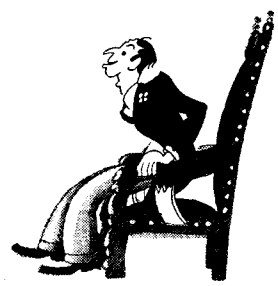
Nobel prizes have been awarded to nine women in five countries, one in Austria, one in Chile, two in Sweden, two in France and three in the United States—Jane Addams, Pearl S. Buck and Emily Greene Balch.

During the 1920s Pierre Lutece, a French vaudeville star whose act consisted of answering any question on any subject, was thought to have a phenomenal brain, the study of which would be of scientific value. When he died twelve years ago, it was found that he had made secret contracts for the exclusive possession of his brain after death with fifty-three different institutions from which he had swindled $50,000.

Among the Eskimos of northern Canada, a man going on a long journey usually arranges to exchange wives temporarily with a friend when his own wife is encumbered with children and cannot accompany him.

Since 1930, crematories in Great Britain have increased from 21 to 58, and some 200 others are under consideration. Of the present number, 36 are owned and operated by municipalities, one of which, in Hull, makes no charge for its service.

In a recent survey, Chicago's only commercial television station, WBKB, found that two thirds of the people who constitute its audience watch the shows on receivers in barrooms which now own 1,025 of the 3,100 sets in that area.



At an auction of antiques in London in 1932, a certain armchair put up aroused much speculation as to its purpose. While it was ornately carved and made apparently, around 1500, for use in the home, it contained a seat-operated mechanism that caused two curved iron bars, concealed in the arms, to come down, lock over the thighs and thus trap a person within a second after he had sat down.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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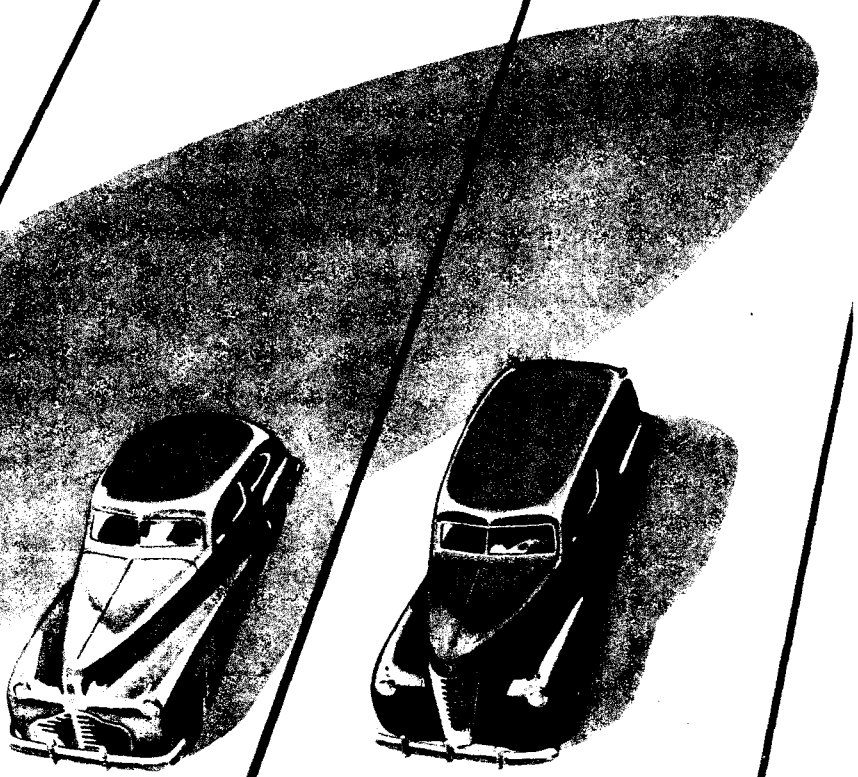
Here's extra safety... longer mileage too... It has to be better to be a Seiberling



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Hot Weather Tips on the CARE OF YOUR BATTERY

SURE, your car starts easily in hot weather. But that doesn't mean you can forget about your battery. In fact, *it's more harmful to neglect a battery during the summer months than at any other time of year!*

What service is needed? Most important, keep your battery properly filled with approved water. Once a week isn't too often to have it checked, because water evaporates a lot faster under excessive external heat and motor heat. Another good idea is to make sure the generator and voltage regulator are functioning properly: a battery that's being overcharged continually is "not long for this world." Also, battery terminals should be kept clean, and frayed cables replaced.

There's no better place to have your battery checked . . . no better place for automotive service of *all kinds* . . . than your nearby United Motors Service station. Look for the United Motors sign in your neighborhood and wherever you drive.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
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DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

HANS KNOPP

WHILE it is more natural to go into a trance *after* buying Collier's, hypnotist Howard Klein first put Miss Mildred Greenstein in a trance, then sent her out on the rainy streets of Philadelphia to hawk America's biggest dime's worth. Mr. Klein was proving a point in posthypnotic suggestion. For this and further Kleinian tomfoolery see the entrancing article Do As You're Told on p. 24.

Actually Miss Greenstein, as illustrated, is not in a state of complete hypnosis. She has awakened. But while "asleep," Mr. Klein made the suggestion that it was vital she dash out and sell our fine magazine. Eerily, the first thing Miss Greenstein did during her posthypnotic state was to obey Mr. Klein. "All hypnotized subjects who have received a posthypnotic suggestion will never admit they are hypnotized," Mr. Klein informed us. "They attempt to think up reasons for their conduct." Miss Greenstein insists she did not have to think up any reasons for selling Collier's.

IN DECEMBER, 1944, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Burnet daringly sold their charming home in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, to Miss Ella Raines, the charming movie actress. "For a year and a half thereafter, we lived in a miniscule house in the San Fernando Valley," says Mr. Burnet, "which, regardless of the song, I never intend to make my home. The valley is cold in winter and hot in summer, and the sound of motor crashes on Ventura Boulevard is not conducive to the contemplative life."

Deciding in the fall of '46 to move back East, preferably near salt water, the Burnets searched the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Florida fruitlessly, subleasing an apartment in Bronxville, New York, for a spell, finally winding up in a stanch home of their own at Stonington, Connecticut.

Ordinarily such experiences would not have inspired Mr. Burnet to such a serious effort as The Grand March of the United States of America, p. 18. But Mr. Burnet sees home-hunting today as a longing, shared by millions, for mental and spiritual security.

Mr. Burnet hopes his search for the answer to the question where man can find something solid on which to base his life may be found in The Grand March of the United States of America.

"I happen to believe that the only security which modern man can hope to achieve lies in faith," he confesses. "I chose a Negro for the protagonist of this faith because it seemed to me stronger and more poignant to project it from the mind and spirit of one whose people are still denied the fulfillment of the vision of freedom of the founders of our republic."

Mr. Burnet, who is from Cincinnati and has been reporter, editor, screen and stage playwright, and poet, was born on July 3, 1888. His grandfather Jacob Burnet rode horseback from Newark, New Jersey, to settle along the Ohio in 1795—at a spot which is now Cincinnati.

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM was down Miami way doing an article on the Payground as a Summer Resort, when she naturally wondered: "What do the mosquitoes do during the off season? Do they live off the languishing resort keepers?"

Mme. Putnam looked up Mr. Fred Stutz, director of the Dade & Broward Antimosquito Districts of Florida. Next thing she knew, she had forgotten the summer-resort story, and was off chasing mosquitoes. Unmasking the Mosquito, p. 38, is the result.

Mrs. Putnam went calling on leading mosquito families, poked in neighbors' garbage cans, met the dancing balls she describes in her article, read a lot of Mr. Stutz's pamphlets, and watched the spotters at work far in the well-oiled Everglades, ruining a pair of $18 white shoes doing so.

Thus came the facts of Mme. Putnam's excellent article. "I suppose the facts of today are the errors of tomorrow," she adds with true scientific humility. "But that's the way I got them. Anyway I feel I know a lot about mosquitoes. I've even seen one lay an egg—but then I've laid quite a few myself."

SPORTS writers notoriously being spavined, bald, and muscle-bound, we proudly point to the fact that Bill Davidson, who wrote Olympic Fever, p. 20, was an athlete once himself. Back in the '30s he hurdled for New York University, bowling over dual-meet opposition and winning several titles. A streamlined 160 pounds, he was then known as Galloping Bill, the Violent Violet.

Today Davidson weighs in at 190. When he dropped in at his old alma mater (a little fatter herself) to see his old coach on the story, Emil von Elling turned to his assistants and said, "Well, well—another shot-putter coming out for the team!"

This week's cover: Independence Day Parade. Painted by Ronald McLeod, who has contributed to Collier's for 19 years, the cover coincides appropriately with Dana Burnet's magnificent story, The Grand March of the United States of America. . . .

TED SHANE

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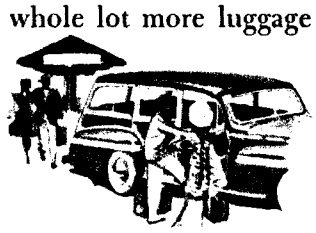
More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH Mercury

One day in the life of your Mercury Station Wagon shows you why it's just about the most useful car you ever owned!

You pick up week-end guests at the station. There's a whole lot more luggage than you

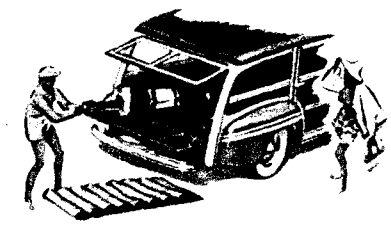


More fashionable — wherever you go

expected, but it all fits easily—*and* your friends do, too! Eight people ride comfortably—with plenty of leg room and elbow room for everyone. And the clear, full vision in all directions is a treat for the passengers as well as the driver.

More room — whenever you need it

You take your guests to the beach—and its room again comes in mighty handy. Nice part of it is—your Mercury Station Wagon is the *smartest* car *wherever* you go—at the beach, the club, the local playhouse or even in town. The body is made of beautifully grained hard woods fashioned with the finest of craftsmanship—built to last!

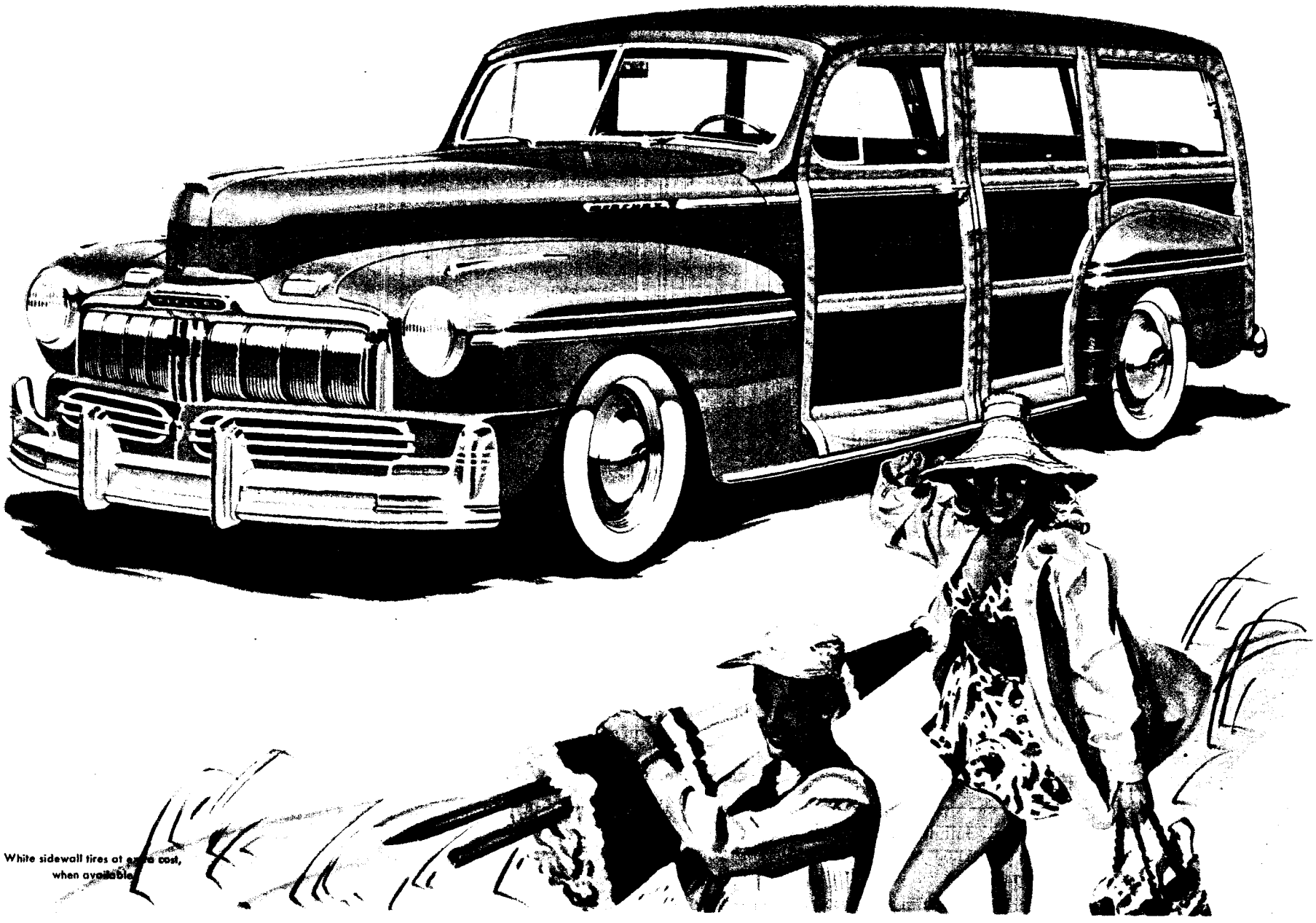


More practical — for every purpose

What's more, this handsome spacious station wagon has all the famous pickup and liveliness that makes Mercury more fun to drive —*plus* gas and oil economy unusual in such a big, powerful car.

For *more of everything you want*—get to know the Mercury Station Wagon.

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



White sidewall tires at extra cost, when available

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The bad news that didn't spoil a vacation

THE LETTER was from a lawyer.

I snapped the camp mailbox shut as I read the last sentence.

"My client holds you personally responsible for the loss of her ability to carry on her usual occupation, resulting from the accident which occurred on your premises."

I remembered the accident all right. My wife had just told the woman selling children's books that we didn't want any. The woman had turned to make a last-minute sales argument as she was going down the steps. She stepped on one of the children's toys and took a spill.

That was just as we were leaving on vacation. But I did snatch a minute to give my Travelers man the bare details of the mishap over the telephone.

Now, this letter from her lawyer, claiming a bad back injury, was the first I'd learned how serious her accident apparently was.

I'm pretty much of a worrier. After reading that letter, I was sure of one thing. I would have sweated out the rest of my vacation instead of enjoying it if last winter I hadn't done something that my Travelers man had been suggesting for a long time. I had taken out Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance.

So I walked over to the village store and put in a call for my Travelers man. I had him on the line in five minutes. He said for me not to worry a bit about it. He told me he'd been following up the tip-off I'd given him before I left and that he had everything under control.

So instead of worrying about a lawsuit hanging over my head, I pushed off in a canoe for Diamond Island ledge. I was only ten minutes late for a date I had with a big bass.

I really got a bargain when I took out Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance. It gave me a lot of protection for so little money.

I know, for instance, I won't have to dig deep into the bank account to pay for damage our dog might do to someone's Sunday clothes or to someone's only right hand. If a friend or a delivery boy should happen to be hurt on our place, we know medical expenses will be paid.

And having this kind of insurance, I know that I'm safe from a lawsuit that might put a permanent crimp in my lifetime savings, and probably leave a debt I'd be years in paying.

Don't you agree that I get a lot for the 3½ cents a day I invest in Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance?

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

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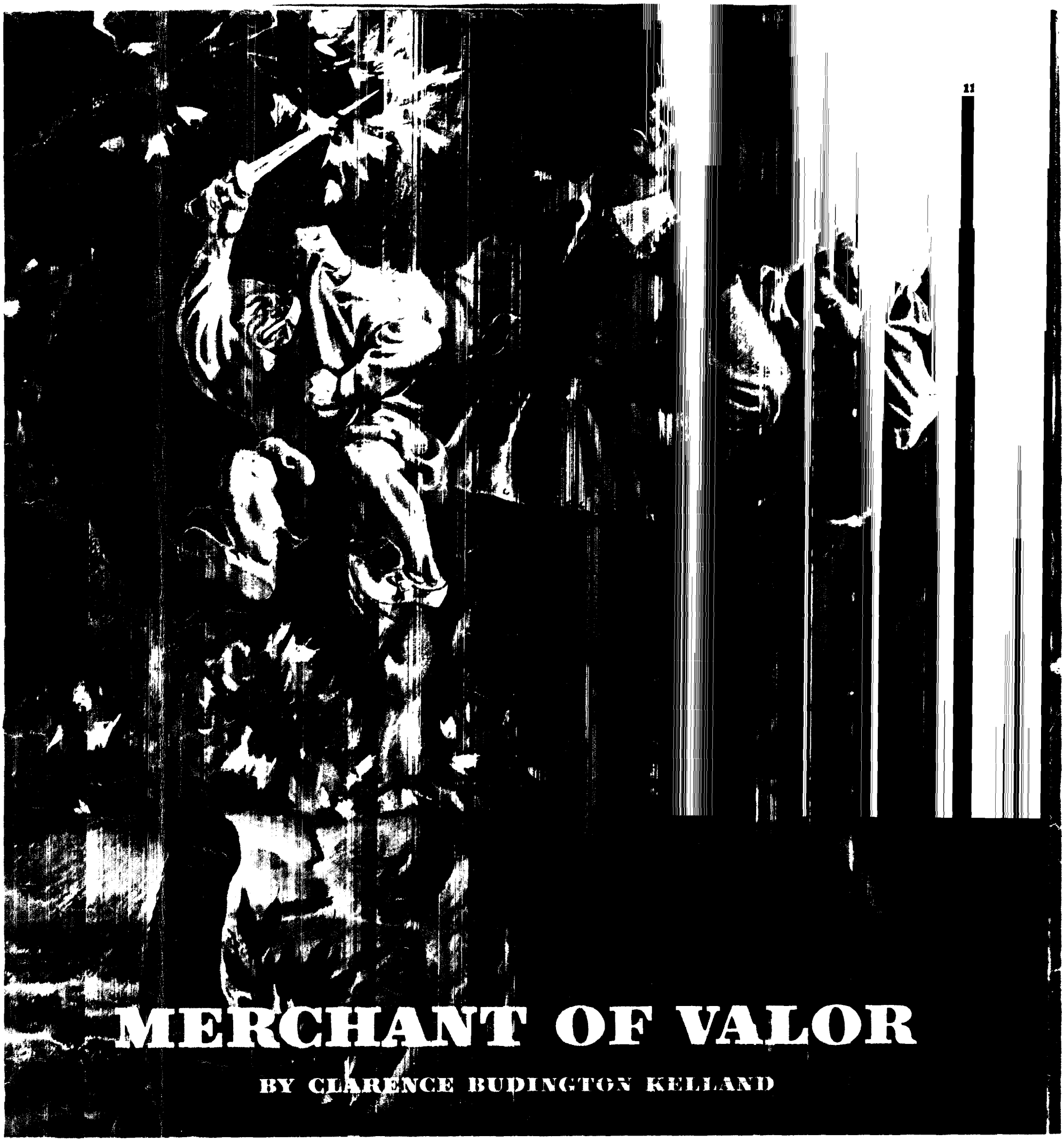

MERCHANT OF VALOR

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

As I held the little man at arm's length I felt small fists beat upon my back. "Let him down, thou great ox," a voice said

Through the pageantry and intrigue of historic Italy move two great heroes, fighting shoulder to shoulder. Here begins a thrilling novel of love and high adventure

WHEN I, Peter Carew, was a young man, bursting with great knowledge that had been flogged into my head at the high school in Exeter and at Oxford University, I believed the business of our King to be the making of war on other kings, hunting the stag in the forests, and begetting heirs to the throne; but not to meddle in the affairs of common people, of which, quite naturally, he would have no understanding. Now that I have come to great age and less wisdom I am not sure but what my youthful judgment of the matter did not pick the kernel out of the nut.

It did not mislike me that the King required that every man between the ages of fifteen years and sixty should be required to keep war harness in his house according to his worldly goods—every man at least a yew bow and arrows. This was sensible because the Scots on the northern border were always vexatious and needed to be kept in order. And, across the Channel, King Francis and Em-

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peror Charles were always scratching their heads to find what harm they could do us.

Now I have a great dislike for sheep as very stupid and ill-smelling creatures, which is a thing to wonder at because it is their fleeces which, for some generations, have brought to our family a very satisfying prosperity. My father was no inconsiderable member of the Mercers' Company in London town, carrying on a profitable trade with the Low Countries and with Florence, in Italy, though not so much in the latter city as before Lorenzo de' Medici quit tending to his business as a banker and merchant and was bitten by the maggot of politics. But we Carews stuck to our muttons, or at least to their wool, meddling neither with war nor politics until it came to myself who was thrust into both, but much against my will.

We have a farm which came to us through my mother, and twice each year it becomes my duty to repair thither to examine into the accounts, and count the sheep, and examine into the management of Wat Tayloe, who has a good knowledge of farming and the raising of sheep and is trustworthy. There was a walk for two hundred sheep, and we tilled enough land to employ a dozen laborers at the excellent wage of fourpence a day.

It was Fair Day on the morrow after I came to the farm, and as I ever enjoy these merrymakings and take great pleasure especially in the archery at which our King hath enjoined us to practice without ceasing, as well as the dancing and the wonders to be seen in the booths scattered about the green, I was nothing loath to trudge with Wat to the village, he carrying upon his back his heavy bow and the four arrows he was obliged by law to own.

It was a clear morning. Wat stretched his short, sturdy legs to keep pace with my longer stride—for at that time I had accomplished my growth and filled my weight. There were few men in the shire who could balance the beam against me.

Wat, a silent man, spoke up after a time. "It is said the King hunts in the Duke's forest," he said.

"It would pleasure me to see His Majesty. It is said he is of a figure to rejoice the eye."

WE TRUDGED on, and as we neared the village, and the sound of music came sprightly through the trees, and the cries of those who would woo farthings from the pockets of the people for useless trifles rose above the voices of the countryside on pleasure bent, my mood passed and I was ready to take my part as befitted an Englishman, sound in limb, to whose youth misfortune was only an evil that happened to other people.

I was then but only out of my boyhood, for I was in my twenty-fifth year, and gullible as all boys properly should be, and happy to be cheated by any chapman or cheap-John, knowing well I was being diddled but taking pleasure in it. Yet half believing in the power of a charm to make your love love you, or to remove warts from the fingers, or to hold you safe from wounds in battle. So I went my way merrily, seeing all that was to be seen. And so I came to a small pavilion before which strutted a man in the attire of a Turk, but whose tongue was the tongue of London. He waved his arms mightily and shouted in a voice that was a marvel for stridency that within, one might have disclosed to him the secrets of the future, together with sage advice as to what pains a man should take to avoid the pitfalls of life. This mountebank fixed his glittering, humorous eyes upon me, and he motioned to me confidentially, and his face assumed an expression of secret gravity.

"You are awaited, young Hercules," he said. "The stars have foretold your coming. Your presence has been seen in the crystal ball. The Wise One waits to give you her message. From the East she comes, from the land of Mahound and Ashtoreth and Beelzebub, from the land of spirits the size of pine trees. She sits within awaiting your coming, young man-mountain, for she has secret and weighty things for your ears. Come in. Tarry not. Only a penny to learn the message of the Ancient Ones. Haste ye in."

Now I am no uneducated and superstition-ridden villein to put faith in such prophets as sell their wares for a penny, but on the other hand who knows but what they may hit upon some word of truth, or, indeed, be possessed of a gift of vision contrary to the laws of nature? So I thrust a penny into his hand, stooped my head and entered the opening.

There upon a low dais sat a woman with veiled face, and on her head was a silver serpent with hood spread; over the top of her veil were two eyes that were wells of mystery. And her outspread hands, whose fingers were slender and tapering, hovered over a globe which was shining and clear and undefiled, and she peered at me in a manner to make my bones turn to water. If she were young or an ancient crone I could not say, for her hair was covered and nothing was visible of her but her hands, which seemed young, but may have remained so by some magic, and her eyes, into which it was uncomfortable to look.

"Sit you upon the stool quietly," she said, "and hold forth the hand nearest your heart."

Her voice, also, was not aged, but most musical and liquid and disturbing because it was low in her throat

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The carnival to honor the ambassadors of the French king was a wondrous sight to behold. Troops of imps and demons and grotesques jostled through the crowd making merry with pranks, and none offered to halt them from their mischief

with a curious timbre to it that made the goose flesh to arise. With slender finger she touched my hand light as thistledown, and moved the finger along the lines of my palm; she uttered a little cry as if something had both surprised and frightened her. When she spoke, it was with a tongue not born to our English language, but which was pleasing to the ear.

"You go on the long journey," she said, "from which you come not back so soon as you theenk. You go on the vessel from thees town w'ere many horses wait for fish." Now that was a saying, indeed. For whoever heard of a horse waiting for a fish? "And you sail far in safety to thees land w'ere everyw'ere is war. And there await you dangers of the mos' fearsome, yet they shall not hurt you if you are wise. As I shall teach you to be wise. Men of the mos' evil shall follow you, but you shall come to a man, and that man you will love mos' greatly. You shall know heem because his name in thees language is John, and upon his breast and his arms and his legs there will be armor black as night."

All this was moonshine but the woman spoke so gravely that I could not laugh at it nor quite disbelieve it.

Her eyes held mine. "You have doubt," she said. Her shoulders moved as if in a shrug. "Before thees sun shall rise again a message comes to you to prepare for the journey."

I arose to go but her hand restrained me. "First," she said, "you gaze into the crystal. Then shall be no more that you laugh at me or doubt. Bend you the head. Stare into thees ball."

And so she commenced to whisper softly so that her voice was but a rustle as of the wind in the leaves, and I obeyed her and peered with all my strength into the clear crystal ball. And then it seemed as if a cloud passed over it and it became murky and overcast. But then it cleared again except in its heart, and the darkness there spread throughout and diffused and became a picture, but not a picture that was without movement, for it was a scene of men fighting, and part of the warriors wore black armor and waved black pennons. And then from the flank came other men on foot most unexpectedly. And they threw themselves upon the enemies of the black warriors who threw down their arms and fled or stayed to perish. Then the leader of the black army threw up the visor of his helmet and I saw his face clearly. And he called out until through the smoke there strode to him a man of great stature. The general bent from his horse and kissed the cheek of this man, this giant, who lifted up his face to the light, and I saw that it was myself.

I was breathless and my bones were water, for here was a miraculous thing past all human understanding. I sat spellbound considering what I had seen in the ball, and as I thought of the scene I had witnessed and of the black armor and the black banners I wondered if what I guessed were veritably the truth.

"Was that general," I asked, "Giovanni delle Bande Nere?"

"John of the Black Bands," she said in English. "Giovanni de' Medici. The greatest soldier of the age."

"His fame," said I, "hath reached our England." For some reason I said this in the Italian language.

"You speak the tongue of Italy?" she asked.

"It has been the custom of my family to master it," said I, "we being merchants with important dealings with the Calimala—the wool guild."

"It is well," she said. "And now I give you the charm of mighty magic weethout which all comes to ruin. So awful ees the power of thees charm that, if you open the box that contains it, the eyes of you weel be blasted weeth blindness. Thees you mus' protect weeth your life, for if you lose it you are lost and destroyed. You shall bear it in your breast until a day shall come when one shall come close to you and say these words in the Italian language, *sarebbe gran cosa a un reúne*. Then shall you deliver it to him, and the charm shall have done its task and the power and danger shall depart from it."

"A magnificent income for a kingdom," I translated.

"Do not forget the words. Likewise, if you weesh to keep the sight of your eyes, let no man see this charm nor know that you possess it."

I smiled at her and humored her, and wondered what she would look like were all her covering peeled off.

"You give me much for a penny," I said.

"Go with God," she answered. . . .

I searched about in the throng for Wat, but my attention being distracted by tumblers and clowns and a troop of men who were marvelously dexterous at tossing divers objects into the air and catching them again before they fell to the ground, it was midmorning before I found him lounging with his gossips in the vicinity of the archery butts. His Majesty frowned upon other games which withdrew the attention of men from the sport of archery, so that shooting at the butts had become the national pastime.

NOW, I, in my age, have seen a decline in this art. In my youth no mature man might shoot with the light bow over a course shorter than two hundred and twenty yards; and the bows were three fingers thick and seven feet in length—which required a man of parts to manage. But to our shame be it said that in these latter days French soldiers, standing at that distance, turn their backs and pat their buttocks derisively toward our archers. In my day they would have had their britches nailed to their backsides.

Now I, being no yeoman but a city man engaged in trade, was not entered in the contests, but Wat was to shoot, and a right good archer he was.

Then there came a great shouting and tumult and running of people bellowing, "The King! The King!" and I looked where all pointed to a company that rode out upon the green. At the head came riding a young man upon a splendid horse. He was broad of shoulder with a good leg to him, and a broad, friendly face whose eyebrows pointed upward at the outer corners. I liked the look of him as much as I disliked the weasel face of His Eminence, Cardinal Wolsey, who rode beside him, his red hat tipped a little over one eye.

The goodfolk cheered most noisily, more because of the spectacle than for love of their King, which is the way of all goodfolk, and His Majesty lifted his little hat high most friendly and bellowed joyously as any free peasant upon a holiday, "Bend me a bow, lads. For the honor of the shire, bend me a bow and loose me an arrow. There be Frenchmen here to see." He clapped a tall, gorgeous man who rode next him upon the back so that he all but fell from the saddle. "Here rides the ambassador of my beloved brother, Francis. Show him a sight, my lads. Tell him a tale with bow and arrow that he may repeat across yon channel which will speak with louder voice than the cackling of all the ministers in my council."

At this boisterous and undiplomatic saying I saw the shoulders of His Eminence twitch and his lips compress. Nonetheless he contrived to smile at the King and the French ambassador most sleekly, and to say some word in a low voice which caused them all to laugh.

"Fall to," the King bellowed again. "A handful of silver pennies to him who doth outshoot his fellows."

The contestants, somewhat overawed by the presence of their King, clustered about the line, and one after the other they gauged the wind and fitted their arrows to the string and loosed at the white prick on the butt,

(Continued on page 45)

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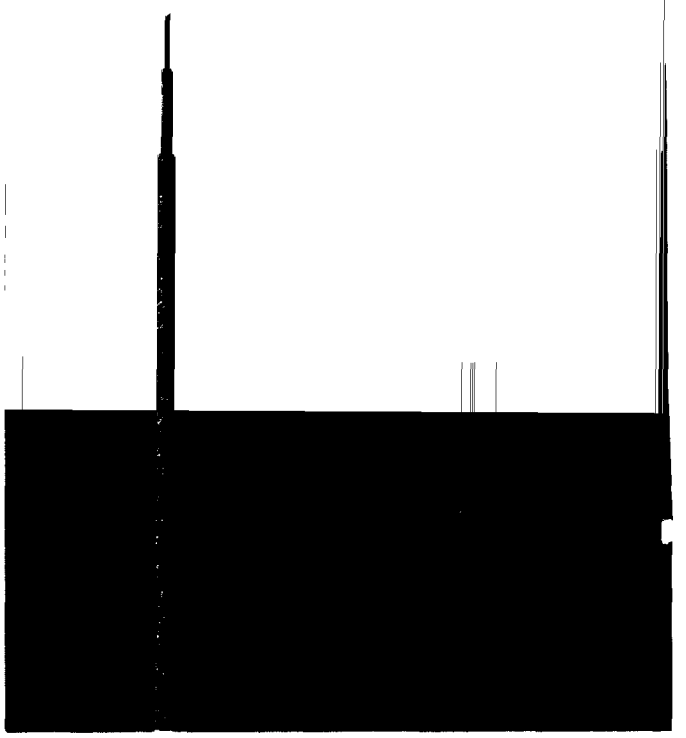

Placed under police surveillance, Mitty escapes into dream character of Walter O'Mitty, constable-defying Irish rebel, sings "Molly Malone," one of Kaye's non-git-gat-gittle songs

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF WALTER MITTY

BY TED SHANE

Mitty as Wing Commander Mitty, frightfully British ace, downs Nazis, pooh-poohs broken arm, says, "Just a scratch —set it myself!" and meets Virginia Mayo, dancing gal

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"We'll ride this twister out and be in Bombay for breakfast!" shouts Captain Mitty, comforting his dream girl Virginia Mayo, during Hollywood's most violent studio storm in years. **Danny Kaye** also daydreams he is Dr. Mitty, noted surgeon, who performs emergency operation with scalpel, sock stretcher, sprinkling can, cheese grater

Mitty is transformed into Couturier Anatole Mitty of Rue du Blanc Mange, Paree, and gives Goldwyn Girls chance to show off finery and screwy hats

THE announcement that Samuel Goldwyn was starring Danny Kaye in a movie hash-up of James Thurber's delicate tale about a little man with big dreams, The Secret Life of Walter Mitty, generated quite a storm in Thurberdom.

Mr. Thurber himself, when he heard the movies coveted his fragile, 2,200-word vignette of a hen-pecked, daydreaming escapist, said, "I will pay any producer $10,000 not to touch it—but not a cent more!"

The Thurber idolaters, when advised that the lavish Mr. Goldwyn intended to bedeck the mousy Walter Mitty in Technicolor, throw in a melodrama and the Goldwyn Girls, and add three new dreams to Mr. Thurber's ostensibly sufficient four—all to cost some $4,000,000—howled. Humorist Frank Sullivan cried, "Watch your step, Goldwyn, old boy, you're playing with dynamite!"

Mr. Goldwyn went ahead anyway with the script and threatened to change the title to I Wake Up Dreaming. Whereupon some South Pacific Navy pilots, charter members of the Walter Mitty Association, radioed: "Touch one hair of Mitty's head—and we'll bomb the studio."

Mr. Goldwyn, the coward, restored the original title, and issued a communiqué assuring Thurber fans that Mitty would emerge in the new film as wistful, frustrated and Milquetoasty as ever. With his courage in one hand, and the other poised over the cash register, Mr. Goldwyn proceeded to make the picture.

The humdrum Walter Mitty, as portrayed by the chameleon-faced Danny Kaye, comes out a somewhat more dazzling character than Thurber intended. Unlike the overmarried, overharried Mr. Mitty, Kaye, playing the part of a proofreader in a pulp magazine house, becomes the hero of a standard Hollywood plot in which he foils villains, saves a patrimony in old Dutch masters (paintings, that is!) and gets the girl—in this case, Virginia Mayo.

The resemblance to the original Mitty lies in the dream sequences, to which have been added three new ones enabling Kaye to display the full scope of his talents.

All of which has moved Mr. Thurber to say, "I think the picture which I tampered with will be an interesting one." . . .

"The daily life of Walter Mitty is, or should be," Mr. Thurber summed up in what surely must be a new high in resignation, "humdrum. However, it would be as difficult to present a humdrum Mitty in Technicolor as it would be to do the witch scene from Macbeth on the center court at Wimbledon on a summer's day at high noon."

Thurberites will not be too seriously displeased at what has happened to Mitty in Hollywood, although we seriously question whether Mr. Sullivan and the drastic Mittymen will be placated. Kaye fans, who number in the hundred millions, will be made very happy. ★★★

Mitty slips from dull family bridge game and compensates as Gaylord Mitty, swashbuckling river-boat gambler, and wins money, plantations and the honor of recurrent Virginia Mayo from Cunnel Tubby Wadsworth. Cunnel Tubby pulls aces out of his sleeve and in nondream sequences plays the unheroic Mitty's bullying archrival

"Thar's a bounty fer killin' rattlesnakes!" drawls Slim Mitty, the Perth Amboy (N. J.) Kid to "Toledo Tubby." Despite Thurber, movie has happy ending

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THE BIG BUILD-UP

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT III

P.M.S.

Robert Shultice for
P. M. of Norfolk, Va
Will stop trouble from
breaking out - & save
the Congressman, Darden
in a close District.
He is 1 year over
age - 8 or 9 mos. -
I think this is a good case.

ACME

When Roosevelt entertained King George and Queen Elizabeth at Hyde Park in 1939, t

Memo from the President to Jim Farley. Congressman Darden was re-elected, later became governor of Virginia, is now president of University of Virginia

BY JAMES A. FARLEY

From 1938 to 1940, third-term speculation grew. John Garner puffed his long cigar and said: "Jim, the two of us can pull together to stop Roosevelt." In his third article, the party national chairman tells of a confidential statement from F.D.R. himself

INTERNATIONAL

The friendship between Roosevelt and Cardinal Mundelein led to a curious conversation between the Cardinal and Mr. Farley on religion and the third term

I HAVE only one regret about my public service and that is that I was not permitted to participate in the war effort. At the outbreak of the war I offered to forgo politics and devote myself to organizing the nation's productive capacity. I was confident I could do a good job, but my offer was ignored. Again, after Pearl Harbor, I volunteered to serve in any capacity where I might be of value. The President, however, turned thumbs down on me. This evidently was because I had opposed the third term and it is the story of that opposition that I want to tell in this article.

The third-term issue began simmering almost before the second was assured in the 1936 landslide election. A Presidential denial of third-term ambitions did little to discourage the political hot-stove league which runs the year round. In July, 1938, the question was dramatically thrust before the nation at a White House press conference when Fred W. Perkins of the Pittsburgh Press asked: "Mr. President, would you care to comment on Governor Earle's suggestion that you run for a third term?"

"The weather is very hot," the President said laughingly.

"Mr. President, will you tell us now if you would accept a third term?" spoke up the late Robert Post of the New York Times.

"Bob Post should put on a dunce's cap and stand in the corner," was the Presidential answer, which was to become celebrated in stories and cartoons.

"Mr. President, did your statement last winter fully cover the third-term situation?" came from the undaunted Perkins.

"Fred Perkins should don a dunce's cap likewise," the President retorted.

This incident provoked more third-term speculation than it quieted.

Roosevelt had been concerned with his succession ever since the election of 1936. After the Democratic reverses in 1938, he became increasingly interested in the 1940 Democratic National Convention and the Presidential campaign to follow. He saw his successor in every man to achieve stature in the country and found each one wanting in White House qualifications. He became more critical as the campaign approached until, at length, he let himself be persuaded there was only one man possessing both the qualifications and the experience necessary to administer the nation.

Men are not, as a rule, nominated for the Presidency because they are the outstanding men in the party from the standpoint of ability and experience. Many fine men, who would have made great Presidents, could never be nominated. National conventions of both parties usually pick a man who is considered the most available from a vote-getting point of view, with a secondary

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rleys were not invited. The President's mother is seated between the King and Queen

emphasis upon his competency as President if elected.

At the end of 1938, the three names most discussed in the newspapers were Garner, Hull and Farley. Of the three, I had reason to believe that Roosevelt would have preferred to see me nominated. This does not mean I was his choice, except among those three. I don't think he would have taken Garner under any circumstances. He objected to Garner's conservatism. I think he would have preferred Hull to Garner, although he felt that Hull would have made a poor Chief Executive because he pondered long and moved slowly. As for myself, I am sure he felt my religion and my background would be a handicap if I were the nominee.

I can perhaps best give the picture of that period as it looked to me, by quoting from a memorandum I dictated at the beginning of 1939:

"I am satisfied in my own mind that the President will not be a voluntary candidate for re-election, but might be willing to listen to argument. I don't know if he has anyone in mind, definitely, to succeed him. If he had to make a selection at the moment, I believe he would select Harry Hopkins, Robert Jackson or Frank Murphy, in the order named.

"But a situation can develop in 1940 whereby the nominee will be either Garner, Hull or Farley, in the order named. There isn't any doubt in my mind that if I assist in bringing about Garner's or Hull's nomination, I can have second place with either man, if I want it. I think the President, if he doesn't take the nomination and run himself, is going to be placed in the position of choosing among those named. But Roosevelt is a very strong character, and he might insist on naming his successor."

I did not see the President alone after the 1938 elections until November 15th. At the White House I found him preoccupied and somewhat distant. I waited for his mood to pass, but when it did not, I carried the conversational ball.

"Boss, if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to offer a little advice," I began.

"Shoot, Jim," he invited curtly.

"Well, I think the thing for you to do when you come back from Warm Springs is to get together with members of Congress. I'm speaking particularly of the senators and congressmen who were opposed to you on the Supreme Court, wages and hours, reorganization and the like—"

"I'd like to see them all—" he broke in.

"Now, just a minute; let me finish," I continued. "I think the thing to do is to sit down and talk things over with them. After all, you have to live with them and a lot of them are back for six years."

He was silent.

"I have one thing more on my mind in connection with Congress and that is the Vice-President," I said. "I think Jack Garner would be most helpful to you. He's looked up to by everyone in Congress and he could do you a lot of good. I'd see him as soon as he gets back and have a long talk, if I were you."

"Yes," he said vaguely. I knew from his tone that he did not have too much confidence in Jack and that he felt that Garner was opposed to his legislation. While he did not say so, I was fully aware that he still blamed Garner for the final defeat of the Court bill, when the facts were that there was nothing Garner could do but throw in the Presidential towel.

As War Clouds Gathered

I did not see the President again for more than a month, except at Cabinet meetings. During this period the situation was growing more critical in Europe. Renewed persecution of Jews in Germany by Adolf Hitler brought Ambassador Hugh Wilson home for a consultation which proved to be a recall. William Phillips was summoned home at the same time from Rome. Cabinet meetings were solemn considerations of the Rome-Berlin Axis, larded with gloomy predictions of what the Tokyo partner might do. I did not keep notes of these fateful meetings, feeling that what was said concerned the country so deeply that it should not be carried from the room.

On December 19th, Frank C. Walker, who succeeded me as Postmaster General, came to see me in New York City. His visit was prompted by a conversation with the President. "Jim, I hope that you won't let anything happen to cause a break in your friendship with the Boss," he said.

"I appreciate your attitude, Frank," I said. "I can say that if there is any ground for your fears, it is not because I have given it. In so far as I am concerned, there is nothing wrong. The President knows and you know I have been dissatisfied with some of the things that are going on and the way things have been handled. But I have no intention of drifting away."

"You should see him more often," he suggested.

"I can't see him any more often than he wants to see me," I said. "I ask to see him as often as I think I should. But I must be frank and say that I feel I am being pushed out of the picture."

Two days later I found the President extremely cordial and pleasant in a luncheon conference at his desk. Evidently Walker had reported his conversation with me, because the President went out of his way to ask my advice on several matters.

"I saw Jack Garner as you suggested, Jim," he began, "but I'm afraid we didn't get anywhere. Jack is very much opposed to the spending program; he's against the tax program, and he's against the relief program. He seems to be pretty much against everything, and he hasn't got a single concrete idea to offer on any of these programs. It's one thing to criticize but something else again to offer solutions."

We discussed a number of appointments. When I brought up the name of Franklin B. Lane, son of the Secretary of the Interior in Wilson's Cabinet, he waved his hand in dismissal and said, "Nothing doing." He gave no explanation, but I assumed it dated back to some real or fancied slight he had received at the father's hands during the Wilson Administration. The President was a nurser of grudges. Those about him felt that his coolness toward Bernard Baruch was due to the fact that Baruch, as head of the powerful War Industries Board in the first World War, had been rather casual with Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I brought up the name of a prominent lawyer for the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. To my surprise the President waved dismissal.

"I cannot appoint a Jew in the District Court of Appeals," he said. "There is a strong feeling against the Jews throughout the country."

A week later I went to the White House for dinner. After discussing the results of the election, we switched to a consideration of appointments. I had a long list of judges, marshals, collectors of internal revenue, collectors of customs and other posts.

"I want to take up each case individually as it comes up," he said. "Now about the collector of customs in Savannah, who worked for Senator George: I don't want him reappointed."

"I think that's just foolish," I said. "That's all water over the dam."

"I won't appoint him again," he said firmly.

"What about the judgeship in Virginia?" I asked. "Glass won't confirm just anyone you might appoint."

"Then I'll appoint my selection's law partner, and if he is not confirmed, I'll appoint the cousin of the man originally selected or the cousin of the second choice and so on," he declared. "I am not going to let Glass or Byrd make any appointments in Virginia. And that goes for a lot of other senators."

I saw his chin was all the way out, so I decided not to pursue the subject. I shifted the conversation by asking, "What about the Supreme Court?"

"I'm having a difficult time there," he said. "Felix Frankfurter wants to get on in the worst way. Some months ago I had to tell him that I just couldn't appoint him, for many reasons. In the first place, the appointment has to go West. In the second place, I told Felix that I could not appoint him in view of the anti-Semitic feeling. I couldn't appoint another Jew, but if Brandeis should resign or die, I told Frankfurter I would appoint him that same day without hesitation."

"You could give some consideration to Joe O'Mahoney of Wyoming," I suggested.

"Black has dissented many times since I put him on the bench, but his dissents would be a drop in the bucket to what O'Mahoney would do if he were on the Court." He smiled.

Between the opening of Congress and the Jackson Day dinner, January 7, 1939, the President named Felix Frankfurter to the high court. At the Jackson Day dinner, seated between the President and Garner, I questioned the Boss about his selection, asking if it was made because the fellows out West did not measure up to his qualifications. He said that was so, but did not elaborate and I did not want to press him because I thought he might not want to speak freely in front of the Vice-President. There was a lot of good-natured kidding during the dinner. In the course of this, Garner, at one point, shook his finger at the President.

"If it were not for your damned Dutch stubbornness," he laughed, "we could all do more with Congress. We

(Continued on page 35)

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THE GRAND MARCH OF THE UNITED

Of this story Victor P. Hass, Literary Editor of the Omaha World-Herald, writes:

"Dana Burnet has said more about the meaning of America in a single story than thousands of others have said in volumes. I wish I could hand it to the racemongers of America and make them not merely read it, but read it until they understand it. As sheer story it is first-rate. As a lesson for our times it is superb."

For other critical comments on this story see page 71

HE HAD come at evening because it seemed the best time to find them at home, but the blackness of the stairs was a physical shock. It was as if he had been plunged back once more into the gloom of Europe's rubble heaps. There was no light above the entrance hall, and as he groped his way upward, Captain Hammond had an uncomfortable feeling that he was lost.

He reached out and grasped the stair rail. It was loose and shaky under his hand, but at least it served to remind him that he was mounting the steps of a tenement on 113th Street near Lenox Avenue in Harlem, in the City of New York, in the United States of America.

David Hammond knew that he had come on a doubtful pilgrimage. But long months ago he had promised himself to make this call, and while that promise had grown vague with the passage of time, it had reasserted itself sharply since his return to the States. He'd been home a week, and this was the first chance he'd had to carry out his self-imposed mission.

He climbed steadily to the fourth floor. A scrawled card on the mailbox in the entry had informed him that the Taylor family lived in Apartment 4-A. He took out his cigarette lighter and by its meager light found the right door. Behind it he heard radio music. He snapped shut the lighter, and instantly, as its small flame died, the darkness overwhelmed him like a wave.

He stood helpless, incapable of movement, afraid not of this actual dark but of its likeness flooding his own mind. Captain Hammond wore on his left breast, among other decorations, the ribbon of the Silver Star for gallantry in action; and yet he was afraid, and knew it—and knew that his fear was of the shadow he had seen in men's eyes, on their faces, wherever his duty on the Continent had taken him.

It was the shadow of an all-pervading doubt, an uncertainty that clouded everything, from the

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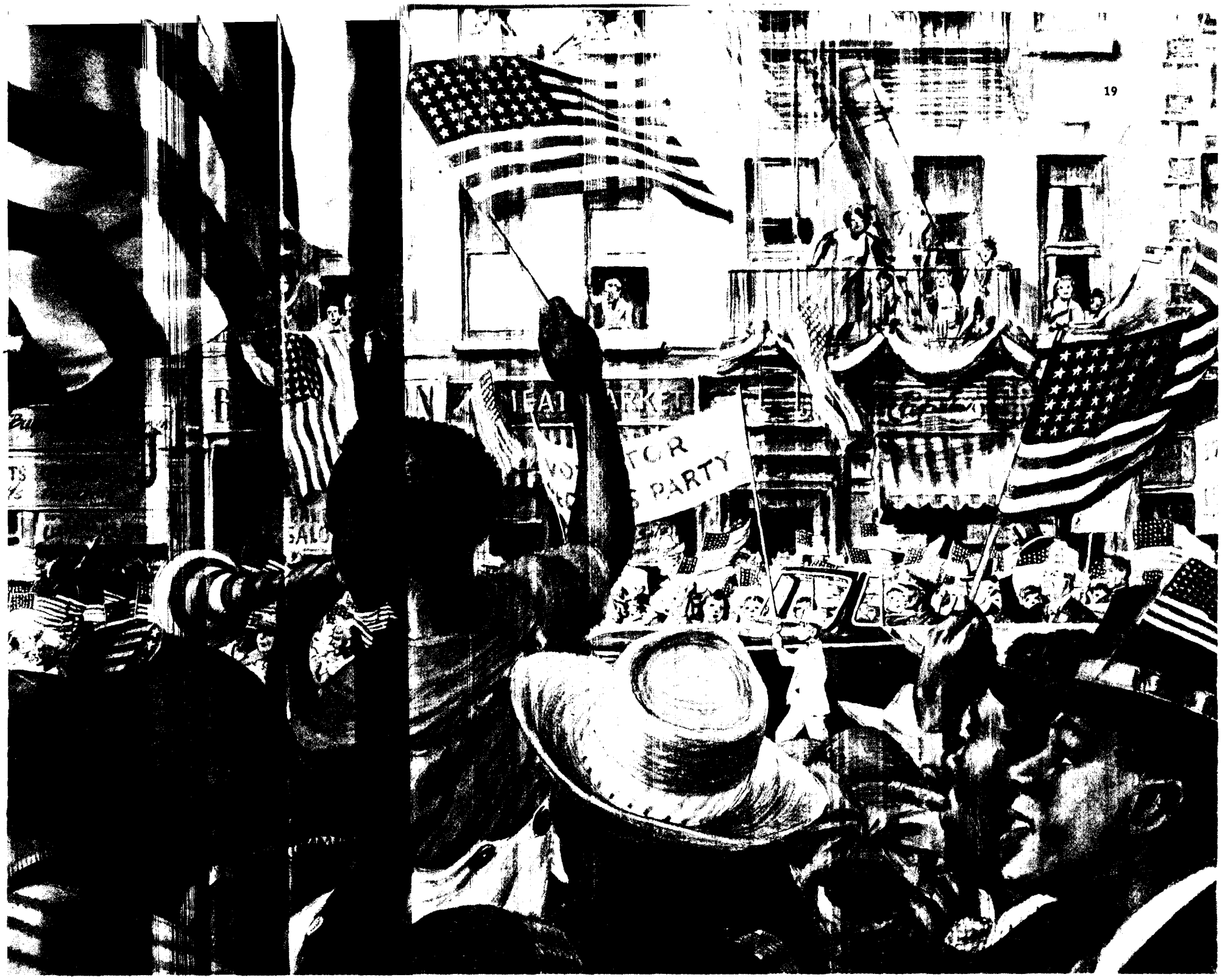


"There must have been hundreds of us kids marching. I don't know why we were there, except it was election year and some big man was going to make a speech"

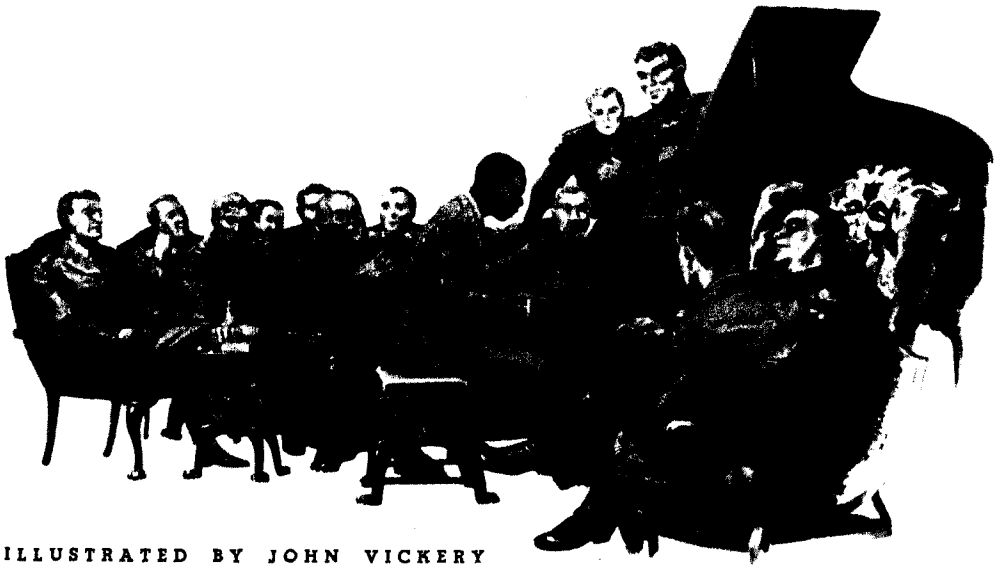
STATES OF AMERICA

BY DANA BURNET

course of his own life to the future of that postwar world which he had observed, for almost a year and a half, at its clinical worst.

He had seen too much uncertainty. Too many people who weren't sure of their next meal, or their next breath. Too many faces lifted to the sky, not in hope but in grim wonder whether the sun would rise tomorrow.

Thinking of tomorrow reminded him of the ordeal he would have to face in the morning. It was nothing more than a routine physical examination, but Captain Hammond dreaded it. The medical men would find him organically sound . . . but those damned psychiatrists! They'd prod and pry into the state of his mind, the state of his spirit, till they found that doubt which had partially paralyzed his will.

For some time past, it had cost him an effort to make even the least decision, or issue the slightest order. If the psycho boys *(Continued on page 69)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

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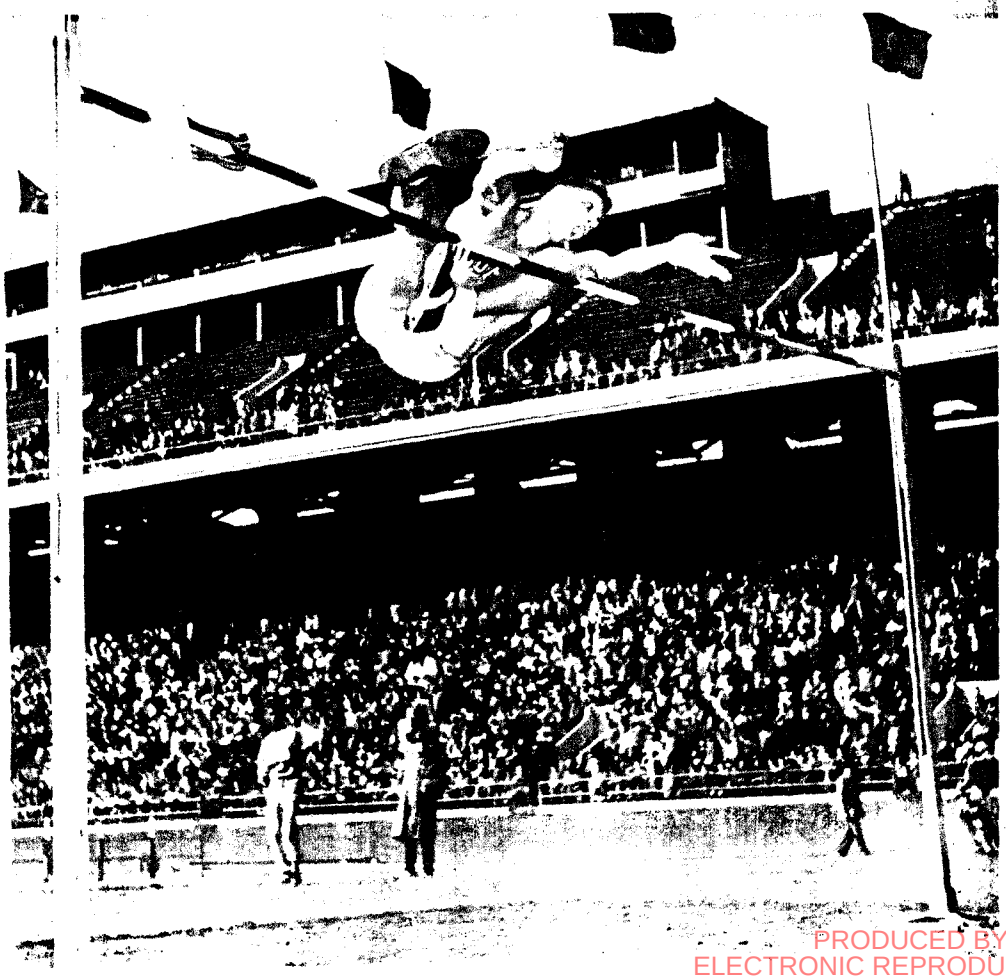
OLYMPIC FEVER

BY BILL DAVIDSON

The free-for-all battle of Olympic candidates is on in all its fury as the nation's fleetest athletes assemble for the National A.A.U. track meet. Here's a preview of our 1948 chances as seen by the veteran track-and-field coach, Emil von Elling

The disputed stick pass in the mile relay at the Penn Relays, showing (left to right) Pearman and Mo Callender of NYU and McKenley and Rehberg of Illinois, all Olympic prospects. This photo indicates no foul such as Illinois claimed. Below, Columbia's Olympic hope in the high jump, Bill Vessie



EVERY four years (barring wars and other distractions) the world of track and field athletics joins the world of politics in going stark, raving mad. Athletes and coaches who have been the mildest of competitors develop permanent James Mason snarls, and mayhem runs riot in such centers of culture as the Los Angeles Coliseum and Harvard Stadium.

Hurdlers slug their best friends as they run down a flight of barriers; sprinters attempt to disable competitors by planting a footful of spikes in exposed thighs; flying discuses and javelins develop an affinity for the noggins of rival discus and javelin throwers; and a quarter-mile race becomes a free-for-all in which the herd gleefully runs over, instead of around, any competitor unfortunate enough to get knocked down. Also, track coaches forget their usual role of Example of Sportsmanship for the Youth of America, and when they lose a race they scream imprecations at other coaches, as Leo Johnson of the University of Illinois did at the last Penn Relays.

All this is attributable, of course, to an occupational disease known as Olympic Fever.

In each of these fourth years, two high-ranking American officials are selected—the President of the United States, and the coach of the Olympic track and field team. Generally, the political campaign that precedes the election of the President is sissy stuff compared with what goes on in choosing the Olympic coach. The choice is made by an Olympic Track and Field Committee consisting of 13 college and Amateur Athletic Union officials representing all sections of the country. These 13 gentlemen are currently being bombarded by letters and personal visits from prominent alumni of every college whose coach is in the running for the Big Job.

Since the 1948 Olympic year began with the start of the current 1947 outdoor track season, the list of candidates already has been well pared down. The top possibilities today are Emil von Elling, the perennially successful coach at New York University; Dean Cromwell, the famous veteran of the University of Southern California; Leo Johnson, coach of the spectacular University of Illinois team; and Clyde Littlefield, one of the rapidly ascending Texas coaches.

Of these, Cromwell and Johnson seem to be the smartest politicians, and they might spring an upset; but according to the topmost stratum of the nation's track authorities, Von Elling has the inside track. "It may even be," remarked one of these officials wistfully, "that this time the best coach will really win."

The 64-year-old Von Elling has been called the outstanding college track coach in America by sources ranging from Glenn Cunningham to the track expert of the New York Herald Tribune and the promoter of the Millrose Games. Sports writers fondly refer to him as "The Gray Fox," and in 1943, they bestowed on him a Merit Award for "outstanding service to track and field over a period of years." He is loved by the top officials of the A.A.U. and he gets the grudging admiration of his Ivy League colleagues in the IC4A. No coach, aside from his immediate rivals for the Olympic job, has ever gone on record as saying a cross word against him.

His teams have won a record total of nine Intercollegiate championships, and in 1943 and 1947 he became the only college coach ever to cop a National A.A.U. championship. In 1932, no less than five of his men made the Olympic team. This year, his athletes swept the indoor IC4A championships, the indoor National A.A.U. championships and practically every other loose title in sight.

In the Penn Relays, he uncovered one of the sensations of the year in Freshman Reginald Pearman, whose 1:51.5 was the fastest American half mile since before the war and surprisingly close to the world's record. He has at least four sure-fire Olympic prospects himself in Pearman, Irving Mondschein, the national decathlon champion, and shot-putters Bernie Mayer and Irv Kintisch, both national and intercollegiate champions.

Last year, Von Elling was the only American coach chosen by the A.A.U. to escort U.S. teams competing abroad. As such, he has seen some of the world's greatest track and field men in action, and he already has gone into huddles with Dan Ferris, the omniscient secretary of the A.A.U., over such phenomena as the Russian Zambrimborts in the hop, step and jump, the Finnish Hyytäinen in the javelin throw and Sweden's Lennart Strand in the 1,500-meter run.

According to Von Elling (with statistical backing from Dan Ferris), the United States again will have too much strength in too many events to be upset by any other nation in next year's Olympic track and field competition at London. With the British, French and Italian teams badly crippled by the war, and with Russia still a doubtful Olympic participant, our principal competition will come from the Swedes—who should place second behind us—and from the Finns—who would have been a formidable threat if they had not left so many of their prize athletes on the battlefields.

Sweden's Face-Saving Move

The rise of Sweden in the Olympic picture is an interesting one. In 1912, when the Olympics were held in Stockholm, the Swedish government imported an American coach, Ernie Hjertberg, to help prevent the Swedish team from making too miserable a showing. Today, the runners who were coached by Hjertberg have become the outstanding coaches of Sweden and they still teach according to Hjertberg's methods. Hjertberg always has been a fine coach of long-distance runners. As a result, Sweden's distance runners are expected to dominate most of the events from the half mile up—with an assist from other European countries.

In Lennart Strand, according to Von Elling, the Swedes have the finest miler in the world, with a 3:48 for the 1,500 meters, and several miles in 4:06 and under. Within two seconds of these spectacular times are *six* (count them) other Swedish milers—Eriksson, Gustafsson, Ringvall, Ahlden, Persson and Albertsson.

On comparative times, the only American capable of nosing into this company is Gilbert Dodds, and even then he would have further competition from a Netherlander named Slijkhuis, who has run the 1,500 meters in 3:50.4 and Marcel Hansenne of France, who has done even better outdoors with a 3:48.5. The only American to run into this European juggernaut in recent years was Jim Rafferty, a good distance man, who found himself in Czechoslovakia last summer. Rafferty got slaughtered

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practically every time he ran against any of the above-mentioned Europeans, and discovered, just for good measure, that the Czechs, too, have a terrific distance runner in a veteran of the resistance named Zatopek.

Von Elling's figures indicate that in the 800-meter run, the Americans also will run into trouble. The United States has two half-milers—Johnny Fulton of the San Francisco Olympic Club, and Reginald Pearman of NYU—who can get down around 1:51 or a little less in the 800 meters.

Bad News for Our Half-Milers

In last year's European championships, however, no less than five men ran a blanket finish at 1:50 to 1:50.3 *in the same race*. These galloping gentlemen were Gustafsson of Sweden, Ljunggren of Sweden, Holst-Sörensen of Denmark, Hansenne of France and Storskrubb of Finland. Not only that, but Johnny Fulton was badly beaten, in a 1:49.5 half mile by a New Zealander named Harris last summer, and a Jamaican named A. S. Wint, who runs for the British Empire, recently knocked off 1:50.6 against the above tough Swedes, while he was stationed with the British army in Europe.

The Von Elling-Ferris forecast continues on the gloomy side all the way up through the marathon. In the 5,000-meter picture, there are three Swedes plus Sidney Wooderson of England, the great Viljo Heino of Finland, Slijkhuis of the Netherlands and Zatopek of Czechoslovakia, with nary an American poking his nose into the best ten performances.

The same holds true in the 10,000-meter run, which is dominated by the world-record-holding Heino of Finland and five of the omnipresent Swedes. In the marathon, the Americans appear to have no chance against another fistful of Swedes, plus Hietanen of Finland, whose 2:24.55 is five minutes better than the Olympic record, and Yun Bok Suh of Korea, who gave the United States a foretaste of things to come by running away with the recent Boston Marathon in a record 2:25.39.

It is only when you get to the sprints and the skill events that American superiority begins to show. Von Elling flatly predicts (with a concurrence by Ferris) that the United States will have a near sweep in the 100-meter dash, the 200-meter dash, the high hurdles, the high jump, the shot-put, the pole vault and the broad jump. He expects that the points amassed in these events alone will be more than enough to bring the championship trophy back from London to its perennial American resting place.

In the sprints, Von Elling says, we have five or six human comets who are consistently better than the rest of the world. The fastest of these so far is Mel Patton of the University of Southern California, who gets down to a world-record 9.4 seconds for the 100-yard dash, and a near world record 20.4 for the 220.

For a while it looked as if Herbert McKenley, a University of Illinois runner, who competes as a Jamaican for the British Empire, was the top man at 220 yards, but he was resoundingly defeated by Patton in 20.4 at the recent University of Southern California-University of Illinois dual meet in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Lewis and Bailey of Trinidad might conceivably break into the scoring, but any one of several former American comets, including Hal Davis, the 1942 California comet, might come out of retirement, and that would more than offset any foreign threat.

The same holds true for the high hurdles, where Harrison Dillard of Baldwin-Wallace College, and Bill Cummins and August Erfurth of Rice Institute more or less have the field to themselves with performances at or about 14 seconds flat. The closest foreigner so far is Lidman of Sweden with 14.5 and he saw enough of Dillard's back in last winter's meets in Madison Square Garden to discourage him.

The pole vault looks like an American show to Von Elling, with Dick (Boo) Morcom of the University of New Hampshire and Guinn Smith and Irving Moore of the San Francisco Olympic Club all clearing 14 feet 6 inches or thereabouts—nearly a foot higher than the 13 feet 9¾ inches of Kaas of Norway. The high jump looks just as easy. If Les Steers of California comes out of retirement, he is capable of clearing 6 feet 11 inches. Otherwise, we have Irving Mondschein of NYU with 6 feet 7¾ inches and Wiesner of Marquette, Vessie of Columbia, Eddleman of Illinois, Vislocky of the New York A.C., Sheffield of Utah and Scofield of Kansas, all hitting around the same height or slightly better.

The only foreigners with any chance of cracking into this Yankee monopoly are Lindecrantz of Sweden with 6 feet 7¼ inches and Paterson of Great Britain, at a half inch lower. We also have the world's best broad jumpers in Billy Steele of San Diego State College, Tex Robertson of the University of Texas and Al Lawrence of the University of Southern California, all of whom are capable of 25 feet or better. Laessker of Sweden and Kusnetsov of Russia might break in for a few points here—if they can develop wings or otherwise add about six inches to their best distances.

Except for an extremely oversized and formidable personage from Russia named Lipp, Von Elling thinks we should have a romp in the shot-put. His own Bernie Mayer of NYU is capable of approaching 55 feet with the 16-pound ball, and so are Billy Bangert of Purdue, Moose Thompson of the Los Angeles A.C., Charlie Fonville of Michigan and Milton Wasser and Irving Kintisch, another pair of ex-NYU hardware tossers.

Where Russia Has an Edge

The shoe is on the other foot, however, in the archaic hop, step and jump event, where Zambrimborts of Russia has done 50 feet 2 inches, and a bevy of Swedes and Finns are all more than a foot better than the nearest American.

Moreover, Von Elling has yet to see an American capable of taking Herbert McKenley in the 400-meter dash (the Jamaican holds the unofficial world's record for the quarter mile at 46.2 seconds), or Storskrubb of Finland and Sweden's Larsson brothers in the 400-meter hurdles—although some of our better quarter milers might convert successfully to this event before the Olympics.

We are hopelessly outclassed so far in the decathlon, where Irving Mondschein's 1946 total of 6,466 points is far below the level of European competition; and we don't even show in the javelin, where Hyytäinen's heave of 244 feet 7 15/16 inches for Finland heads nine other Swedes, Finns and Russians, all of whom are at least

(Continued on page 37)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

The pole vault looks like an American show in the 1948 Olympics, with Boo Morcom of New Hampshire soaring above other nations' pole vaulters. Below, Emil von Elling, veteran track coach of NYU. Von Elling, the "Rockne of Track," is an outstanding contender for the post of U.S. Olympic coach

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"Are you sick?" Lissie asked. Mike felt a sudden fierce irritation at her concern. "No, I'm not sick," he mimicked

LITTLE HICKORY NUT

BY VIRGINIA HANSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The way Mike saw it, this girl was bad medicine. Nevertheless, she was just what any doctor would have ordered

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MIKE was still sleeping better outdoors. Nights in his aunt's pretty guest room were one nightmare after another; but daytimes, in a deck chair under the old elm he had climbed every summer as a boy, he could sleep. The mild September sun creeping around through the branches touched him once in a while, and he slept—when he was left alone.

But just down the slope, at the coral-shuttered cottage, lived sundry cackling chickens; three fool turkeys whose gonking and gobbling gave warning of every passing shadow and sound; and Lissie Blake, the girl in the scarlet shirt—that hard-shelled little hickory nut that was always dropping out of a clear sky onto Mike's unprotected head.

The screen door slammed all day after Lissie; and when she wasn't galloping madly behind a small power mower that sounded worse than enemy bombardment, she was running around the yard beating on a tin pan to scare away hawks. And always behind her the turkeys lumbered, gonking and gobbling. It got so Mike had to hang onto his deck chair to keep from diving under it.

The day she came charging up the slope clutching Mike's spaniel like a black muff against her red shirt and reported belligerently that Frisky had been chasing her turkeys, a technique which had served Mike well with an older sister came automatically to mind.

"What do you mean?" he asked with a show of indignation. "I saw the whole thing—*they* were chasing *him*."

It had been a scene out of a Walt Disney film: around and around the big tree that dwarfed the cottage, Frisky leaped and flew on short, fleet legs, his feathery ears streaming backward like smoke, while behind him and in front of him the three young turkeys lumbered and thundered and floundered, their powerful wings stroking, their red necks stretched.

The girl stared. "Are you kidding? I've raised those turkeys by hand—they're as gentle as doves!"

"The breed that carried peace to Tokyo?"

"And *very* delicate. They get sick if you just *look* at them."

"Who wants to look?" Mike asked coldly. "You might put my dog down. He's delicate, too."

"How do I know he won't go back and chase my turkeys?"

"After they've scared him half to death? Here, Frisky, poor old fellow."

Frisky took a flying leap onto Mike's lap, settled down with a wriggle and eyed the girl in smug defiance. It was the first time Mike had seen her close. A small, brown, freckle-spattered face, dominated by eyes of intense blue and intense feeling—the feeling of the moment, indignation. Looking at her caused no pain, but Mike liked his women soft—*had* liked, he amended grimly. That was all finished now, along with his ambition to be an All-America back—and the incidental college education that went with it. When a man was washed up, all he asked was to be let alone.

She stood her ground, looking frustrated and confused. "Are you sick?" she asked more gently, and Mike felt a sudden fierce irritation at her concern.

"No, I'm not *sick*," he mimicked peevishly. "I'm *resting* in the quiet countryside."

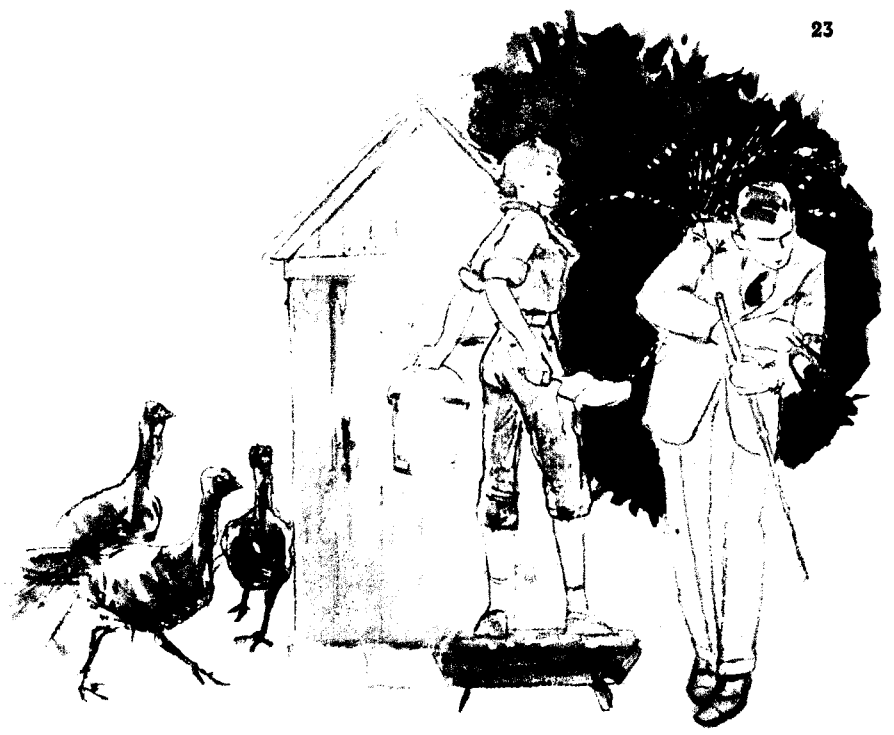
The irony was lost on her. She said, "I suppose you know that dog's feet are getting your nice uniform all dirty?"

For no reason, Mike blew his top. "What of it?" he demanded hotly. "I've got a *nice new tweed suit* coming, all tailored to fit my *nice new leg!*"

No use wishing it unsaid. Suddenly he would rather have died out there on Okinawa than have to endure her pity. He closed his eyes and clenched his jaw; but what she said, after a breath of silence, sprung all three open again.

"Oh, have you got a wooden leg?"

Mike's shoulder thudded into the flabby body. Everything under control, he exulted. He'd teach this guy to steal from helpless women . . .



As Lissie whirled around she scattered whitewash from her brush onto Mike's new suit. "A damp cloth will take it off," she said belligerently

she asked with polite interest. "My grandfather had a peg leg he said was handier than his own. Once a mule kicked him and he kicked back. The mule had nine stitches, but all Grandfather needed was a new peg. I suppose you haven't learned to use it yet?"

"No, but remind me to look for a mule."

The heck of it was, he didn't think she was trying to be funny. Her freckles looked like coarse-ground pepper and her eyes were the color of the ocean in a storm. Her chin was up as if she had just taken something on the point of it.

"Is that all that's the matter with you? I mean: You can whistle, can't you?"

"And keep my courage up?" Mike asked sardonically.

"No, and call your dog. Next time you're *resting* and I can't make him go home."

IT WAS only because there was so little to look at in the country that he watched her day after day. She was forever going about the place at a dead run, grass spray or garden soil churned up in the wake of her flying heels. Mike would lie there sleepless listening to little sounds about the suburban farm—jingle of harness, thudding hoofs as his uncle plowed a field for winter cover—and remembering other summers when he had toiled cheerfully in the fields, toughening his muscles for the football season. When his thoughts took a turn like this he would open his eyes and there would be Lissie.

Mike sometimes admitted to himself that he had been pretty rough with her, but he didn't want to know her any better, so why give it a thought? That was why he wasn't going to take back her rubbers that Frisky had carried off.

His aunt was certain they were Lissie's. "They're boys' rubbers, but that's the best kind for gardening. And they're small."

"Then let her come after them. How would we know?"

"She's a busy girl, Mike, running that place practically singlehanded. Her mother has been sick, losing her husband like that."

"Like what?" Mike asked bluntly.

"He was an officer on a submarine that was lost late in the war." . . .

An unreasonable feeling of guilt dogged him as he watched Lissie digging behind the chicken house, jabbing inexpertly at the packed, muddy earth. By midafternoon she had achieved a shallow hole about a yard square; now she was lugging some cement blocks and trying to set them level. Mike couldn't figure what she was about; he squirmed and uttered exasperated sighs.

Toward evening a truck backed up to the excavation and two men unloaded a narrow building, of strictly functional design, with only a tasteful crescent cut into its door for ornamentation. Mike sat up and stared, while Frisky called rude attention to the truck and its contents. What did she want with *that* thing?

A man couldn't rest with curiosity biting him like fleas. He shut Frisky in the tool shed and limped painfully down the slope. So he walked like a crab—so what? It was a neighborhood of freaks.

He found her with a bucket in one hand and a large brush in the other, covering herself, the immediate landscape and the outside of the narrow building with runnels of whitewash mixed too thin. The turkeys announced him with a frenzied, gargling fanfare, and Lissie whirled, scattering drops from her loaded brush onto Mike's new suit.

"A damp cloth will take it off," she said with a certain belligerence.

She accepted the rubbers and Mike's apologies and went back to work. She seemed neither friendly nor unfriendly, just busy. Mike combed his brains for something to say. *What's that for—as if I didn't know?* Better not. She might get mad again. And then she called attention to it herself.

Feathering a dainty swipe at the crescent, she stepped back to admire her work. "How do you like my new turkey house?" she asked with a fond glance at the whited sepulcher.

(Continued on page 40)

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DO AS YOU'RE TOLD

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

Under hypnosis you can hear a pin drop at 100 feet or stop your own blood from flowing. In a new team-up with science, hypnotism is performing medical wonders

IN THE spring of 1943, the U.S. Navy suddenly needed a hypnotist. A destroyer had sunk a German submarine near the coast of Delaware and, by a miracle, managed to get the captain off alive. High Navy brass vitally needed information that only a German submarine commander could give. The question was, how to make him give it. There was a slim chance that the man might talk under hypnosis.

The hypnotist chosen for this delicate job was Howard Klein. Before joining up with the Army Medical Corps, Klein had been one of the most successful professional hypnotists in America. For years he had worked in theaters and clubs, averaging less than three minutes to hypnotize the majority of his subjects. In the CBS Studios in New York City, he caused a near panic when he hypnotized a studio audience over the radio. He had collaborated with dentists, oculists and obstetricians. Psychologists had used him to help them treat nervous afflictions. But none of this background kept him from being scared stiff when two plain-clothes men tapped him on the shoulder in Camp Butner, North Carolina, and ordered him aboard a special plane.

At Norfolk, Virginia, the plain-clothes men conducted Klein to a secluded room in the naval base. High-ranking naval officers were awaiting him, openly skeptical that the German captain could be hypnotized against his will. They took Klein into a room where the German officer was slowly recovering from drugs which had been given him. Klein sat down beside the semiconscious man and began to talk quietly.

"I didn't want the man to realize I was hypnotizing him," Klein explained. "He would have tried to fight me mentally. I never mentioned 'trance' or 'hypnotize.' I simply said, 'You must be very tired. Try to sleep. Breathe deeply and you'll begin to doze off.' "

In less than three minutes, the German was deep in hypnosis. Then the questioning began. German agents, hidden along the coast, were signaling our ship movements to waiting submarines. The naval officers wanted to know where these sending stations were located. When the German began to talk, Klein was rushed out of the room. Then the Nazi started to come out of the trance. Klein had to be hurried back again. After the session, one officer remarked grimly, "With this new type of hypnosis, there are no more secrets."

Klein never did find out how much the brass hats learned. But shortly afterward, the rate of submarine sinkings took a sharp decline.

There has been a great revival of interest in hypnotism. Medical use of hypnosis is generally unknown and unrecognized by most of the judicious men of the profession at present. But in coming years your dentist may suggest it so that you won't feel pain while he is working on a cavity. If you want to give up smoking or drinking, a posthypnotic suggestion may do it without inconveniencing you. If your wife wants to reduce, a hypnotist may take away her desire for starchy foods.

Children suffering from such diversified ailments as cross-eyes and stammering have been cured quickly by hypnosis. In some cases, hypnotism has cut down the time needed for psychoanalysis from years to weeks. Many obstetricians think it is one solution to painless childbirth. Insomnia sufferers have been helped by it when drugs failed.

But every psychiatrist I questioned about it began by saying, "Don't describe hypnotism as a cure-all. It is seldom or never used by itself in psychiatric treatment. Occasionally it is extremely successful. Often, it is not."

Not a Consistent Remedy

Take the case of the cross-eyed boy who was tremendously helped by hypnosis. Klein, working under the oculist, hypnotized fourteen other children. Two were greatly benefited. The others were not helped in the slightest. We still know very little about hypnotism and how to use it. In a few years it may be a standard part of medical practice. Today, it is just emerging from its thousand-year curse.

This curse is largely the reason why more doctors aren't using it. No other science has been so kicked around. Hypnotism is very ancient and always it has been regarded as a mystical, terrible force. Witch doctors have used it to kill their victims. Pagan priests have used it to perform miraculous cures. Stage hypnotists in county fairs have forced hypnotized subjects to make fools of themselves. Naturally enough, the public is suspicious of it. But men like Howard Klein represent a new type of professional hypnotist. Klein has studied his subject as a science and has worked side by side with doctors on it. He sincerely believes that when psychologists learn how to handle hypnotism, they will have a powerful new tool to aid them.

Already Klein has given a startling example of this force. On October 4, 1941, Klein caused an international sensation by demonstrating that listeners can be hypnotized by radio. Klein had always contended that our present commercials are sissy stuff. A good hypnotist could send the listeners running down the street, yelling frantically for soap chips. He asked Dave Elman, of the famous Hobby Lobby Show, to let him demonstrate his theory. The sponsors were afraid to turn Klein loose over a nation-wide hookup. But they allowed him to test his method on a group of subjects chosen at random from the studio audience. The subjects were put in a glass booth and Klein broadcasted to them from another room. Dave Elman stood outside the booth and described the subjects' reaction over the network.

"Seeing those men and women go

In an unposed sequence, May Merritt of Philadelphia, has just been hypnotized by Mr. Klein, and Dr. M. Murray LeVine is extracting her tooth. The hypnosis took fifteen seconds, and no other anesthetic was used to alleviate the pain

When she comes out of her trance Miss Merritt can't believe the tooth has been drawn and gasps with astonishment when the dentist shows it to her. Under hypnosis she was told the empty socket wouldn't hurt her, which proved correct

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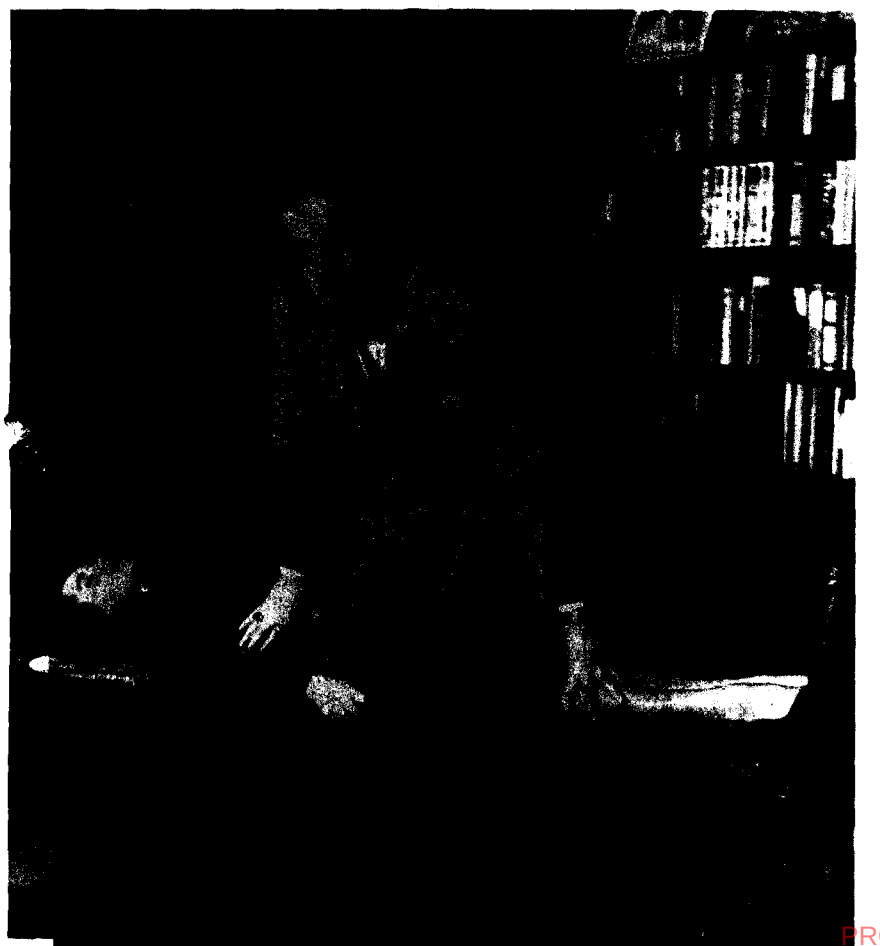
By radio from another room Mr. Klein tells his hypnotized subjects the rope has risen to the ceiling and a boy is climbing it. Obviously the audience believes him

The 98-pound girl has been ordered to make herself rigid. Placed like a board across two chairs her body easily supports the hypnotist who weighs 168 pounds. This is a favorite trick with the stage hypnotists



The hypnotist announces that a mouse (nonexistent) is running toward these three girls. The girl at left, who kept white mice as pets when a child, reaches down to pat it. The girl at right registers horror, while the other girl seems shy but amused

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Above, told that the room has become very cold these subjects' teeth start chattering and "goose-pimples" actually appear on their bodies. One girl developed a cough and sore throat. Below, the hypnotist made this girl drink a glass of water and told her it was whisky. The result was a laughing jag

into a trance from the sound of Klein's voice was one of the most startling experiences I've ever had," said Elman afterward. "He could make them laugh, cry, or see visions. They believed implicitly everything he told them. If we had ever allowed Howard to go over the air waves, there's no doubt that he could have put a large part of the nation to sleep. Since then, an English hypnotist has been presented over the B.B.C. television network. The results were so startling that the British passed a law forbidding any hypnotist to broadcast again."

Klein believes there are two forms of hypnosis: "informal" and "formal." Informal hypnosis is tried on us every day of our lives. The radio commercial that monotonously repeats the same idea, the mother who croons the same lullaby over and over until her baby falls asleep, the dictator who constantly screams the same lie, the officer who drills troops until they obey his commands instinctively . . . all are using informal hypnosis. It is simply the power of suggestion. It may be used for good purposes or for bad.

The hysteria of a lynching mob is due to informal hypnosis. But so is the courage of "green" troops bravely attacking an objective.

The difference between "informal" and "formal" hypnosis is the difference between a gentle push and a knockout blow. Formal hypnosis depends for its power on the trance state. No one has ever been able to explain what happens to the mind during the "hypnotic sleep." This sleep is induced by a combination of eyestrain and suggestion from the hypnotist.

The old-time hypnotists used to induce eyestrain in the subject by telling him to stare into their eyes. Actually, the eyes themselves have no hypnotic power. Modern hypnotists usually have their subjects stare at a bright coin or at a spot in the ceiling. To facilitate relaxation, the subject is told to breathe deeply and at a definite rhythm. This is why "breathing exercises" are such an important part of yogism, which is based on self-induced hypnosis. These physical conditions, coupled with suggestion, cause the "hypnotic sleep." Why, no one knows.

A Theory of the Subconscious

The deeply hypnotized subject can open his eyes, talk, laugh and even walk about while still fast asleep. He will obey almost any command the hypnotist gives him and usually believes anything he is told. Psychologists do not fully understand why this is. Some doctors think that hypnosis dulls our ordinary conscious mind. Then our subconscious mind takes over. This mind is so used to taking orders from our conscious mind that it automatically obeys any command it hears. This seems to be as good an explanation as any.

The hypnotist not only controls the subject's thoughts. Through the subject's brain he controls the entire nervous system, especially the five senses. If a subject is told he cannot feel pain, he will allow a major surgical operation to be performed on him. He will even help the surgeon by controlling certain involuntary muscles he would not be able to control ordinarily. If the hypnotist tells him a glass of water is ammonia, the subject begins to gasp, water at the eyes, and will even become sick unless the hypnotist removes the suggestion. On the other hand, the subject will smell a glass of powerful laboratory ammonia and show no effects at all.

At the hypnotist's command, he will cheerfully eat a lemon. But when the suggestion is removed, his mouth puckers up and he may become nauseated. His hearing can be made so acute that he can hear a pin drop a hundred feet away.

"To show how the sense of smell can be increased, I sometimes blindfold a subject and collect some handkerchiefs from the audience," Klein explains. "Then I remove the blindfold and tell the subject to return the handkerchiefs by sense of smell. He will walk down the aisle of the theater, sniffing at the handkerchiefs, until he locates their owners."

Human Body's Latent Powers

No one knows how much our minds can influence our bodies. But there is no doubt we all have many powers that we do not use. Hypnotism enables us to use these powers. A hypnotized subject may be able to contract his veins and arteries so as to stop blood flowing from a wound. Klein occasionally gives exhibitions of this curious power. He makes two small incisions in a subject's hand. While they are bleeding, he instructs the subject to stop one of the cuts. The blood instantly ceases. He then tells the subject to allow that cut to bleed and stop the other one. The flow of blood is promptly reversed.

Doctors are beginning to use hypnosis to help patients control their involuntary muscular systems. A prominent Philadelphia oculist, who has requested that his name be not used because of the popular prejudice against hypnosis, has used Klein to help him treat children.

"Recently, we were able to help a 17-year-old boy by a curious system," said the doctor. "The boy had such a bad squint that he was able to read only the big, four-inch letter on the reading chart. Klein hypnotized him. Apparently it did no good. Then Klein told him that the chart was coming nearer. As the chart supposedly approached him, the boy was able to read one line after another until he had gone down five lines. Even more surprising, he retained this power after coming out of the trance."

The doctor thinks that the hypnosis helped the boy by relaxing his eye muscles.

The boy was able to retain the benefits of the hypnosis because of an amazing phenomenon called "post-hypnotic suggestion." A trained hypnotist can do a great deal of good with it. But because the hypnotist is playing around with deep, basic forces in the human mind, he can also use this power unwisely.

Klein frequently uses a harmless form of posthypnotic suggestion in his act. He tells a hypnotized subject, "When you awake, you will have an uncontrollable desire to sell newspapers. You will grab up a bundle of papers and try to make everyone in the audience buy one. This desire will pass when I shout 'Zero!' "

When the subject awakes, he has no memory of this suggestion. But after a few minutes he becomes restless. Finally, he says anxiously to his friends, "There is some big news in the papers. Everyone should know about it." Then he snatches up a bundle of papers Klein has left on the stage and runs through the audience shouting, "Extra!" At Klein's order, he stops, looks sheepish, and sits down.

(Continued on page 30)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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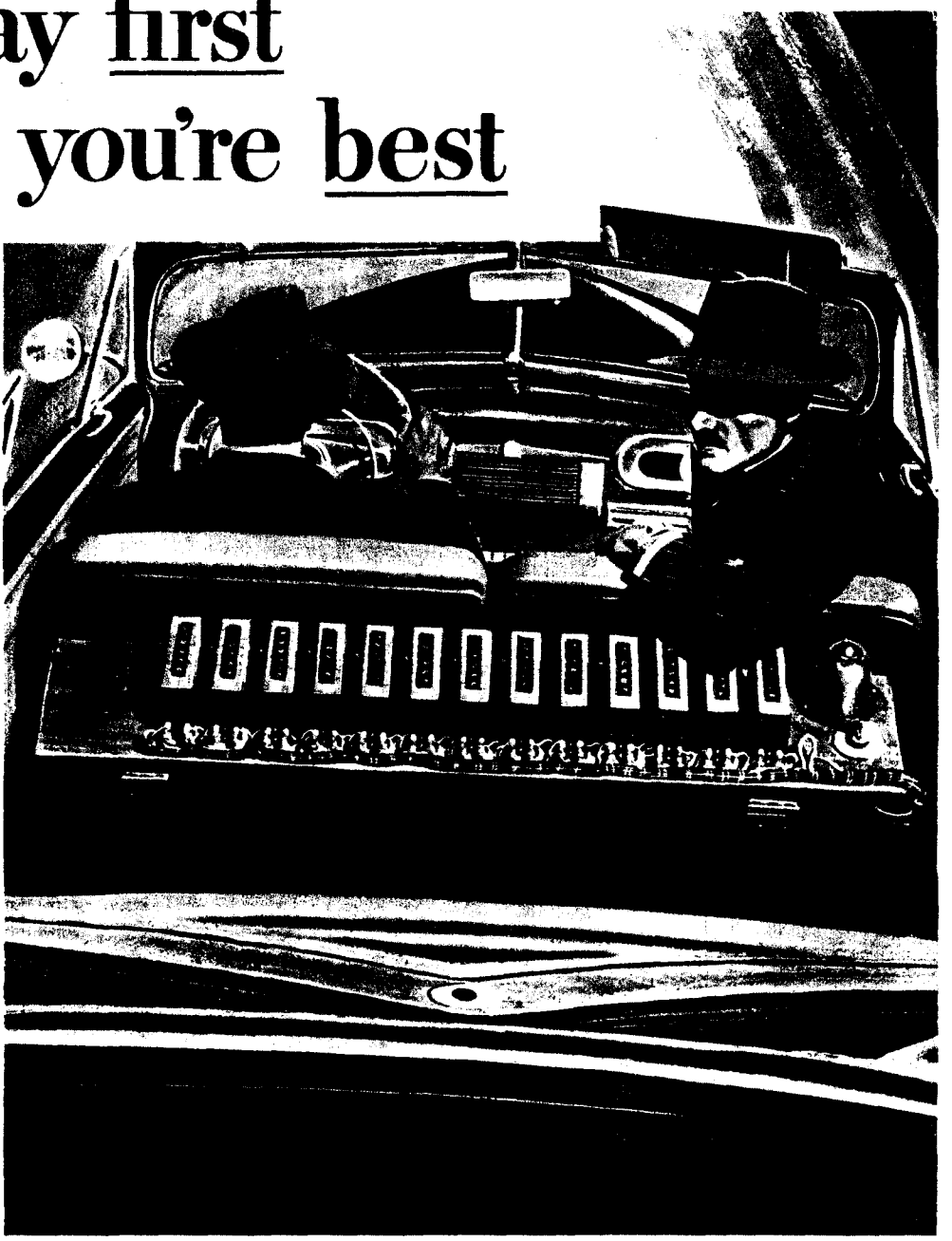
You don't stay <u>first</u> *unless* you're <u>best</u>



If you sat on the floor in the rear of your car, oof! There wouldn't be any seat cushions to soften the bumps. If your tires didn't give you a smooth, comfortable ride, you'd know it *fast!*

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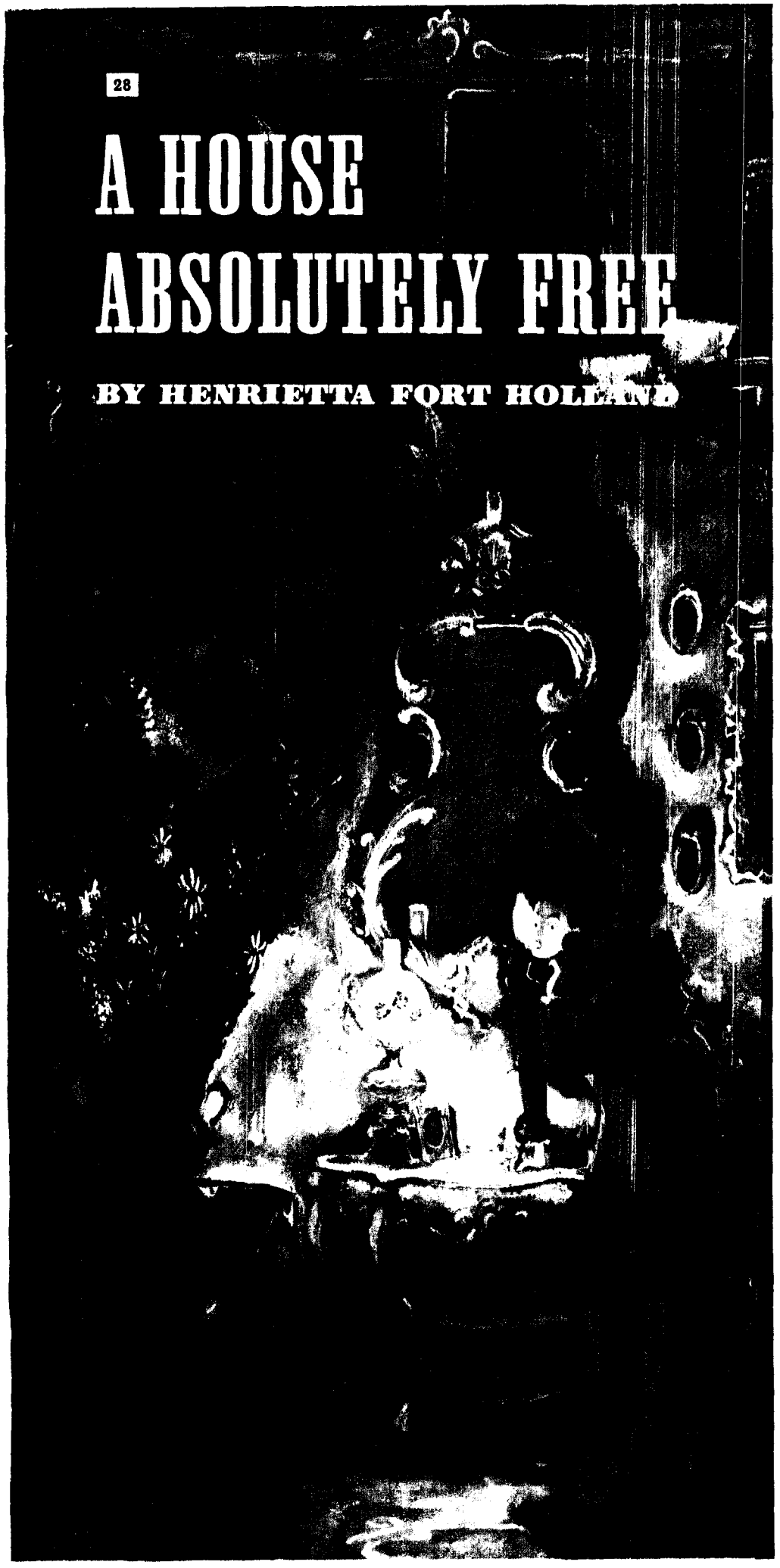
28

A HOUSE ABSOLUTELY FREE

BY HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND



"Be sure to keep the burglar lock on all the time," the voice said brightly

I DON'T know how she does it," Mrs. Vedder said, turning from the telephone after a long, ecstatic conversation. "If only it could happen to us!" she sighed, looking over at the fake fireplace with its electrically lighted logs.

"Who does *what?* If what could happen to us?" Mr. Vedder said absently, from behind his newspaper.

"Why, George," Mrs. Vedder said, "didn't you *hear* me talking to her?"

Mr. Vedder remarked that he certainly had. "Sounded as though somebody had been given a house," he said. "But, of course, that's impossible, so I just stopped listening."

"But Claire Merill *has* been given a house," said Mrs. Vedder. "Not just one, but two. And absolutely for free. The first one for two months here in New York—"

"Yeah," said Mr. Vedder. "Go on—"

"The other house is in Boston. For six months. Until the fall, when she always goes to the White Mountains to paint, anyway." She sighed again, glancing at the yellow screen that hid her electric grill and pots and pans. "If only we could get a break like that!"

Mr. Vedder put down his paper and began to tap out his pipe.

"George!" Mrs. Vedder said. "How can you be so impervious to news like this in a year like this? It scares me; it's as if you were resigned to being cooped up yourself, forever!"

"Claire hasn't accepted the houses yet, has she?" Mr. Vedder said.

"Of course she has," Mrs. Vedder said. "She's moving into the New York one tomorrow."

"Isn't that rather hasty of her?" Mr. Vedder said mildly.

Mrs. Vedder strode, in an icy rage, toward the bookcase, from which a few books, an ivy pot and two Dresden figures had to be removed each night when the bookcase was brought down out of the wall to become a bed.

"I suppose *you* would rather stay in a ridiculous place like this," she said bitterly. "Even if a house were offered you, *you* wouldn't want it."

"Not until I found out what the joker was," Mr. Vedder said.

"Joker," said Mrs. Vedder, clutching one of the Dresden figures and controlling a wild desire to throw it. "There's no joker in this. Horatia James is going to the West Indies. And since she's one of Claire's best friends—"

"Yeah?" Mr. Vedder remarked again.

"I think," Mrs. Vedder said, "that you are out of your mind." She went to the foyer that also did duty as a dining room and took her coat from the closet. "I'm going down to Claire's," she said. "She may need help."

"Already?" said Mr. Vedder.

"With her packing," said Mrs. Vedder icily. "And you needn't wait up." She closed the door, without slamming it, and started down the street.

SHE looked up at the remodeled brownstones that she passed on the way, behind whose lamplighted windows people were attempting a wretched compromise at living, like herself and George. Yet he does seem so *resigned* to it, she thought. If just for eight months, *we* had a little space to move around in—

"Jeannette!" It was Claire Merill, coming out of the door of the hotel. "Darling, how lucky! If you could, if you would, do me a favor?"

Mrs. Vedder said that was what she was there for. It occurred to her that her friend looked a little distrait, her blond hair, usually so tidy, hanging in wisps around her face.

"You see," Claire said, "Horatia's secretary is going to call me tonight at the house about last-minute instructions. So if you'd be a lamb and go up and take the call for me, I can finish my packing here."

Mrs. Vedder was somewhat taken aback but she decided it would be fun to see the house—a Victorian jewel, Claire said, pressing the key into Mrs. Vedder's hand. It was on East Seventy-second Street, one of many small houses but, inside, when Mrs. Vedder had found the light switch and pressed it, she stood enchanted.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly. "It's the kind of house you read about in—in Balzac!"

The living-room walls were done in a pale violet silk, ornamented with tiny yellow flowers. The Aubusson carpet repeated the same delicate colors. Reverently, Mrs. Vedder tiptoed around the room, touching the chairs whose frail gold woodwork was carved with cupids and roses, the yellow and violet brocade upholstery.

She was thinking: If I could live here, even for a week—when from behind her somewhere a bell rang insistently. She started violently, then she found the telephone in the little hall.

"Mrs. Merill?" a crisp voice said.

She started to say, "This isn't Mrs. Merill," but thinking of lengthy explanations she merely said, "Yes."

"There are just a few things I was to tell you," the voice said. "About the dogs' food. It's on the third shelf in the pantry."

"The dog?"

"Two," said the voice. "They're at the vet's tonight but they'll be back in the morning. I'm sure you'll have no trouble with them, if you just take them out separately."

"Oh," Mrs. Vedder said. "I see."

"They are called Izzod and Issop," the voice went on. "And sometimes they quarrel violently, but that is because the—ah— person with them does not display tact. Never feed one when the other is near by. Izzod is the more jealous of the two. Keep your eye on him. He is also the one," the voice added, "that likes white of egg on everything. Beaten stiff."

"Was there anything else?" Mrs. Vedder said, faintly.

"Oh, yes," the voice said brightly. "This is even more important. Be sure to keep the burglar lock on all the time. The minute you get to the door, rush in and slam it. Especially if a man follows you up the steps."

"A man?" Mrs. Vedder quavered.

"Yes, a mysterious man has been hanging around for a month. Mrs. James has had some threatening letters. Of course, the police know about it; then, too, the fiercest of the dogs could presumably drive any prowler away."

"Izzod?" suggested Mrs. Vedder.

"Issop," said the voice. "Well, goodby. I'm sure you'll get along all right."

"Goodby," Mrs. Vedder said. She replaced the receiver on the hook, turned, then gave a little scream. The front door was opening. . . .

"Darling, did I scare you?" Claire came in, with two suitcases. "I finished my packing sooner than I thought, so I came on up. Have two sets of keys, you know. Isn't it a dream house?"

"Yes," Mrs. Vedder said hesitantly. "Only—"

"Only what?"

Mrs. Vedder handed her the list she had jotted down. *Front door, close quickly, safety lock, Izzod, Issop, watch for fights, beat white of egg, prowlers.*

Claire glanced through it. "Is *that* all?" she said. "Look what comes with my Boston house." She handed Mrs. Vedder a letter. "Go on, read it," she said, grimly.

"WELL," yawned Mr. Vedder, an hour later, from the depths of the in-a-door bed when his wife came in, "what's the joker?"

"Suppose, next year, we had electric coals in the fireplace instead of logs?" his wife replied. "It might be—cozier."

To Mr. Vedder, this reply was not ambiguous. "Swell," he said, with a contented sigh, turning over and going back to sleep.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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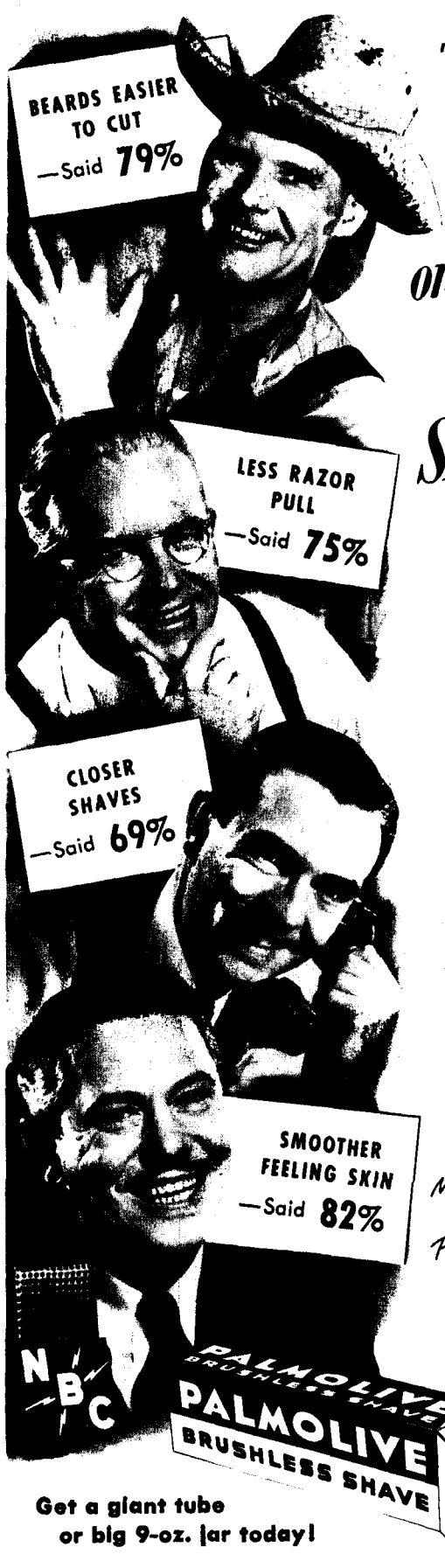

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DO AS YOU'RE TOLD

Continued from page 26

A posthypnotic suggestion can extend over a long period of time. A hypnotist can tell a subject: "One year from today, you must return to this room and make a pencil mark on the stage." The subject will live the entire year without remembering the suggestion. But even though he may have moved to another city, on the prescribed day he will feel nervous. Finally he will have an uncontrollable urge to travel back to the room and make the mark. Curiously, the subject will always invent some logical reason for his decision. He may tell his family, "This mark is to guide engineers in setting up a new building." Once having invented this idea, he will believe it devoutly. Apparently no one likes to believe he is being influenced against his will.

Posthypnotic suggestions are often used to cure patients of nervous habits, such as nail biting. They can also be used to cure some character defects. A juvenile delinquent can be given a suggestion that he no longer wants to hang out with his gang. The boy will obey. But the sudden, unnatural break with his old life may do him more harm than good. Psychologists who used posthypnotic suggestion try to cure the patient by other means. Then they use the suggestion to give the subject confidence in his own powers of self-control.

Because hypnosis depends on the personalities of the hypnotist and the subject, no two cases are ever exactly alike. But here are the general rules:

Variations in Susceptibility

Everyone has a susceptibility to hypnosis. But some people unconsciously refuse to "let themselves go." Often a patient who cannot be influenced by one hypnotist can be instantly hypnotized by another. Some patients have gone to eight hypnotists before finding one who can hypnotize them. You also vary from hour to hour in your susceptibility. Worried people are very susceptible to hypnosis. This is why "spellbinding" demagogues are likely to appear during times of national anxiety. Men and women are equally susceptible, but children are more so than adults. It is almost impossible to hypnotize feeble-minded people, because their minds are too dull to respond. Klein can usually hynotize about 70 per cent of his subjects.

Generally speaking, you cannot be hypnotized against your will. There are exceptions. John Calvert, a well-known stage hypnotist, once hypnotized a man who was walking up the aisle by shouting, "Stop! You can't move!" The man was frightened, and so was very susceptible to suggestion. He stood literally rooted to the spot, begging Calvert to release him. A New York psychologist hypnotized a defiant patient who told him, "I'll bet a hundred dollars you can't hypnotize me!" The doctor told him, "Fine! Just keep on fighting me!" After a few minutes the man was so worn out mentally that the doctor was able to hypnotize him easily. But these are unusual cases.

A hypnotized subject will not do everything he is told. The subject's subconscious mind is always functioning and he will do nothing against his moral code. Neither will he do anything that would endanger himself. A girl cannot be seduced under hypnosis. A man cannot be made to jump out of a window. I have seen this demonstrated. A girl told to commit an immodest act instantly came out of the trance with a vague feeling of anger. A businessman told to sign a blank check fought the suggestion as long as he could and finally scribbled an unintelligible scrawl. In some strange way, the subject always knows what is going on, even though he is apparently completely controlled by the hypnotist.

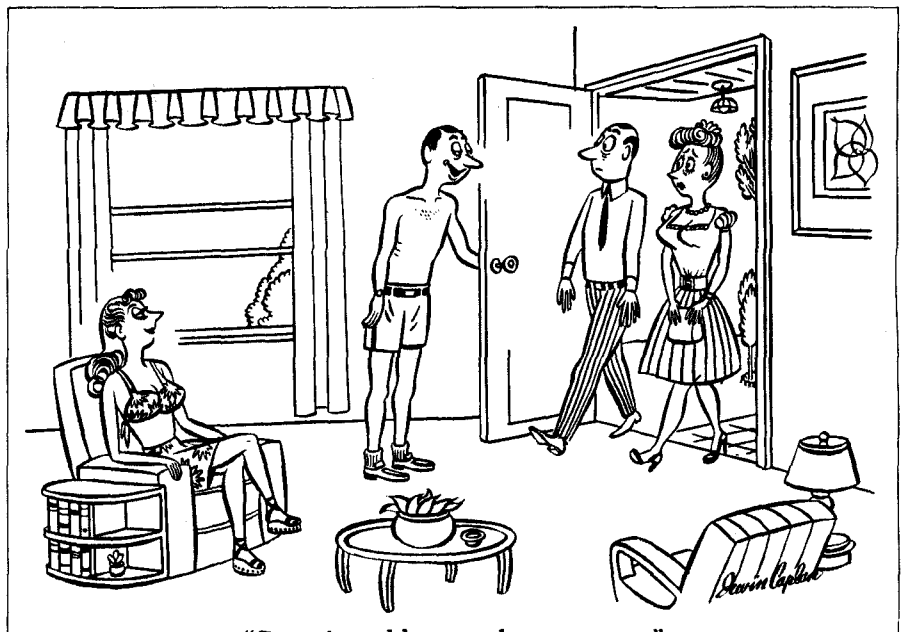
Subjects react differently to suggestions, depending on their ethical codes. While giving a demonstration in a prison, Klein told a group of hypnotized convicts that a crate of potatoes were gold nuggets. The next second, the crate was smashed. The convicts fought one another for the potatoes. Klein stopped one burly con whose coat was bulging with potatoes.

"Seen any gold, bud?" asked Klein.

"None around here, mister," said the convict, innocently ducking away.

If you are hynotized once, you cannot necessarily be hypnotized again unless you want to. But the hypnotist can give you a posthypnotic suggestion that you will always go to sleep when he orders it. This is often done if the subject is to be hypnotized a second time. A certain stage hypnotist hypnotizes his subjects beforehand and gives them this suggestion. Then when they come up on the stage they pass out instantly when he speaks to them. But if the subjects feel that they should not be hypnotized again, they can throw off the posthypnotic suggestion just as they can any hypnotic suggestion they feel is wrong.

It is not true that sometimes a hypnotist can't bring his subjects out of the trance. Even if the hypnotist dropped dead, the subjects would wake up after a short nap.



COLLIER'S "Come in and let me take your wraps" IRWIN CAPLAN

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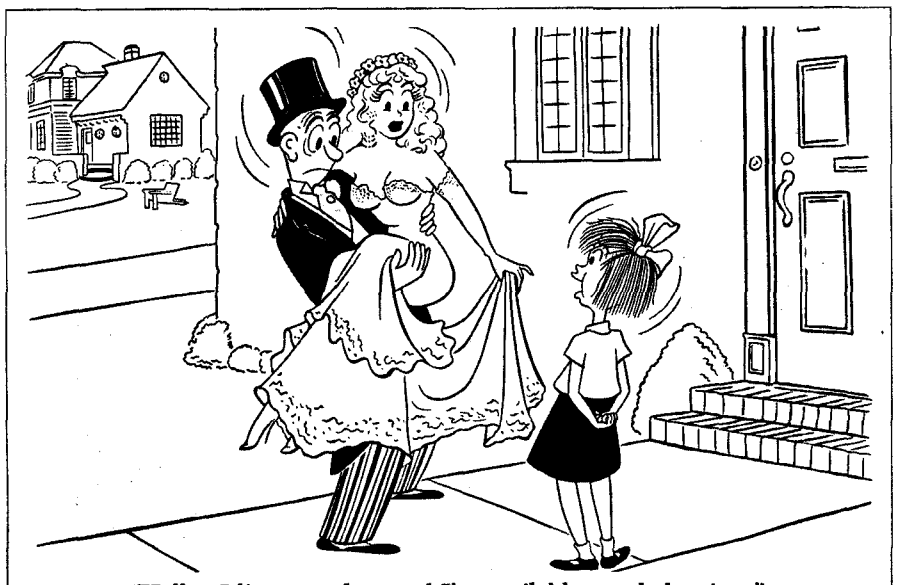


"Hello. I live next door and I'm available as a baby sitter"

COLLIER'S DICK ERICSON

Sometimes you can be hypnotized without knowing it. A doctor told me he once found it necessary to hypnotize a woman patient who refused to cooperate. The doctor asked her to watch while he hypnotized another woman. The patient became so interested that unconsciously she was hypnotized at the same time. While Klein was in the Army, he was giving a USO show with two MPs on the stage to keep order. While he was hypnotizing the volunteer subjects, he heard the audience howling with delight. The two MPs had accidently become hypnotized while watching. Klein promptly woke them up. "You sure missed the chance of a lifetime," all the G.I.s sadly assured him.

There probably is such a thing as mass hypnotism. Crowds usually are controlled only by informal hypnosis. But during Klein's shows people in the audience frequently go into a trance while he is hypnotizing the subjects on the stage. During one of his Army shows, Klein told any members of the audience who felt that they had been hypnotized to stand up. Three hundred and fifty men rose. Klein had to make them march past him in single file in order to wake them up individually. "These men were tired from a long day's drill," explained Klein. "They were highly susceptible. That was the closest I ever came to hypnotizing a whole audience."

Trying to find a doctor or psychiatrist who will endorse hypnosis is, to say the least, difficult. Although Klein is working with five doctors, only one of them would allow his name to be used in this article. Dr. M. M. LeVine, dentist, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, uses Klein to hypnotize patients who dislike taking gas and have a dread of injections. "Also, some people cannot form a normal blood clot after an injection," Dr. LeVine explains. "As a result, healing is very slow. If a subject is susceptible to hypnosis, it is the perfect anesthetic."

Not many medical men are as frank as Dr. LeVine. Recently Klein, working under the direction of physicians, cured a patient of stammering in two treatments. This patient had been unsuccessfully treated by a specialist in speech deficiencies. The specialist admitted the cure, but added, "I personally will have nothing to do with hypnotism." The resident physician of a well-known psychiatric clinic told me, "We never use hypnotism." Yet I had read statements by that doctor recommending hypnotic treatments in certain cases.

At a medical library, the librarian told me that a certain doctor came in daily to get books on hypnosis and discussed the cases with her. When I went to the clinic where the doctor was working, I was told, "If this is for publication, say that we never used hypnosis in any form."

Doctors who use hypnotism like to call it "psychopeutic therapy" or anything except hypnotism. In the last few years, a new technique of using hypnosis in psychoanalysis has been developed. Usually psychoanalysis takes so long and is so expensive that few people can afford it. The process can be greatly shortened by hypnotizing the patient and suggesting that he talk or dream of the problems bothering him. These dreams frequently reveal the basis of his conflict and point the way to the cure.

A leading exponent of this "hypnoanalysis" is Dr. Lewis R. Wolberg of New York City. Dr. Wolberg also uses hypnosis to help a patient recall forgotten childhood memories. The subconscious mind never forgets. Under hypnosis a subject can vividly recall any incident in his life. A man told to relive his fourth birthday will toddle around the floor, laugh with delight at an imaginary cake and speak to people long dead.

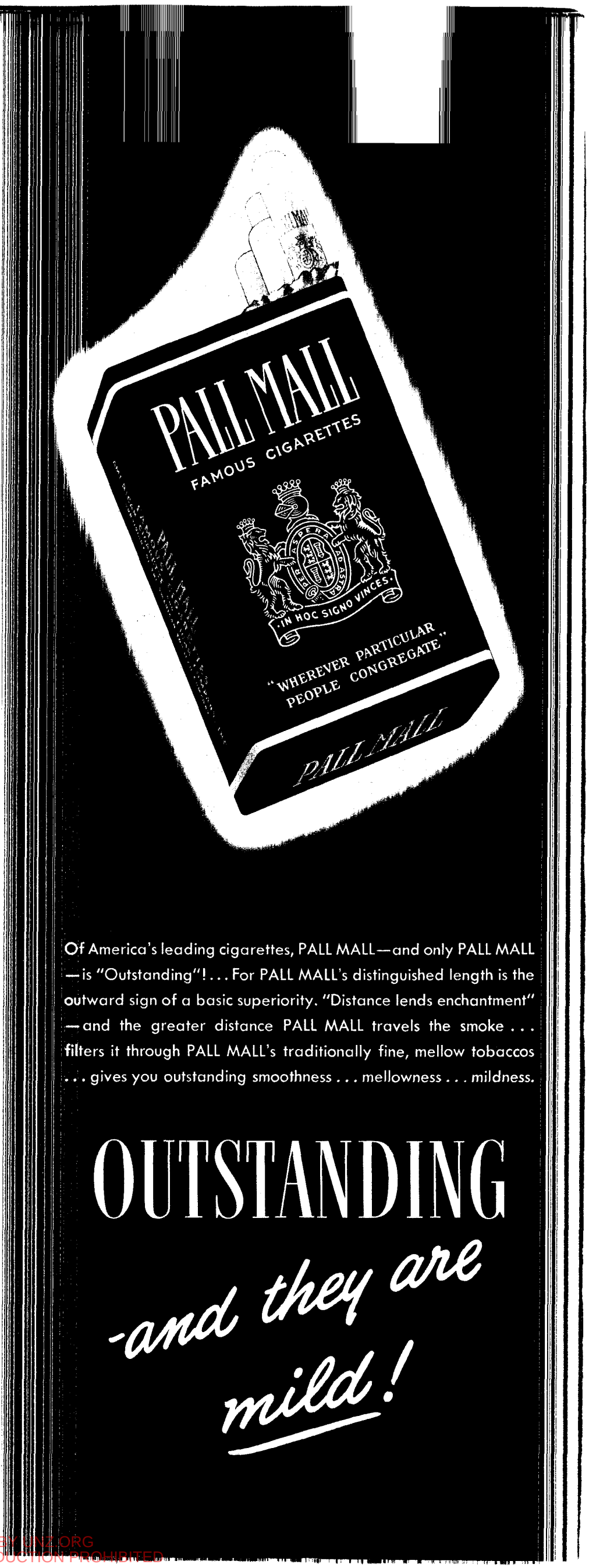
Haunted by an Egyptian Mummy

In his book, Hypnoanalysis, Dr. Wolberg cites the case of a girl who was unable to keep food on her stomach. She had gone to doctors, who could find nothing wrong with her. She seemed happy and well-adjusted, but under hypnosis, the girl recalled that as a child her father had once forced her to touch an Egyptian mummy he kept as a curio. Ever since, she had been tortured by nightmares of the mummy chasing her. The dreams were so hideous that her waking mind refused to allow her to remember them in the morning. She was suffering from nervous indigestion.

A Baltimore psychiatrist told me that he used hypnosis but refused to advertise it. "Patients would drop in on me and say casually, 'I'm having trouble sleeping. Give me a posthypnotic suggestion to sleep.' They seemed to think they were stopping at the corner drugstore for a couple of aspirins. Of course, I could give them a suggestion that would make them sleep. But I wanted to know *why* they were having trouble sleeping. Otherwise, it would be like giving a man chloroform for a broken leg."

• There is probably only one hypnotist in the country more successful than Howard Klein. That's the famous Benny Finkle, who, for a consideration, will put the hypnotic eye on any boxer, wrestler, or race horse you want to have lose. Benny claims he can't make them win, but he has a hypnotic-hex that is sure to knock them out. Klein shakes his head sadly when he hears that someone has paid the little hex-maker $500 to make a horse fall down. "Benny's certainly got somebody hypnotized," says Klein regretfully. "But it's not the horses."

THE END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The girl had taken care to hang a lantern high up in the door of the cabin to guide him back. As he approached she ran out and helped him the last few yards

THE GOLDEN MESH

BY KENNETH PERKINS

The swamp was a natural mantrap—and so was the girl from New Orleans

WITH the exception of one Kentuckian they all gave up the man hunt and started for New Orleans. The Kentuckian, Ethan Trigg, was a born tracker and having fought under Old Hickory in the Creek campaign, he knew how to get along in the woods and on water. But the marsh is a strange mixture of both; it is neither sea nor land.

There were no hyacinths choking the bayous in those days, but there were mangroves and floating turf and marshfire. And worst of all, if he were lost there was no one to show the way out, except an occasional Cajun trapper—Frenchmen, who couldn't understand a word of Kentucky English. He ran into one who was paddling a hollowed-out cypress log.

"I've got to have your pirogue," Trigg said. "I'm chasing somebody. Maybe you've seen him—an Englishman in trapper's clothes?"

The answer was a respectful smile.

"Can't you understand? This Englishman dressed like a trapper—he killed one of our party with a musket—bang, bang!" Trigg pointed to his chest.

The Cajun seemed impressed with the chest and with Trigg's rifle gun, powder horn and tomahawk. And he may have been impressed with the Kentuckian's rawboned face and the mane of hair to his shoulders. The trapper got out of his canoe.

But it did Trigg little good; he could paddle only a short distance. The stretch of water he crossed might be called a prairie—as good a name as any, considering the upside-down country. The island where he landed would be called a bay.

Here he caught a glimpse of the fugitive fleeing on foot through the moss-hung oaks. Trigg followed, wading now in the ooze, floundering on quaking ground, crossing a mud shoal. In the swamp grass on the other side, there was no sign nor track nor hair nor hide of the fugitive. There were only the muskrats nesting in the roots, mallard whistling by like bullets—and then darkness.

The darkness was peculiar, with more light reflected in the east off some body of water than in the west over New Orleans. Trigg was completely lost; he decided to make Indian camp. He caught a catfish and a gaspergou, which astonished him, for these are fresh-water fish. If he had caught a goggle-eye or croaker he might not have been so sure that he was heading inland instead of to Lake Borgne and Mississippi Sound. But in the swamp country when fresh bayous turn salt it does not always mean the sea marshes are nearer.

The clouds had come down low; mists turned every blade of grass and rotting root and scrub palmetto soggy. Unable to start a fire, he had sea cherries for supper and then the cold got through his wet homespun shirt and pantaloons and into his bones. He felt a good case of chills and fever coming on. That was why he kept walking. He had no direction in mind except for a glimmer of light far away through some moss-hung oaks. . . .

It was not the glow of decaying vegetation, he found out when he shouldered his way through sea cane and waded across another prairie. The light came from the unshuttered window of a cabin of cypress, mud and moss. A canoe lay half in the water, half in the cane like a sleeping alligator. The man who opened the door to his knock was of that incongruous breed called a webfoot.

There was no point in just commandeering the canoe, for it was useless

(Continued on page 65)

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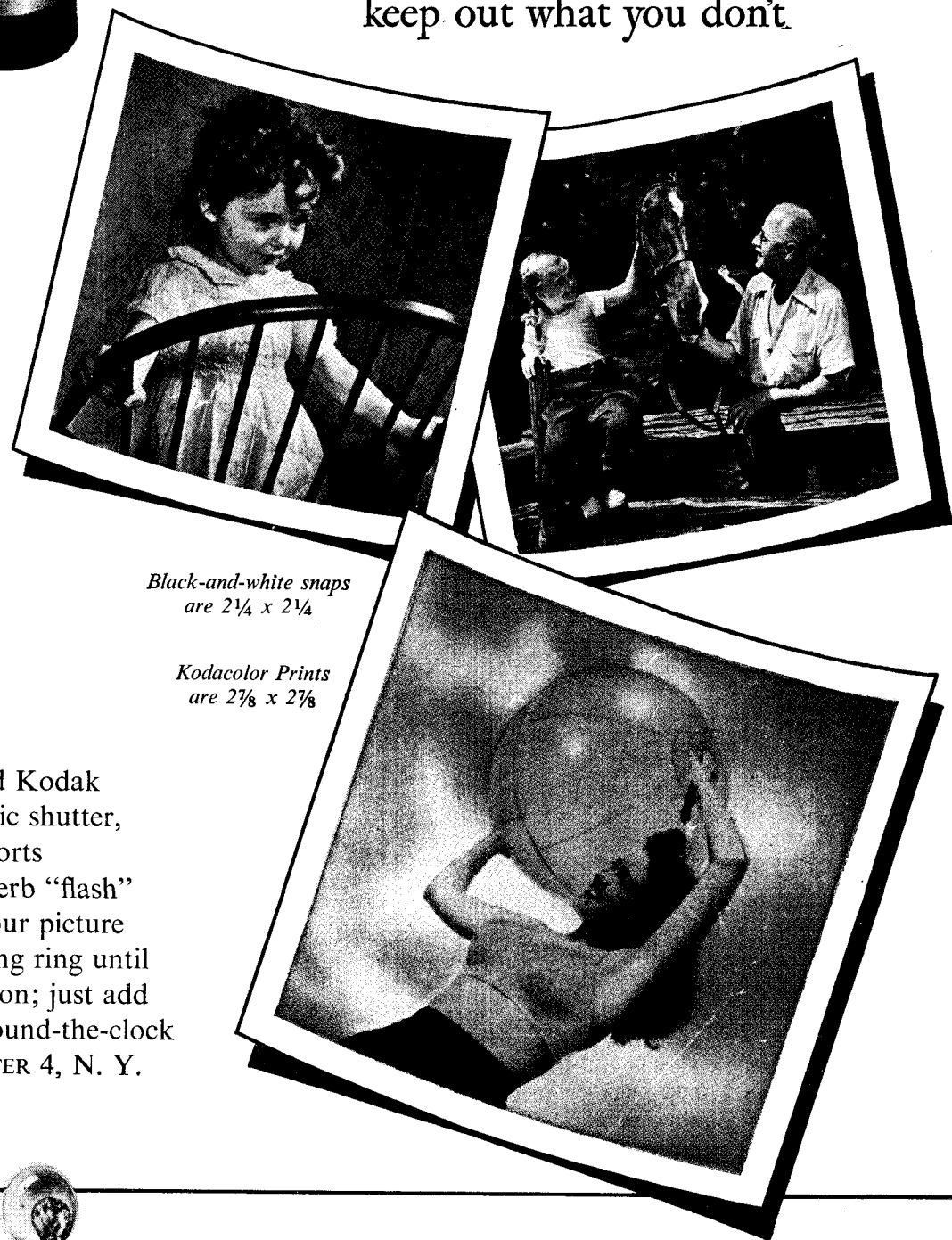
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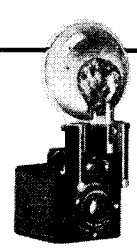

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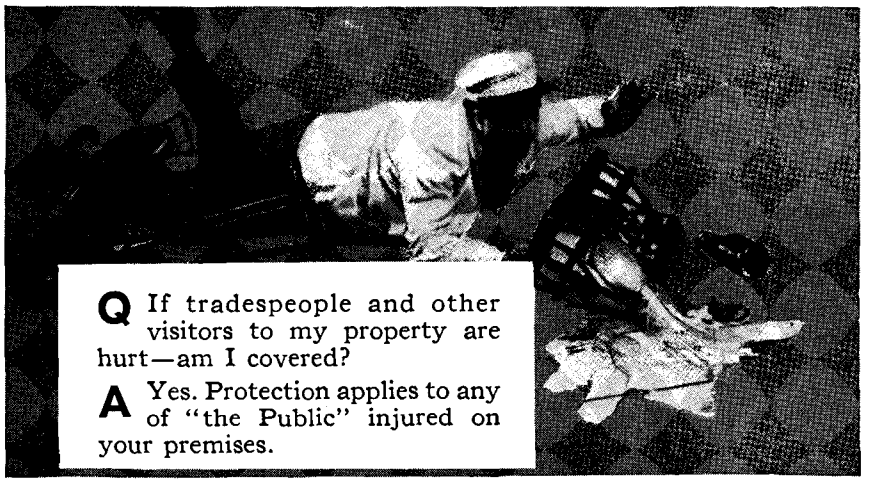

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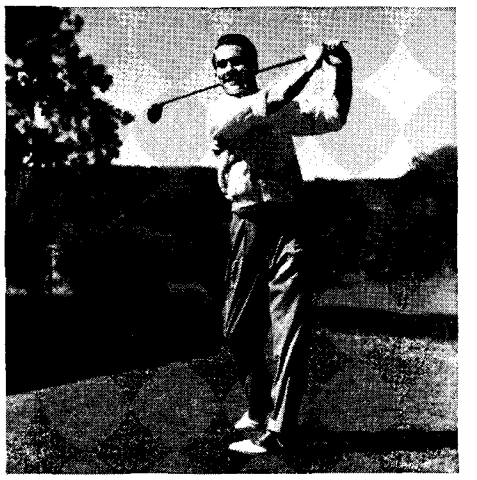

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WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT

Continued from page 17

could handle the senators and the congressmen. We could get bills passed. Then we could all go home and go fishing."

We had to laugh at that.

In February I made several long trips, during which I sounded out sentiment on the Administration and on 1940. I can best sum up my political observations on these trips by quoting from a memorandum dictated at that time:

"My own opinion is that the leaders of the party, with few exceptions, do not want Roosevelt to run for a third term. All these stories which are coming out of Washington about the group around the President—Wallace, Corcoran, Hopkins and the rest—have alarmed party workers. They feel that the real leaders of our party are not being given proper consideration and credit for their part in the party's achievements. They feel that someone else should have an opportunity at the White House.

"They are all grateful for what Roosevelt has tried to do for the country and the things he has accomplished, but they do not want to go through a bitter campaign trying to defend a third-term candidacy. That is the attitude of nearly every responsible leader I came into contact with, except Governor Olson of California and Mayor Kelly of Chicago."

At this time Roosevelt was beset by foreign and domestic troubles. I did not see him for a chat alone from January until March. On March 29th, the President called me over to the White House, where we talked about stamps and patronage and finally about 1940 politics.

Dewey Criticized as Arrogant

He asked me about the Legislative Correspondents' dinner at Albany, particularly after the speeches made by Lehman, Mayor La Guardia, Al Smith and District Attorney Dewey. I told him that Lehman, La Guardia and Smith did all right in short speeches, but that Dewey talked for 17 minutes and took some pot shots at Republican Leader Simpson, which I considered unwise from Dewey's point of view. I added that I couldn't be fair with Dewey because his arrogant attitude irked me.

"That's exactly how I feel about him," the President said. "He's arrogant and ambitious. He wants to be President or thinks he can be. By the way, what do you think of your friend Paul McNutt's campaign?"

"McNutt is your friend," I reminded him. "While I have no feeling against him, I can't forget that he and McHale (Frank McHale, National Committeeman from Indiana) kept over twenty delegates from supporting us in 1932."

"Not that I take him seriously," the President confided, "but I consider it bad taste on his part to let his name be announced when he is still a member of my Administration."

"Boss, I am constantly being interviewed by newspapermen about 1940," I said, "and I have told them consistently that anyone who made an announcement until you have spoken ought to have his head examined."

"That's right, Jim," he observed. "Incidentally, what do you think of Garner's candidacy?"

"To be wholly frank, I don't think Jack is a serious candidate at this time," I answered. "I talked to him recently and he brought up, entirely of his own accord, the Presidency. With tears in his eyes he told me he hoped that nothing would happen to you, so that he would not have to take over the reins of the government. I know that he was absolutely sincere. He has a very deep affection for you, Boss."

"I'm glad to hear it," he said. "I'm sure Garner is speaking from his heart when he says he doesn't want to succeed me."

On June 7, 1939, I was called by the President as I was having dinner in my Mayflower Hotel apartment in Washington. He was in the friendliest of moods.

"Jim," he began, "I'd like to have you and Bess join me over the week end on the Potomac for a cruise."

This was the first invitation Mrs. Farley and I had received for a cruise aboard the Presidential yacht, although I had been in Washington for more than six years. But I had to refuse.

"I'm sorry, Boss, but I agreed a few weeks ago to present a watch to Joe McCarthy, manager of the Yankees, in a ceremony at the home plate in Yankee Stadium Sunday. I appreciate the invitation a lot, but I don't feel I can change my plans at this late date, much as I'd like to."

"What about the next week end?" he pressed.

"I have a lot of work cut out for me that week end," I said. "I'm going to attend a postal convention in Maine a week from Sunday. Maybe I can pull the state into the right column in 1940 and leave Vermont all alone."

"I don't feel like shopping this noontime! Let's have lunch instead!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

"Always proselyting, Jim," he laughed.

On June 23, 1939, I was called to the White House for a conference. As usual we began by discussing stamps. I reported receiving a letter from a Mrs. Casper Whitney suggesting a Cape Cod postage stamp.

"Jim, there's no Democratic vote at Cape Cod," he laughed. "I think the next stamp we issue should be for Farley and Roosevelt."

"Just a minute," I cut in with a laugh. "I'd just as soon that stamp won't be issued for a long, long time. Unless you could have the law amended to permit living persons to be portrayed on stamps."

"Objection sustained," he chuckled.

A few days later, when he was entertaining King George and Queen Elizabeth, he was cold and distant. Along with other Cabinet members and their wives, Mrs. Farley and I went down to Mt. Vernon aboard the Potomac. The day was hot, but there was ice in the President's manner toward me, a haughtiness, perhaps, which may have been the result of his hobnobbing with royalty. Anyway, I felt a good and faithful servant should have deserved friendlier treatment.

I enjoyed the visit of the King and Queen and thought they handled themselves extremely well under trying circumstances. I nearly died laughing at the famous British Embassy garden party, when Jack Garner slapped the King on the back in telling him a story—not so much at the gesture or the story as at the faces of the astounded Britishers. Mrs. Farley and I were not invited when Roosevelt entertained the royal couple on his family estate.

In July, as I was preparing for a European tour, I went up to Capitol Hill for a lunch with the Vice-President. After dessert, he pulled out one of his long cigars, lighted it carefully. Through the swirling smoke and out from under his bushy eyebrows, he studied me and then plunged into the heart of his subject.

"Jim, I will lay all my cards on the table," Garner began. "I want to let you know just where I stand and exactly how I feel. I mean on this third-term business. Jim, I can't support a third term and will fight any third-term bid for the good of the party. First off I want you to believe me when I say I don't want to be President. God knows how true that is."

There were tears in his eyes and his voice was charged with conviction.

"Jack, if you tell me you don't want to be President, then I do believe you," I said. "Your word is good enough for me."

"Thanks," he said. "But I have been in politics for forty years and at this stage of the proceedings I can't let down the people who have helped me. I particularly can't let them down by silence on such a vital and far-reaching issue as the third term. At the moment, I feel I'm the only one who can head up any opposition. I owe it to my friends and to the party."

"That is so," I acknowledged. "However, I'm not sure when a decision has to be made. I did think August 1st was the deadline, but now I feel that we might wait until January."

"On the strength of that 'we,' I want to ask you a question," he said. "If it's out of order, you don't have to answer. Jim, are you against the third term?"

"Yes," I answered, "but don't tell a living soul."

"I won't and I appreciate your confidence," he said earnestly. "The two of us can pull together to stop Roosevelt."

"I'm not sure that we will need to," I said. "If the President doesn't talk to me by the early part of January, I'll have to go to him as chairman of the National Committee and ask him what his plans are. I must confess I am a bit piqued over the kicking around I have been getting."

"Why, Jim, you mean to say you don't know why you are out in the cold?" he asked. "The plain and simple truth is that he's jealous of you, Jim. You have grown tremendously in office and before the country and he is just downright jealous of your popularity."

"I find that hard to believe," I said.

"Well, just think it over," he said. "He's jealous of Hull for his standing before the public. And he's jealous of me for my popularity in Congress. He ought to be glad to see men in the party coming along and he fancies that he is, but actually he doesn't like it."

A few days later I was in Columbus, Ohio, for a postmasters' convention. When I put in my daily call to the Post Office Department, I was told that Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago was having lunch with the President and had asked to see me. My call was switched to the White House, and the Cardinal asked if I could call on him when he visited New York. I said I would be glad to do so.

A Visit to the Cardinal

I found the Cardinal reading his breviary in the spacious living room of his hotel suite. He laid it aside, tucking in a ribbon to mark his place. We were left alone after I was ushered in.

"I had a most enjoyable visit with the President," he said. "He is truly a great man. I think it is most fortunate that he is where he is and I hope he remains. It is my belief that he will run for a third term."

"Did he say so?" I asked eagerly.

"No," he said slowly. "No, but I hope that you will support him if he does. The President was extremely generous—I feel that I can tell you this—in his reference to you and spoke of you in very flattering terms."

"I am glad to hear it," I said. "I wouldn't mind hearing it from him."

"James," he studied me earnestly, "you have always been most frank and open with me so that I feel entirely free in broaching a most confidential matter to you. It is my sincere feeling that a Roman Catholic could not be elected President of the United States at this time or for many years to come. I hope, therefore, that you will do nothing to involve the Catholics of this country in another debacle such as we experienced in 1928."

I made up my mind that I was not going to be persuaded into taking a course contrary to my better judgment. I was aware that the Cardinal had just come from the White House, where he acknowledged he had fallen under the charm of the Boss.

"Your Eminence, I have my own views, definite views, on the third term; but I do not think this is the proper time to air them or that you are the proper person to hear them. I do not feel at liberty to discuss my views until the President has told me what he will do.

"Last winter he indicated he would not be a candidate again. But he maintained that if a losing ticket were nominated in 1940, he did not feel obligated to support it. I find such an attitude difficult to understand. I cannot imagine him upsetting American and party tradition to be a candidate for a third term."

"I am satisfied he is going to run," he said.

"I can't believe it and my belief is based on his own intimations and hints. It may be that he is willing to let it develop and see if it is possible and then announce what he will do. Until he speaks, as I think he will speak and should speak, I must rely on his intimations.

"Now for myself, I frankly do not care what happens to me politically. A place on the national ticket does not concern me too much. My wife and children would be far happier and without a doubt better off, if I forgot all about public life. I hope you will believe me."

"I do."

"Now I want to be as free as though I

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were in the confessional. It is not a matter of great concern to me that Roosevelt does not regard me as qualified for the office of President. It would be difficult for him to find anyone qualified but himself. I do not say that unkindly, because it has been so with every President, Democrat and Republican and Federalist and Whig. There are many other people of intelligence, wisdom and ability, whose judgment is above question, who believe I am qualified. I do not think the President should take the position that I am not."

"Why don't you tell the President how you feel?" he suggested.

"I would if he ever raised the question."

"James, I do not believe a Catholic could win," he stated.

Reasons for Al Smith's Defeat

"A great many people, among them the Vice-President, senators, representatives and party leaders, feel differently. Men who know something about politics. Conditions are not the same as they were ten or twelve years ago. When Al Smith ran, the Democratic party was not in power; Smith was leading the fight for repeal of the prohibition law; the country was prosperous; Smith's choice of Raskob, a Republican, for National Chairman was an affront to the old-time Democrats; Smith's conduct of the campaign was anything but skillful and diplomatic. It was doubtful that any Democrat could have been elected in that year, and the religious issue alone could not be blamed for Smith's defeat.

"On the other side of the picture, there is no reason to believe that the Democratic party will not win in 1940; the party is now in power; there are hundreds of thousands of Democrats on government pay rolls and, whether or not they like the name Farley, they could not vote themselves out of office just because the candidate was a Roman Catholic. There are thousands and thousands of persons, with no set political affiliations, who work for the government and who would vote for me feeling reasonably certain they would keep their jobs if the Democratic party remains in control.

"Regardless of what anyone may think, I am known, respected and trusted, and I have no hesitancy in saying, without egotism, that no other Democrat has any better chance than I have. Actually I am not planning to secure the nomination for myself. Nonetheless I will not let myself be kicked around by Roosevelt or anyone else.

"Loyalty is not all on one side," I continued. "It's time for the President to be loyal to me. For the last year and a half he has not consulted me on appointments. Within six months two appointments have been made in New York, my own state, which have been most displeasing to me. I have been made some very attractive offers 'if I would forget Roosevelt,' and a huge fund could be mine if I would get out and fight Roosevelt, which I do not for a minute propose to do. I am still being loyal and loyalty should work two ways."

The Cardinal repeated that I should talk to the President. He said he hoped that I would support the third term he was certain the President would attempt.

"If I talk to the President, Your Eminence, should I tell him that you talked to me?"

"I hope you will not do so," he urged.

I had the feeling that the President had asked him to speak to me—that he had flattered this Prince of the Church into doing his bidding.

"Before I go," I said, looking him full in the face, "I want to be as free and open as I know how, Your Eminence. Perhaps you will not like this, but it is in my mind and you should know it. You are the first person in the Church who has ever attempted to influence me on a political matter, and I have been in politics for thirty years."

"It is only because I am interested in you," he said. "I have something which I hope you will not object to my mentioning. I understand there has been some criticism of Mrs. Farley—some things she is supposed to have said about the President."

"That's all right," I said, wondering if he was carrying this complaint from the White House itself. "I'm glad you brought it up. Mrs. Farley is a loyal wife and feels strongly resentful of what has been done to me. She has never forgiven the President for the way he acted when Huey Long attempted to bring about an investigation of me. Long was not aiming at me, but was trying to get at the President. Long was aware he would injure Roosevelt if he could tear me down.

"Mrs. Farley could never condone the President's silence in the face of Long's accusations. Even after the Senate vindicated me Roosevelt said nothing in my defense. She felt that in view of my services he should have rallied to my support, even if he were not moved by loyalty and friendship. Then Bess feels that we have been treated like poor relations. We are never invited to the White House except for purely official functions; we have never spent a night in the White House; we are never invited to birthday parties and similar social functions. In short, I am a bottle of tonic to be taken when needed and then shelved until needed again. Now I have come to the point where I don't care to be shaken well before or after using. The President has never written me a word of appreciation or thanks for what I have done since 1930, and I have given freely of my strength, my time and my ability."

I left, fully convinced that the President was disturbed as to what my attitude would be and that he had held a heart-to-heart talk with the Cardinal, looking for light, if not actually enlisting the prelate to work on me.

In the days that followed, the newspapers and magazines were full of stories of a rift between myself and the President. As evidence of a rift, my infrequent appearances at the White House were cited. When the speculation showed every sign of increasing rather than abating, the President summoned me to his home at Hyde Park. It was the summer of 1939.

After dinner Roosevelt and I headed for the small study in the north wing. He hopscotched over the political situation. He talked about the purge, explaining that he started it because conservatives were hamstringing his program and he felt the Democratic party must be liberal to be successful. He spoke particularly of his fight against John O'Connor, the New York congressman who had opposed his wage-and-hour legislation. "You know, Jim," he said, "Tommy Corcoran feels you did not go along all the way in the fight against O'Connor." He cocked his head and measured the effect of this shaft out of the corners of his eyes.

"To be entirely frank, I didn't," I acknowledged. "I explained my position at the time of the purge and you approved my determination to keep my hands off. There is no reason why Corcoran should expect the party chairman, whose first consideration is to maintain party harmony, to do his dirty work.

"Between you and me I'm getting a bit fed up with Corcoran and his crowd. I know they haven't got the influence with you which is attributed to them, but I don't think it healthy that the impression of their influence prevail. They're merely peanuts in a sugar barrel."

Roosevelt was slow in getting to the point which I knew must come—the 1940 campaign. He began by considering the candidates.

"To begin with, there's Garner," Roosevelt said, as though he were counting on his fingers. "He's just impossible."

"Just a minute," I cut in. "I am sure that Jack is not interested in being a candidate. He is willing to let his name be used, if necessary, by those opposed to a third term."

"Maybe so," he acknowledged. "Then there's Wallace. What do you think of Henry? I don't think he has IT."

"I have a personal liking for Henry," I said, "but I frankly don't know where he stands from day to day. I must confess I share the feeling around the country that he's a dreamer."

He then brought up the name of Paul McNutt and turned down the thumb of his right hand. He did not mention Hull, Jesse Jones, Robert Jackson, Frank Murphy, Harry Hopkins or myself as candidates. Finally, we reached the third-term issue, when he talked of the necessity of saving democracy.

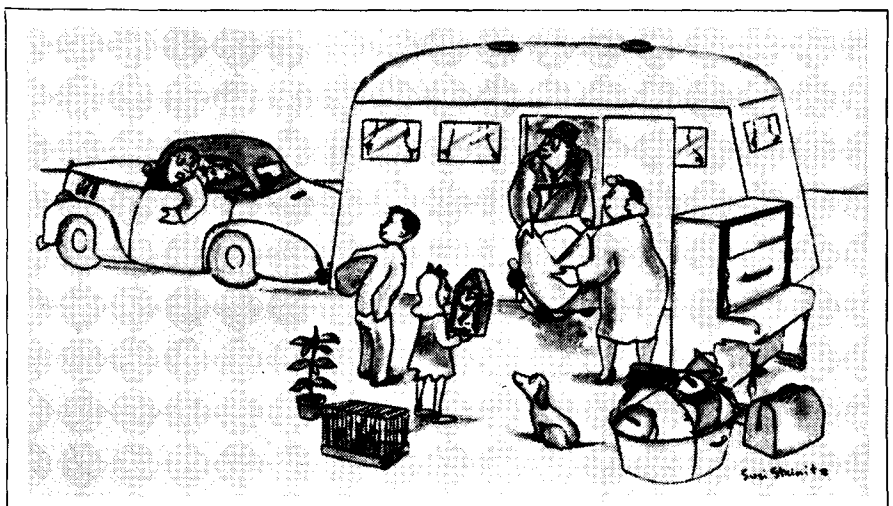
"We must save democracy," he said in ringing tones as though he were on the platform. "It's the only way to save the country."

"I think the Democratic party has to be successful in order to save the country," I put in. "And I am more concerned with the country than with the party, because success will come to the party if the country is secure and prosperous."

"Jim," he said, dropping his voice and speaking slowly for emphasis, "you and I have got to work together in 1940 for the good of the country and the party, just as we have in the past."

I said nothing, waiting for what was to follow. He fixed his eyes on me most intently and set down his cigarette.

"Jim, I am going to tell you something I have never told another living soul," Roosevelt dropped his voice to an impressive whisper: *"Of course I will not run for a third term.* Now I don't want you to pass this on to anyone, because it would make my role difficult if the decision were known prematurely."



"Now it's understood you'll vacate when we reach Pittsburgh"

COLLIER'S SUSI STEINITZ

"Mr. President, you have my word of honor on that," I said as solemnly as I could.

"Thanks, Jim," he acknowledged. "But you must understand one thing. *I do not want to campaign for a losing ticket.*"

"Boss, as the party's leader you'll have to campaign for whatever ticket is selected," I argued. "We cannot compromise on the platform; it must be a wholehearted endorsement of your Administration. In turn you will just have to go along with the party."

He made no answer.

I then asked bluntly what kind of candidate he wanted. His answer was: "All I have to say is that I hope they don't nominate just a 'yes man,' but pick someone who is sympathetic to my Administration and who will continue my policies."

At this point he switched to a consideration of the picture in the Republican camp. He named Dewey as the most important figure. I disagreed, feeling that the Republicans would choose Senator Vandenberg.

"Dewey might get second place," I said, "but I can't see him in first place, because he is such a middle-of-the-roader—a liberal when among liberals and a conservative when among conservatives."

"You've got him figured just about right, but I still think it will be Dewey, and he will make a formidable opponent," the President said. "That will make it all the more necessary for you and me to work together in 1940."

I made no answer to this. It was my turn to change the subject.

Mr. Ickes Raises a Laugh

"Boss, before we get off politics, I want to show you something which may give you a laugh," I said, reaching into my brief case for some correspondence I had had with Oliver Quayle, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. "Here's a letter from Quayle to Ickes asking for a $100 donation to the party and here's Ickes' answer saying he could not afford such a large donation and asking that all further correspondence should be addressed to him at his office."

"Don't you just love it!" he laughed. "And isn't that just like Harold? You know he is serving his purpose as far as the Administration is concerned because he makes the kind of speeches no one else can make, but sometimes I think they may be more detrimental than helpful. And the same goes for him."

The next morning I joined Mrs. Roosevelt at the breakfast table.

"I have a very direct question to ask you and I want a direct answer," she challenged. "Someone has told me that in some way or other I snubbed Bess."

"Now, Mrs. Roosevelt, you know you would not do a thing like that to anyone," I protested.

"I'm sure I wouldn't do it intentionally, but if I ever have hurt Mrs. Farley in any way, I would do anything I possibly could to straighten it out," she said earnestly.

"Please forget it; the report just isn't true," I said.

After breakfast I went to say goodby to the President and found him about to hold a press conference. I remained for the show. He was in high spirits. When he was asked if I was going to resign, he tossed his head back and snapped, "He is not!" as if the suggestion of any friction between himself and me was the most ridiculous idea in the world. I could not help but consider how the reporters would love to have sat in on the conference of the night before and how the country would have relished the story.

Next week Mr. Farley takes you behind the scenes at the famous "showdown" conference with F.D.R., reveals the President's stand on the third-term issue and declares his own intentions.

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OLYMPIC FEVER

Continued from page 21

several feet better than the nearest American.

If Bob Fitch of South Dakota competes in the discus, we should win that event, since this large surprise-package calmly broke the world's record twice last year with tosses of 180 feet 2¾ inches and 179 feet. If Fitch doesn't compete, we have a good chance of being shut out of the big points. Consolini of Italy is a 178-foot platter-heaver, Tosi of Italy is just a foot or so behind him, and Ljakov of Russia has a 166 foot 5⅝ inch mark, which is more than two feet better than the best heaves of Billy Bangert last year.

Finally, says Von Elling, we appear to have no chance whatever in the hammer throw, unless a boy named Seymour Cohen of Philadelphia comes along. Two years ago, when Cohen was in the Army, he wandered into the Balkan Games at Constantinople, and won the hammer throw with an almost-unbelievable heave of 185 feet 3 inches. This puts him third in performance behind a 187-foot 1 5/16-inch toss by Johansson of Sweden, and a 185-foot 7 3/16-inch mark by Ericsson of Sweden. No one knows if Cohen can duplicate his prodigious throw, and if he can't there is a solid block of Hungarians, Swedes, Finns and Russians before you get to the next American, Bob Bennett of Brown.

This completes the picture, except for that minor matter of who is going to be the Olympic coach. The leading candidate for the job is sometimes referred to as "The Rockne of Track," but the resemblance to the great Notre Dame football coach is not marked. Von Elling is a short, gray-haired, undramatic man, who chews cigars and wears thick spectacles, heavy flannel shirts and a 30-year-old gray felt hat.

His First and Only Pep Talk

Von Elling never gave a pep talk in his life, except for a mild discourse with his two-mile relay team in the last indoor Intercollegiate championships when everything seemed to be going wrong for NYU. No one knows what he told the four discouraged youngsters on that occasion, but the talk lasted only nine seconds, and the relay team went out to score a smashing surprise victory against Fordham and turn the tide in NYU's favor.

Von Elling continually astounds people by this total inability to act like the classic coach of Hollywood legend. "I do not care," he says, "to be a nursemaid for grown, mature men."

Von Elling himself enjoyed none of the advantages of enlightened coaching methods in his day. He was born on New York's lower East Side on March 30, 1883. When young Emil was eleven, the family moved to the country—which is now the Harlem district of New York. As Harlem got more populated, the Von Ellings moved farther out into the country—to the Bronx, which was the center of athletic activity for the whole of New York City.

At that time—in the 1890s—every athlete competed for a club. At fourteen Von Elling already was a club athlete. He spent one year at the College of the City of New York but had to leave college to go to work. For athletic diversion, he joined the Mohawk A.C.

The 135-pound Von Elling got buffeted about on the football field by a six-foot three-inch giant named Pete Waters, later the track coach at Manhattan College; and he ran into a constant nemesis on the track and the baseball field in the person of Lawson Robertson, the big star of the Irish-American A.C., who is now track coach at the University of Pennsylvania. Legend has it that Robertson dumped Von Elling no less than five hundred times during the fifteen years or so that they competed against each other. The truth of the matter is that Von Elling never was a very good athlete, but he always was smart enough to be the quarterback or the coxswain. Soon he emerged as the coach of the Mohawks and of several other clubs.

Von Elling became assistant track coach at NYU in 1915 and head coach and football trainer in 1918. He finally was able to shake his football duties when Coach Chick Meehan arrived at NYU in 1926. Three years later, Von Elling's team of unknowns had won NYU's first Intercollegiate championship.

For 32 years now Von Elling has consistently developed great track stars out of unknown kids. No less than ten of Von Elling's former runners are New York City high-school coaches now, and they operate a sort of farm system for the old man. Not only did NYU dominate the recent Penn Relays, but most of the important high-school titles, too, were captured by a pair of NYU "farms"—Boys High School and Morris High School.

Putting Men in the Right Spots

Von Elling has an uncanny knack of channeling talent into the correct event. Many of his finest stars competed in something entirely different in high school. In 1930, for instance, Von Elling spotted a boy named Jim Maloney shagging flies in NYU's outfield. He persuaded him to come out for track. In 1932, Maloney was one of the mainstays of NYU's championship two-mile relay team.

About the same time, Von Elling saw a mediocre high-school swimmer named Milton Sandler. Sandler developed into one of the best middle-distance runners of the 1930s. Joe Healy came to Von Elling as a quarter miler. Von Elling made him run the hurdles, which Healy hated. Healy failed miserably to make the 1932 Olympic team in the quarter mile. He made it easily in the hurdles.

Curtis Giddings, a fine half-miler, came to Von Elling as a javelin thrower; Mort Reznick, once the country's best 35-pound weight thrower, showed up as a shot-putter. Von Elling's greatest mile relay team—the 1943 combination—consisted of Arthur Herrforth, an ex-pole vaulter; Charley Grohsberger, an ex-sprinter; Walter Welch, an ex-swimmer; and Frank Cotter, who never was an athlete of any kind before.

This reminder of the unpredictability of track leads Von Elling to one final word of caution concerning his Olympic predictions—and all other Olympic predictions. "Olympic competitors," he says, "are chosen on the basis of what they do in a single Olympic tryout meet. Thus, a man can break world's records all year, but if he happens to be off the day the Olympic tryouts are held, he simply doesn't make the team.

"Another thing," Von Elling continues, "is that no matter how carefully you work out form charts in advance, some unknown kid from some unexpected country always comes along to upset the dope. No one ever heard of a skinny Canadian youngster named Percy Williams before the 1932 Olympics, and precious few people have heard of him since. Yet he smashed through to win both Olympic sprints in 1932, against one of the strongest fields that had ever been assembled.

"Olympic fever," says Von Elling. "It is almost as bad as trying to speculate on who is going to be the next Olympic coach."

THE END

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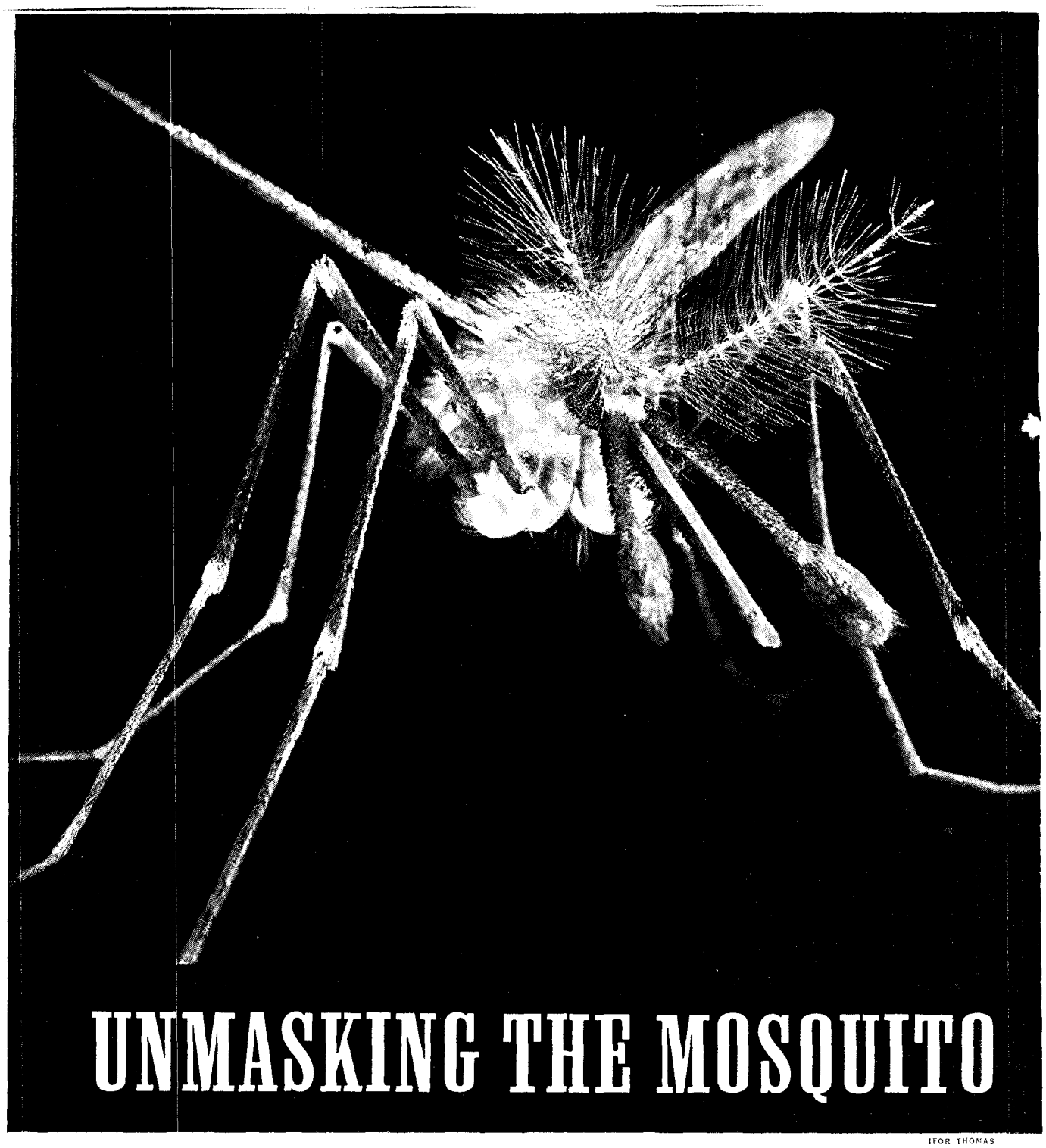
Here are the lurid details of the private life of the gallinipper. It's up to you to stop harboring this unprincipled villain in your own back yard



UNMASKING THE MOSQUITO

IFOR THOMAS

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

OSQUITOES are very beautiful. This reluctant admission must be made after glancing at the scientific drawings which are the only close-ups of mosquitoes in existence, as no live mosquito has ever been properly photographed.

It seems you can't just step up to a mosquito, say, "Look pleasant, please!" and get any results. Last year (1946) $50,000 was spent in vain efforts to get a good close-up of a live mosquito. This failure is regrettable because though a dead mosquito does look good to most people, a live one is full of delicate grace and subtle color and wears a large feathery headdress strongly reminiscent of those sported by Ziegfeld Follies girls in the early glorifying productions.

There are almost as many races of mosquitoes as there are of humans, and most of them are no more likely to be encountered than an Eskimo on Main Street, even though they may be living right in your neighborhood. Among these are, for example, the playful Mansonia titilians which tickle but never bite; the fat, clownlike Cancer, so named because it lives in the holes dug by land crabs; and the swishy mosquitoes so dainty that they breed only in the chalices of wild orchids.

Let us begin with the most widely advertised though least harmful of the condemned species, the Aedes taeniorhynchus — salt-marsh mosquito to you.

He is not, as most people suppose, Public Enemy Number One of the mosquito world, but merely the most offensively aggressive: the guy who takes the joy out of joy rides, makes fishing, hunting, picnicking, necking on the beach and other outdoor sports more scratched than any horse race entry. Though a crashing bore, his bite is harmless unless it becomes infected. But the breed so greatly outnumbers other mosquitoes that getting rid of it is a chief concern of most communities. Yet scientists know comparatively little about marsh mosquitoes, since they refuse to breed or survive in cages.

Their love life begins much like that of the Homo sapiens, with the male reaching maturity and deciding he wants to find out about the facts of life.

In common with some men, he is a romantic coward and prefers to do his preliminary dame-hunting in groups. In short, he hangs around with a gang and whistles. If a skirt heeds the wolf call, he becomes detached from his pals, goes off with her for a while and then returns to the gang. If no ladies appear, however, he turns homosexual. Mr. Marsh Mosquito is definitely not a nice person.

To be slightly more technical, the marsh males gather together in a large, compact group about the size and shape of a medicine ball, to dance and sing in order to attract the ladies. If you have ever, at twilight, seen a "ball" of mosquitoes whirling at about head height, over some lonely spot, then you have seen a mating group of male swamp mosquitoes.

The ladies fly alone. Maybe, being females, they don't trust one another. At any rate, a marriageable girl, aged approximately five whole days, will zoom into sight, dart into the chorus of singing boys, grab one in a lighting decision and fly off with him.

Although the male is a lusty fellow, he is strictly a vegetarian. After his marriage he hies himself to the nearest bar (sand), finds an aquatic plant, takes a few straight shots of nectar, and goes back to rejoin the boys and whistle at the next flighty dame. He never bites people or other animals and never travels more than a few yards from his equivalent of the drugstore corner.

Mrs. Salt Marsh, on the other hand, is faithful to her spouse. So far as we know she does not marry a second time mainly because she is full of business, including eggs, so she starts on her honeymoon alone, traveling great distances and never coming home.

Matrimony gives Ma Mosquito a taste for blood, a trait which has also been noted in the human race. Anyway, she promptly turns carnivorous, and she will go to any lengths to get meat. Lady mosquitoes have been proven to head straight from a desolate breeding place to a ship 30 miles out at sea and there pick up the sailors.

A blood meal is necessary for the production of her eggs, and once she has had a bite of baby or a snack of sunkissed farmer, she proceeds to her ultimate destination: a nice dry marsh which she considers as good a place as any to lay an egg. In point of fact she lays 50 to 200 or so, and some really husky girls lay several such batches, sometimes singly, sometimes at a sitting.

The eggs lie on the dry surface and wait for water. Ma goes away. After all, she has her own life to live and there isn't much of it. In five weeks mosquitoes become senile; in six, die of old age. But usually a dragonfly has eaten them long before that.

How Baby Skeeters Are Born

The eggs just lie there safely for days, weeks, even months. Then it rains, or there is an extra high tide, and within a few moments the eggs hatch. The emerging larvae, or "wigglers," know what to do. They take a swim, scurrying about in the water like frightened babies.

Then right away they start eating a balanced diet of greens, animals, and organic matter; all of which Mother Nature, who apparently does not know any better than to take care of infant mosquitoes, has reduced to a well-prepared baby food which the young mosquito strains through its own personal strainer, installed in its individual mouth.

Food strainers are not the only mechanical devices with which infant mosquitoes come equipped. They also possess a sort of periscope for obtaining air. They are born free-swimmers but like the rest of us must come up for air once in a while, and when they can't by reason of scum on the water, they use this handy gadget. They also do their own changing. They outgrow their suits faster than a boy scout can wear out shoes, and during their childhood, which lasts four to ten days, they change their outer skin four times.

The next, or Bobby-Sox-Hoodlum stage is the pupa, which period lasts about two days. At the end of that time they emerge from the water as full-fledged drips of mosquitoes, dry their wings, rub down their legs and fly away to start the whole darn' business over again!

This same routine is followed by all familiar types of mosquitoes.

One of the meanest species is the Aedes aegypti, which hailed originally from Africa. It is the real gangster of mosquitodom, the killer, the sneaker-upper, a potential poisoner of our national life and happiness.

Like many another dangerous

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refugee, the Aedes aegypti, or yellow fever mosquito (which is one of the familiar house mosquitoes), has a glamorous appearance. It possesses the bejeweled beauty of an E. Phillips Oppenheim lady spy. But as with many another undercover group, nobody pays much attention to them until their filthy work becomes evident —nobody, that is, except those F.B.I. men of the insect world, the public health directors and entomologists whose business it is to see that the creatures are kept in control.

Fortunately the aegypti are one breed of mosquitoes at which scientists can get a really good gander, as they (mosquitoes, not scientists) can be mated and raised in cages. For the good of all, their private life is now no secret.

Beware of This Beauty!

To get an idea of how pretty this suave-looking insect is, one has only to glance at its black, satiny skin, the silver bracelets worn on every joint, and the graceful silver lyre embossed upon its back. To get an idea of how dangerous it is, one has only to look at its record.

Yellow fever mosquitoes made the building of the Panama Canal all but impossible and the City of Havana practically uninhabitable, until they were brought under control. These facts seem slightly remote to us now. But the fact that the creature breeds every day in your own back yard and that you are probably helping it to do so is not at all remote.

Not too long ago, the Egyptian varmint took yellow fever into New York State, reaching as far up the river as Albany. Although it breeds most commonly in the South, the yellow fever mosquito has a traveling mind and while its wings can take it only a short distance from its breeding place, the aegypti likes to take trains and planes; it has always taken boats and has been touring America since at least 1793 when it killed off 10 per cent of the people in Philadelphia with yellow fever—a total of 4,000 persons. Since then epidemics of yellow fever have occurred in Florida, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Arkansas, southern Texas, Louisiana, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Indiana, New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, Ohio and Missouri.

The aegypti also carry dengue or breakbone fever, which is exactly what its name implies.

The aegypti's partner in crime is the Anopheles quadrimaculatus, which is the hard way to say malarial mosquito. It is an inhabitant of swamps and pools formed along highways and railroad tracks. Malaria is really a rural disease not acquired in big cities. A lot of us think of malaria as just something which gives people a yellow complexion and an excuse to drink whisky. But malaria is actually a very terrible disease.

In India alone, right now, it kills more than a million people a year. And prior to the beginning of mosquito control in America there were 5,000 to 6,000 deaths from malaria annually in this country.

The Culex quinquefasciatus, another house mosquito, brings us filariasis, a tropical disease which, if unchecked, develops into human elephantiasis. What else this Culex spreads, we don't yet quite know.

As recently as May, 1946, San Antonio, Texas, its population swollen by military personnel, suffered a minor epidemic called encephalitis, attributed to another species, Culex tarsalis. At the time of the epidemic, little was learned about it, for the victims died so quickly as to make a study of the symptoms difficult.

However, this disease is not characteristically a human disease, as it occurs mostly in domestic animals such as horses and chickens. Only occasionally do people get infected, and then only if a mosquito has first bitten an infected animal.

But unless we are to look forward to a series of epidemic diseases with which our doctors are not yet prepared to cope, we must take prompt action against the insects most likely to spread trouble.

Bomb craters in England and Europe are still, at this writing, breeding disease-carrying types of mosquitoes by the billion.

Literally hundreds of planes from countries where yellow fever is epidemic come into New Orleans and Miami every week in the year. Mosquitoes can and do travel both inside and on the *outside* of planes. For once a mosquito decides to cling to something, nothing, not even a hurricane, can blow him off. Thorough spraying of all outgoing planes from mosquito-infested countries would definitely discourage this sort of stowaway.

The control of these pests is our obligation. Salt-marsh mosquitoes may properly be left to the public health department. But when it comes to battling the deadly germ-carrying mosquito, we must cease treating it like a household pet, and take a personal part in its extermination.

We can make the mosquito as extinct as the dodo, and with comparatively little effort. The first step is to clean up. House mosquitoes of all types breed in every tin can we throw into the vacant lot next door; in each container on our own rubbish pile; in anything which will retain a little water, such as a neglected depression on the back porch, a sag in an awning, a garbage can.

Not Choosy Where They Breed

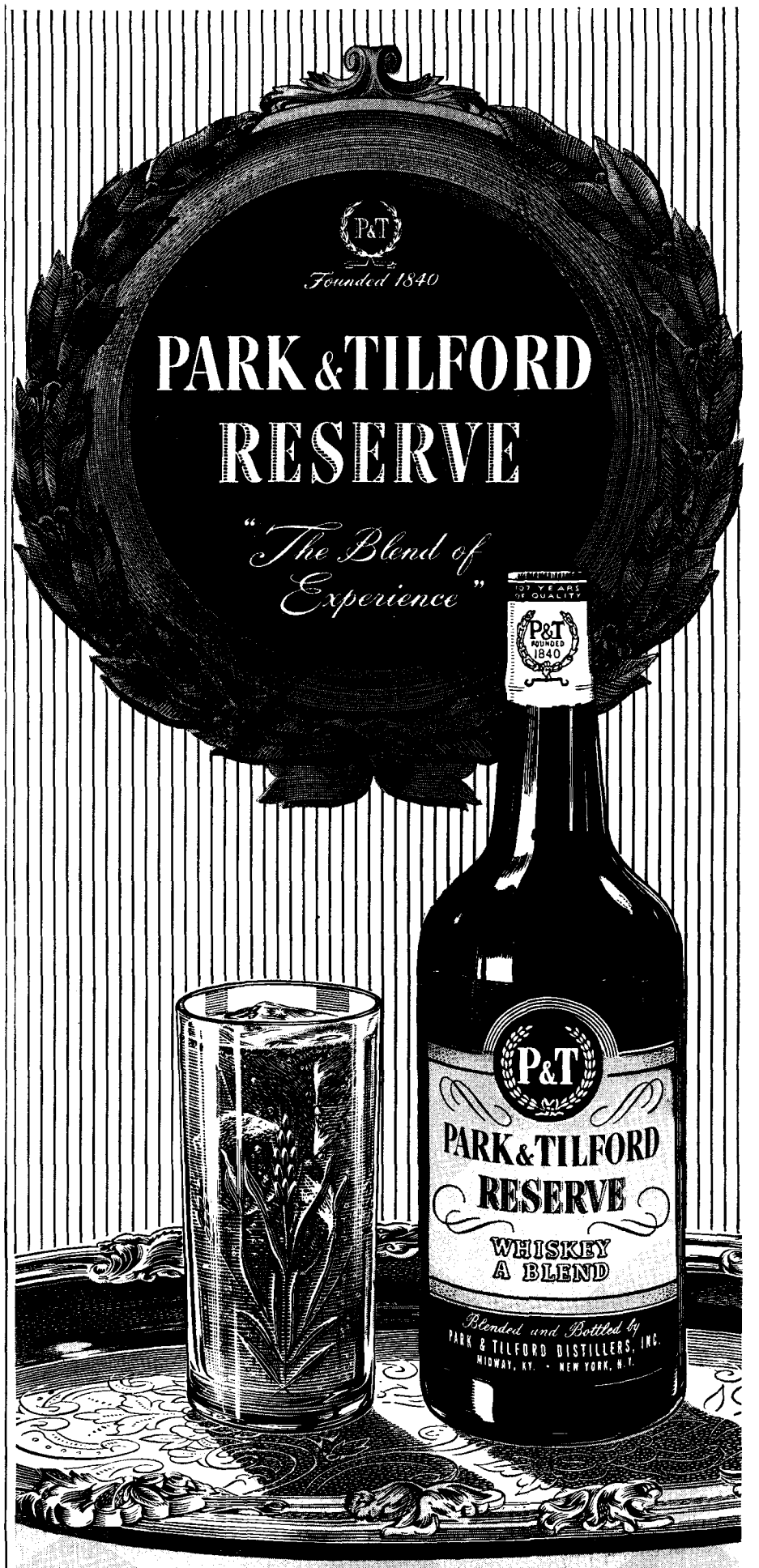
Fantastic objects often prove fertile breeding places. A pair of old shoes lying in a back yard was shown to contain thousands of aegypti wigglers; an abandoned baby carriage, larvae sufficient to poison an entire county. One used-automobile-tire dealer was found to have a pile of 50,000 old casings, every one of which was a breeding place.

Only the private individual, acting voluntarily, can properly police his own premises thoroughly. He must also back his state and county in their mechanized efforts. This means voting the financing of adequate forces of fieldworkers, inspectors and pilots. These must be backed by modern machinery, such as dredges, high-capacity sprayers both for field and city work, planes, tractors and motorcycle oilers.

These armaments are now available. The necessary public funds are not. They should be made so immediately as a matter of common decency to the earnest health officials who have thanklessly enough paved the way to this important work, to the scientists who conceived it, and as a matter of common sense, for the rest of us.

If you have no mosquito control movement in your community, you can always get one.

Even if you have to—excuse me!—start from scratch! ★★★



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LITTLE HICKORY NUT

Continued from page 23

"That?" bleated Mike, trying to remain a gentleman. "That—"

"It is not! The man where I bought it remodeled it for me. Look!"

She flung the door wide. The remodeling had consisted of nailing a solid board across the seat and erecting a clothes pole two feet above it.

"It was my own idea," she said proudly. "There's the perch, with the dropping board underneath, and room on the floor for their feed and water."

It was the dropping board that finished Mike. A chuckle creaked in his throat. He sat right down on the ground, awkwardly, and bent his head to his knee as the laughter gained on him. Around him the turkeys gargled madly; above him Lissie stood and gestured with the bucket of whitewash.

"Have you *tried* buying lumber and getting things built?" she demanded loudly. "Have you *tried* raising turkeys in orange crates and wire coops a foot high? *That,* if you want to know," she said, pointing with a measure of pride, "is a darn' clever idea, and one I'll bet *you'd* never have thought of, Mr. Smart!"

"No, I never would," Mike agreed, weeping and making whimpering sounds. "I'm s-sorry," he hiccuped, an eye on the waving whitewash pail. "I haven't laughed like this for months. Would you m-mind helping me up?"

HER blue eyes crackled, her cheeks flamed. "I wouldn't care if you stayed there all winter and froze!" she snapped, and strode stiffly back to her house.

But early next morning she charged up the slope to report tragically that her turkeys were gone. The red shirt was heaving, and her lips were squared like a kid about to cry. It was no time, Mike felt, to point out that even a turkey might leave home rather than live in a—

"You mean they're not in their new house?" he inquired with suitable gravity.

The whitewash wasn't dry, so she had let them roost in the big tree they had picked for themselves when their coop grew too small. This morning they were gone. Stolen, Mike thought, but limped off to look around the barns.

Frisky had been observing the conference with suspicion. Now he raced eagerly after Mike, flushing a rabbit to which he gave futile but noisy chase. Indignant gobbling answered him. Frisky braked, tore back to the garage and danced in front of it, uttering frenzied protests at the top of his lungs.

Mike's prewar car, splendid in a new cream-color paint job, was as far inside as it would go—its huge chromium bumper protruded a yard past the open doors. The turkeys, tails spread, wings scraping cruelly on the new paint, were advancing along its shining top, their necks stretched and fire in their eyes.

The smallest, a hen, launched suddenly forth in a winging arc that finished on the spot only just vacated by Frisky. The spaniel, cut off in mid-bark, cowered for an instant, then set his short legs pumping. The hen turkey took after him; the toms followed with the clumsy speed of ostriches. Frisky disappeared around the barn, yelping.

Mike tried to run and almost took a header. *"Do* something!" he yelled at Lissie.

They came around the barn with Frisky still ahead. Mike whistled and braced himself. Frisky, the whites of his eyes showing, swerved and leaped, a small black whirlwind, into his master's arms. Mike sat heavily upon the ground. The turkeys thundered past, braked and stood gobbling like maniacs.

Mike looked balefully around for Lissie. She was leaning against a garage door, her face averted. "Will you take your infernal birds home?" he yelled.

The red shirt was shaking with what he took to be sobs. Scared, he scrambled to his feet.

"You *would* let your dog chase my turkeys," she said. "You *would* make fun of my turkey house!"

But Mike's attention was elsewhere. "Look, will you!" he shouted. *"Look what they've done to my car!"*

"I know." She sagged weakly against the door, her mouth stretched out of shape and hardly any sound coming out of it. That was when he realized she wasn't crying. She was laughing her fool head off.

"Nothing sacred," Mike muttered. He shut Frisky in the tool shed, then limped back to survey the sacrilege. "Nothing sacred," he repeated with a despairing glare at his desecrated car.

Lissie sobered briskly. "Okay. Run it out and I'll wash it for you."

"Maybe you think I won't let you," Mike said grimly.

She slapped the wet chamois impatiently against a fender. "Everybody has combat fatigue," she said scornfully. "Your uncle and aunt; and your father, probably. My mother's sick abed of it—it's hard on older people."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't I? I've watched them doing more and more while every day they were getting older and felt like doing less and less—waiting for you men to come home and take over."

Mike looked out toward the fields at his uncle and aunt among the tomato rows. Baskets brimming with the late harvest dotted their path. His face burned.

"Why don't they quit?" he asked roughly. "The war's over."

Lissie gave a last wet swipe at the car, tossed the chamois on the grass and turned off the hose. "There, it's pure again. You can wipe it dry. Goodby."

"Hey—you don't expect *me* to climb that stepladder?"

"If something isn't done about swim suits, they'll be forced into the water!"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

He was too mad to tell her he couldn't run it out. His father had driven it down from the city, and Mike hadn't touched it since. The car was his prized possession, but of course he would never drive it again.

He got in now behind the wheel. It was possible to work the clutch with his right foot and operate the hand brake at the same time. The car moved out jerkily. Elated by the small triumph, Mike reclined on the turf and told her of his vanished youth when the car was new. He had been star of the freshman squad and a cinch to make the team his sophomore year. And then—Pearl Harbor.

IN THE ensuing silence Lissie moved the hose and the stepladder and began to decontaminate another part of the car. Her dungarees were rolled well up above satisfactory knees. "What were you studying?" she asked.

"Chemistry." He told her about his father's laboratories, where they were manufacturing sulfa drugs, and the administrative job he was preparing for.

"That's important," she said. "When are you going back?"

"I'm not going back."

"You're nuts," she said dispassionately.

"It's politer to call it combat fatigue."

She shrugged. "When somebody quits, someone else has to do their job whether they can or not. Come, *turk, turk, turk.*"

Silenced, he watched her swing off down the slope, her confounded turkeys strutting and preening behind her. He told himself she had a crust. He wished he had told *her.*

"You've got a crust," he said experimentally under his breath.

Crust belonged to Lissie like shell to the hickory nut. Throughout October, with unshaken nerve, she sat in the front seat beside Mike while he learned to drive all over again. She had only a bicycle and it was simply common decency to take her places. She nagged him into doing odd jobs, too, around her place—sharpening tools and fixing the power mower. He even put a window in the turkey house; but the three birds, to Lissie's vast annoyance and Mike's secret delight, refused to inhabit the place of their own free will. Evening after evening he would watch her chasing them in and out of the shrubbery and around and around the tree before she could get them housed for the night.

Then, by some means he could never explain, he found himself elected to the task. The thing was, Lissie was taking a business course and as the days shortened she could not get home before dark.

"Why don't you let them roost in the tree?" he asked sensibly.

"In November? They'd freeze. And their house is too small to keep them in all day and they can fly over any fence."

"You could clip their wings," he suggested.

"And spoil their beauty? Mike, I wouldn't ask you if there was anyone else. My mother can get around a little now, but she can't chase turkeys—"

"How about me?" Mike asked in violent indignation. "How about *me?*"

"All right," she said. "I'll have to sell them."

For a startled moment he thought he saw tears in her eyes. "I should think you'd want to—the noisy pests."

"They're not! They're as affectionate as Frisky. Maggie pulls my hair, and the big gobbler likes his neck scratched—he wouldn't give you any trouble, he sort of squats when I go to catch him. And Maggie just runs a little to tease."

"But what are you going to *do* with them?"

Lissie sounded goaded. "I suppose you never heard of turkey dinner on Thanksgiving and Christmas?"

Mike admitted that it was a pleasant custom, and softened. "All right, you run along to your school. I'll guarantee to see that they don't freeze."

He experienced a not unpleasant shock, for Lissie's gamin face turned beautiful. Suddenly he felt ashamed of certain loopholes in the wording of his promise.

Well, he *would* see that they didn't freeze, if he had to light a smudge pot under their tree every night.

The first evening Mike made a determined effort. Sure enough, the big gobbler spread his tail and wings and went into a dignified crouch at Mike's approach. Breath whooshed out of him when Mike lifted him, grunting. Twenty-five pounds, at least. And Maggie gave up after a brief, spirited chase. But the second tom—the one Lissie had failed to mention—cast Mike a wild, terrified glance and ran.

They went around the tree, with Mike swearing under his breath. The turkey broke for the back yard and went under a bush. Mike poked him out; he raced for the tree and circled it again. *Page Walt Disney,* Mike thought sourly. He launched a flying tackle, misjudged his mark and fell sprawling. The gobbler, with a wild, frightened cry, fled and hid; Mike could not find him.

TOWARD dusk he went down again. The lone gobbler was aloft in the tree. Lissie would be furious. He felt his aching frame and thought about a ladder and twenty-odd pounds of unwilling turkey.

"Nuts!" he said, his breath a white cloud, and went home.

For almost the first time he slept all night; a desperate gonking woke him at dawn. Mike went to the window. The gobbler had left the tree and was on the roof, calling aloud that he was lost and deserted by his kind. Lissie, in a red bathrobe, ran out into the frost-rimed yard, spun around until she located the sound, then beamed a look toward Mike that backed him precipitately away from the window.

The tom took no harm from his night out, as Mike did not fail to bring to Lissie's attention when they were speaking again; but to be outwitted by a turkey was a matter which touched his pride. He found himself giving the matter thought; he learned to combine strategy with increasing speed, and did not rest content until he could, at will, bear the frantically struggling, twenty-five-pound bird to its hated domicile and uncere-

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moniously dump it in. After that, the whole thing got to be a bore.

Toward Thanksgiving, with the end in sight, Frisky woke him late one night with urgent barks. Mike thought of the unlocked garage and of his uncle laid up with rheumatism; he tumbled out of bed and dressed in record time. He was on his way downstairs, flashlight in hand, when his aunt looked out of her room.

"Be careful, dear, there's sneak thieves around the countryside."

"I'll just see if the car is all right."

But Frisky streaked off toward Lissie's turkey house. Dimly visible in the starlight, a figure ducked from cover to cover, heading for the highway. Mike felt a helpless fury. They had purposely mislaid his guns; he had only the flashlight—even his body no longer responded to his commands. But he had to try—

HE PLUNGED down the slope with an ease which surprised him until he remembered his daily contests with the second gobbler. A drag seemed to lift from his body and his heart, he felt power in his smooth strides. Exultance rose in his throat and he gave a muted war whoop, forgetting the sneak thief, forgetting everything but this new glory of motion.

A sobering bullet sang past his cheek. Mike dropped behind a bush, then raised to a crouch and surveyed the situation. The shadowy figure was poised, hesitating to pass him, scarcely ten yards away; a good distance for a spot pass. Mike lifted the flashlight, clicked it on and hurled it, with the cool precision of one of his bullet passes, straight into a blinded face. Then he dived. His shoulder thudded with beautiful impact into a flabby belly.

Everything under control, he exulted. He'd teach the slob to steal from helpless women—

Something descended on Mike with shattering force. *Lesson over,* he thought dreamily. *Teacher passing out. . . .*

Lissie was talking near by. "It was only this light poker," she was saying defensively. "You can see how soft it was—see how it bent."

Mike tried to drag his eyes open, but the light hurt them and, anyhow, the way he felt, he didn't care to see how it bent. His lips moved. *"Helpless women,"* he muttered under his breath.

She went on talking. "So the state troopers sent for an ambulance, but I told them to carry Mike here, because I'm sure he'll be all right, aren't you?"

"Well-l, he hasn't come to," Mike's aunt said. Mike thought she was trying not to sound too anxious. "I think I'll just telephone our doctor."

She went out of the room and Lissie sat down and began to cry. The sound was balm to Mike's confused resentment. He felt well enough to open his eyes.

"Don't cry," he said in a forgiving voice.

Frisky landed with a thud on his chest and scraped his chin with a warm tongue. Lissie looked satisfactorily woebegone.

"Oh, Mike!" she wailed. "I've nearly committed murder, but all I got back was a sack of chickens. They're gone—my beautiful turkeys are gone!"

For a minute Mike couldn't believe it. She wasn't crying about him at all. His head throbbed painfully, a hundred grievances simmering there were coming to a boil. He would teach her a lesson if it was the last thing he ever did—

He fixed her with a glazed stare. "What turkeys?" he asked. "Who are *you?*"

She stared back. "Mike, don't you know me?" she quavered. "I'm Lissie."

"Lissie who?"

She got up and ran out into the hall. "Tell them to send an ambulance!" she said in a breathless voice. "And oh, tell them to hurry!". . .

A pink dawn was breaking when Mike walked down the hospital steps to where Lissie was waiting, anxious-eyed, at the wheel of his car.

"Don't tell me," he said as he got in beside her. "It's all coming back. You're Lissie, the girl who cried over some turkeys but couldn't spare a tear for a one-legged man when she'd just bent a poker over his head."

She looked shocked. "Oh no, Mike! Not over *your* head. I just hit you a little tap by mistake. It didn't really bend until I hit the other man."

"Still, you never *have* had any sympathy for me—you and your crazy birds."

He shouldn't have mentioned the turkeys; she began to cry again. *"Of course* I sympathized with you, you lug! Not showing it was the hardest thing I ever did!"

Mike didn't get it. "I don't get it," he said. There was something important he was trying to remember. He wished she would stop that crying.

She stopped it. He seemed to have made her mad. "Do you think I wanted to spend my life taking care of an interesting invalid? *I* wanted someone to take care of *me.*"

Mike looked at her in shocked disbelief; you simply didn't hit a man over the head with a poker and then practically propose. Even with a crust like Lissie's. She could blush, though, he was relieved to discover.

With utter inconsequence, it came to him—the thing he was trying to remember, and with it an irresistible impulse to tease. He still owed her something both for last night and for now. He might be only part of a man, but he was still man enough to do his own proposing if and when he felt like it.

"Lissie, I'm in a position to make you very happy," he said in a tender voice. He dropped an arm gently across her shoulders. "Come here, I've got something to tell you. No, look at me."

She looked at him and for a long minute Mike forgot to continue.

"You've got a crust," he murmured fondly. "I mean—it's all coming back. Yesterday I dug stumps in the north field. I took a nap before dinner and overslept. If you'll go home and look in that tree—"

SHE flushed and pulled away from him. "Mike, you hound! You left them out last night!" She reached for the starter and an expression of glowing happiness overspread her face. "My beautiful turkeys," she crooned, "that I almost lost. Now I *can* raise baby turkeys next year!"

"Thanks to me," Mike said virtuously, then checked. *"You can what?"*

"I suppose you wanted to eat one for Thanksgiving, you brute!"

"Surely they won't need *three* parents—what about that second gobbler?"

"That poor scared thing that made a new man of you? I'd as soon roast Frisky."

Mike glowered at her. "So help me, I believe you planned the whole thing."

"I intend to keep him forever," Lissie stated fervently.

Mike sighed and gave up. She was taking curves on two wheels just to get back to those confounded turkeys. *And he hadn't even known she could drive!*

"Oh, well," he said. "No doubt, like the character who carried the calf, I'll gain strength from day to day. Or I can go back to college and escape it all." He gave her a sidelong glance and finished in an inspired falsetto: *"Grandma, tell us again how you and the turkeys put the finger on Grandpa!"*

Lissie's lips curved, she smiled at the road ahead. She looked soft, but Mike knew better. Soft like a hickory nut. He used to like his women soft, but that was all over. Hickory nuts were the sweetest, and worth working to get.

A cork popped in Mike's chest and seltzer ran tickling through his veins.

THE END

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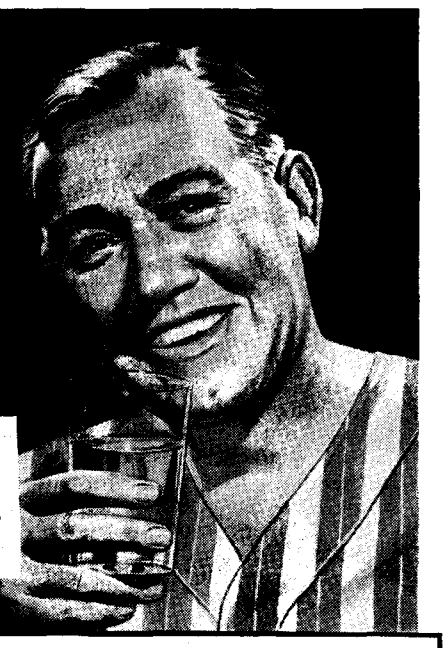

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—first thing on arising

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Johannes Bernhardt, boss of Spanish economy

THE MAN WHO MADE FRANCO

BY TED ALLAN

Using aid to Franco during the Spanish Civil War as an entering wedge, Johannes Bernhardt organized all Spain to support the Nazis in World War II. Now he's collaborating with us

WHEN I was in Spain last fall, word was brought to me by elaborately indirect means that one of the leaders of the Spanish resistance movement had a story which he wanted Americans to read. I agreed to meet the man and after taking all sorts of precautions to insure that I was not followed, I met him in the home of a Madrid businessman. If Franco's secret policemen discover the identity of the businessman he will go to jail for thirty years.

The underground leader told me that the resistance had information about a German businessman in Spain by the name of Johannes Bernhardt. He showed me some reports which Bernhardt had sent to Germany during the war and told me a great deal about Bernhardt's career. During the war, he said, Bernhardt was the secret power behind General Franco, the virtual economic dictator of Spain and the man who organized Spain's resources to support Germany's war machine.

He became one of the richest men in Europe through the operation of an economic empire which controlled 75 per cent of Spain's exports—all of which went to Germany. His operations in Spain and Portugal amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars and he employed a private army of spies and armed guards. No deal was made between Germany and Spain without him. Because of him a handful of Spaniards, including Franco's daughter Carmen and his brother Nicolas, became millionaires. Through him German capital made vast camouflaged investments in Spanish, Portuguese and Argentine industry.

Because of him Franco became dictator of Spain.

I took notes on what the resistance leader said, then set out to check his story through other sources. I talked with a German who had worked for "Sofindus," the corporation which Bernhardt had set up to handle his huge operations.

The German was frightened. "If Bernhardt discovers I have talked to you I will be dead. His private Gestapo is still working. He wants everyone to believe he was just a simple businessman. He works now for only one thing—the rebirth of Nazi Germany."

Next day I was contacted by my Spanish underground friend. "You don't have to go anywhere else for details," he said and shoved a thick pile of papers in front of me.

I started to read. The papers were in three languages, Spanish, English and German, and detailed almost the complete history of Johannes Bernhardt. When I had finished with the papers I decided to see Bernhardt himself.

A few days later I called on Mr. Bernhardt and he welcomed me into his modestly furnished office. He has a strong face, a disarming, pleasant manner. Only his eyes give him away. They are cold and hard, no matter how soft his voice or how friendly his attitude. We talked for two hours. He tried to assure me that he had nothing to hide, that his past life was an open book and his future life at the disposal of the British and American governments. He was so anxious to prove he is "our" friend he willingly agreed to give me his photograph (which I got two days later).

By the time the interview was over I had my story. By telling what he considered innocent facts he helped me put the pieces together. He did not deny helping Franco, or seeing Hitler, or organizing Sofindus. "Everything I did was done from a legitimate business point of view," he repeated again and again.

Here are the facts about his career:

On February 20, 1936, three days after the electoral victory of the Spanish Popular Front parties, a group of Spain's top generals met in Madrid with representatives of the Falange party and the landowners. Among those present were Generals Goded, Mola, Saliquet and Franco. At this meeting, plans were laid for the revolt of the army against the republic. It was decided that General Sanjuro, living in exile in Lisbon, would fly in to take command. General Mola was to lead the African army, and Generals Goded and Franco were to lead the armies concentrated in Navarre and Castile. The date was set for sometime in April and later changed to July 18th, 19th or 20th, depending on developments.

Conspiracy to Camouflage German Aid

On March 26, 1936, Johannes Bernhardt met secretly with Adolf Langenheim, SS chief for Spanish Morocco, in Bernhardt's house in Tetuán. Bernhardt reported on the steps he had taken in preparation for the "coming events." He and General Franco, he said, had discussed the entire problem of German aid. Since both men recognized the international complications inherent in open help from Germany, a private company was decided upon to be a clearinghouse for German munitions once the revolt had begun.

Bernhardt reported that he had already left the firm of the Wilmer Brothers, munitions agents, to set up the new company, called "Hisma." On Franco's suggestion he established the company in partnership with Franco's close friend and confidant, Colonel Fernando Carranza. Bernhardt also reported to Langenheim that Franco would need a plane to bring him to Morocco from the Canary Islands. Langenheim told Bernhardt he would cable Berlin to arrange for the plane.

On July 18, 1936, the Spanish army rose in revolt and proclaimed itself the government of Spain. A few days before, a Deutsche-Lufthansa plane had brought Franco from the Canary Islands to Morocco. On July 18th, Franco made a broadcast from Tetuán in which he said, "Spain has saved herself." Franco and his fellow generals seemed convinced that all of Spain would be under their control within thirty days.

But Spain's people had other ideas about being saved and rose in defense of their republic. Within two days it was obvious that the revolt was in danger.

On his way from Lisbon to take over command of the rebellion, General Sanjuro was killed in a mysterious plane accident. General Mola was chosen by the army junta to replace him. A short while later Mola met his death in the same way. General Franco then became leader of the revolt. (Spanish Resistance Intelligence sources are convinced that Nazi agents caused the deaths of Sanjuro and Mola, but there is no proof of this.)

On July 20, 1936, Bernhardt, the Wilmer Brothers, SS Chief Langenheim, General Franco and a group of Franco's top officers met in Tetuán. Reports were coming in from all parts of the mainland that the revolt was dying for lack of popular support. Drastic action was necessary. Franco had 30,000 troops in Morocco which were desperately needed on the mainland. But Franco had no ships or transport planes to move them.

It was at this moment that Bernhardt's value to Franco was proved. He suggested that the Wilmer Brothers cable their head office in Berlin, the Junkers Aircraft Company, to ask for thirty transport planes immediately. The cable was sent that day. The following morning a reply stated that the Junkers Company could not send the transport planes "without proper authorization."

The situation was now desperate. On the morning of July 21st, Bernhardt held another meeting with SS Chief Langenheim. Bernhardt asked Langenheim to cable Nazi Foreign Party Leader Ernst Wilhelm Bohle in Berlin to arrange for Bernhardt to see Goering immediately. Langenheim agreed, and at noon Bernhardt left for Berlin in the same plane that had brought Franco from the Canary Islands. The pilot of the plane was a close friend of Franco's, named Captain Arranz.

Bernhardt was met at the Berlin airport by Bohle, who took him to Goering. That evening Goering and Bernhardt drove to Berchtesgaden to see Hitler.

When Bernhardt left his Fuehrer late that night, he had accomplished the following: Hitler promised to send thirty transport planes to Franco within the week. He further agreed on a long-term policy of aid to Franco. A private company was to be established in Germany which would parallel Bernhardt's company in Spain. The German company would ostensibly be a private one selling arms and machinery on a free market. But Bernhardt's Hisma would clear the supplies through to Franco.

Bernhardt had also suggested that a token volunteer force be sent to Franco's aid as a "symbol of solidarity." Goering was particularly enthusiastic about this proposal, since it could serve as a training ground for German aviators. The plan was agreed on and the famous Condor Legion was born.

Hitler gave Bernhardt carte blanche to organize the company in Germany which would deal with his company in Spain. And to show what he personally felt, Hitler appointed him to the rank of Brigadier-Fuehrer in his Elite Guard, the SS.

Thus from every angle Bernhardt's trip to Berlin was a huge success. He remained in Berlin for six days, during which time he *(Continued on page 61)*

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MERCHANT OF VALOR

Continued from page 13

each man resolving to do his best for the honor of God and his shire. Right well did they do that day, to the delight of His Majesty, first at the prick and then at the more distant target, the clout; but of all of them Wat Tayloe had the best of it. The King was upon the very point of tossing him a purse as his prize when the royal eyes chanced to light upon my bulk as I stood pridefully rejoicing in the honor which Wat had brought to our farmstead.

"Great lout," called His Majesty, "why hast thou loosed no shaft? Thou hast thews and sinews for it. Why so sluggardly this day?"

I doffed my headpiece and louted clumsily. "God save Your Majesty," I made bold to say, "I be no yeoman but a merchant's son from London town."

"Does that excuse thee, thou great oaf?" he said fearsomely. "Because thou dost chaffer for farthings in thy shop does that forgive thee from the penalties of our Act of Westminster? I trow not."

"Please, Your Majesty," I answered, "I do obey the laws of the realm in all things, nor do I neglect to exercise with bow and arrow, or with sword and harness. But I cannot shoot against the men of this shire without invitation."

"Then I bid thee, thou stiff-necked ox. And if thou dost not uphold the merit of our London town against these yokels, I will have thy bow broken across thy hulking shoulders."

NOW, though I be somewhat dull of brain and more inclined to ignore injury rather than fight over it, I felt my anger hot within me at such a bidding, and my slow tongue spoke with more speed than regard for the safety of my skin. "That condition," I said hotly, "be right un-English—that I equal or surpass the best archers of the shire or have a bow splintered over my back. Nonetheless I will do my best, and if I win or fail, I leave Your Majesty to ponder upon the justice of it."

For a moment the royal face blackened and I thought upon the gibbet or the dungeon cell, but then he leaned forward in the saddle and there was a glint in his small eyes and a twist to his lips that might have been a smile. "Thy tongue is not like to gain thee preferment," he said dryly. "But, by Saint George, thou lackest not bowels. Shoot, then, shopkeeper, and we will see what to do about thine impudence."

"An some man will give me the loan of bow and arrows," I answered.

Half a dozen weapons were pressed upon me and I selected from among them. I was hot and cold, but most determined not to make a botch of it.

"Name the mark, Your Majesty," I said with dry throat, "and with the help of God I will have at it."

Thanking the saints for long hours laboriously spent at the butts, I awaited his command. But before he spoke again I glanced into the sky, and there above my head but within range of a well-sped arrow soared slowly a great, black bird. And because my heart was still hot within me, and because I owned more youth than common sense I put all to the hazard and drawing the string to my ear I let fly. The arrow glinted through the warming sunlight. A sigh went up from the throng at my foolhardiness, but fortune was with me, for my shaft transfixed the great bird and it plummeted toward the earth. Yet, because of my resentment, I was not content, and snatching a second arrow from the spot where I had stuck its point into the earth, I let go again, and by the grace of God transfixed the great bird a second time before it plumped at the King's feet.

And then, either because of relief, or because my anger would no longer restrain itself, I strode to His Majesty, first unstringing my yew. And I held it out to him and said with more boldness than was sensible, "Here be my bow, Your Majesty, and here my back. Have your will with them."

He snatched the bow as if he would belabor me, and then, as he stared at me

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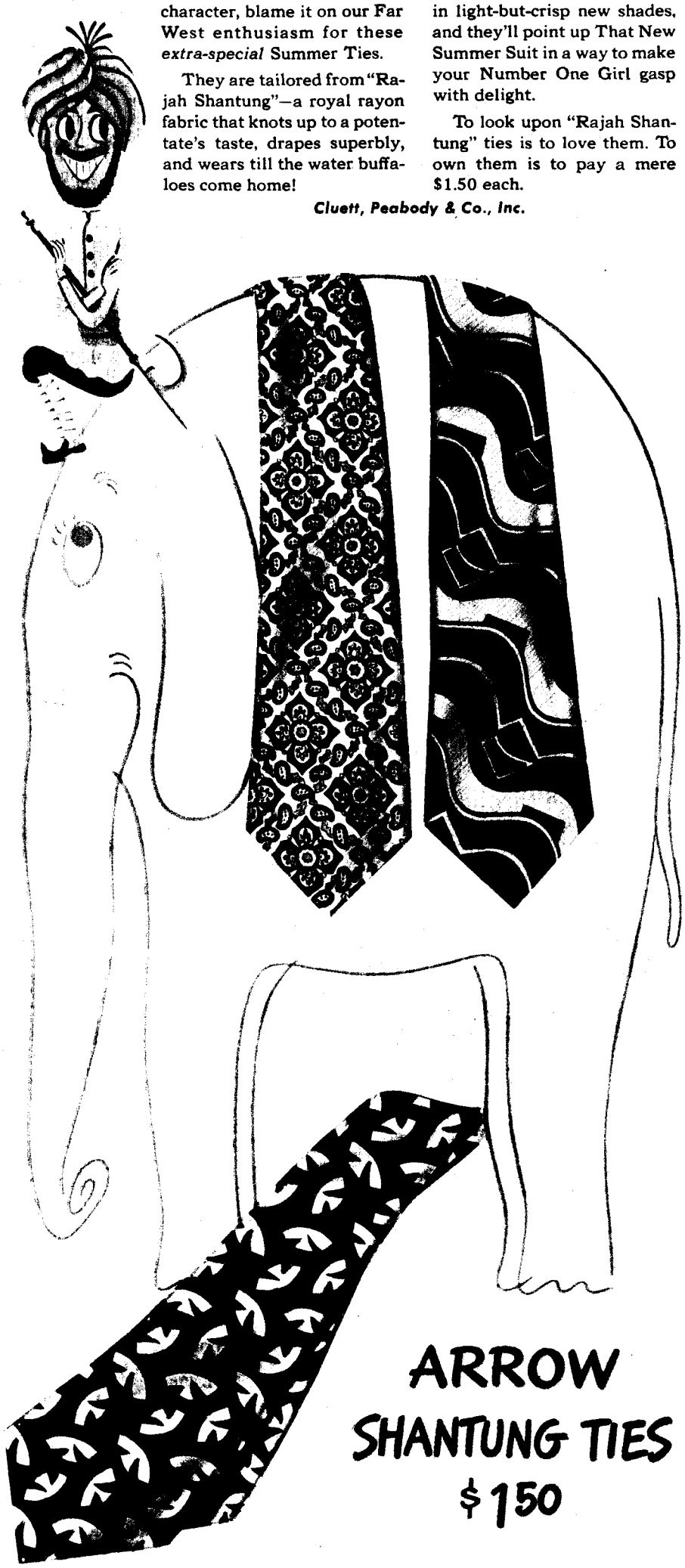

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I liked his face more than I had ever done. It was grave and even friendly, and he touched me lightly upon the shoulder with the tip of the bow.

"Thou art a too-bold fellow," he said gravely. "Yet I like me bold, honest tongues rather than canting and whining and deceptions. I think I could trust thee. Wilt enter my service?"

"Nay, Your Majesty," I replied. "I be a wool merchant and am content."

"Thy name."

"Peter Carew," I answered.

Cardinal Wolsey leaned and whispered in his ear. "Art kin to Malachi Carew, the London merchant?"

"He is my father," I said.

"Thy father," said the King, "has an honest son, but one so thick of head he will not climb in the world. Thou hast declined a bidding to service that many a man would covet. I ask no man twice."

"That," I answered sturdily, "is as God wills it. May He preserve Your Majesty and make you to prosper in all endeavors."

He frowned down at me and then he drew a ring from his finger and extended it toward me. "An thou will not be my man," he said, "thy pride cannot refuse this token. If an evil hour comes to thee, remind me of this day with this ring. Mayhap thou will find the justice of Henry of England is other than thou didst guess it to be this day."

With that he tossed a purse to Wat Tayloe, put heels to his horse and clattered away at the head of his fine company. It runs in my mind that there have been worse kings than the Eighth Henry of England.

There was a small tumult at the pavilion of the crone who had foretold my future and I halted to enquire into the matter. An ill-visaged lout who had upon him the mark of London bailiff demanded of me what concern it was of mine. I was of a mind to instruct him in that matter with a right hearty buffet and he blenched and cringed saying, "Softly, softly! Lay hand on me, great yokel, and it be the worse for you. My Lord Cardinal liketh not to have his eyes and ears mishandled."

"If," said I, "you are the eye of His Eminence it is like to be a black one. What hurly-burly is this?"

"We but want a word with this teller of fortunes," said the man. "She hath flitted."

"Does His Eminence, being himself so close to Heaven, crave to have his future unfolded before him?"

"Be on your way," answered the tipstaff, "and meddle not in high matters."

I TURNED toward home, puzzled as to why the Cardinal concerned himself with a fortuneteller, but right pleased with myself that I had stood cheek by jowl with a king and not come off the worse for it; and then, the mind being an uneasy thing, it veered off to think upon the hands of the old crone who had foretold my future. And it seemed a more marvelous thing, almost, that she had such hands, than that she could make me see pictures in a crystal ball. Because, now that I thought on it, they were very dainty hands and white and soft with long and slender fingers. Not like the broad fingers with blunt ends and withered skin such as you might expect of an old fortuneteller. There was magic in it and I liked it not.

So I strode along musing in this scatterbrained way as a young man will do till one came riding upon a sorry nag, and he shouted at me as he passed, wanting to be told if I had seen a foreign woman lurking in the forest. To which I answered no.

I may have gone another hundred paces when a sidewise, careless glance showed me a face in a bush, and without meaning to do so I made the sign of the cross, for it was no human face but some unnatural creature doubtless smelling of sulphur from the Pit, though my nose did not scent the reek of it. There were ears the size of a man's palm, and a mouth was slashed across almost from one ear to the other, and a nose like a great dumpling, but eyes so tiny that they seemed but dots.

Eye met eye, and seeing that he was seen, this gnome or pixie or whatever evil thing it was turned suddenly and ran into the forest, and I after it. For it is but natural than any human creature shall chase whatever turns from it in fear and flees. It seemed to me that if this imp or devil feared me I had no need to fear it, and besides I was young and bold.

He ran in such a comical, waddling manner that, in spite of my fear of his master, I was near to laughter and thought that the Devil might not be so bad as old wives' clatter made him. Because he had a sense of humor that could create so funny a familiar.

MY LONG legs overtook him and my hand descended on the collar of his leather jerkin, by the feel of which I knew he was no spirit but solid meat and bone. Which somewhat reassured me. I hoisted him squirming into the air, at which he snatched out a great knife and made slash at me with it; he could not reach, so I cuffed his ear gladly whilst he made treble bleatings and squirmed the more mightily. No flames or smoke came from his mouth so I felt better about it and gave him a hearty shake to teach him manners.

Then little fists beat upon my back between my shoulder blades and I craned my neck and saw a serving maid, who said with right savage voice, "Let him down, thou great ox. Harm him not or I will scratch out thine eyes," and she continued with right good will to pummel the back of me.

Now she had not so much as a kerchief about her head, so that her hair tumbled and it was the color of minted gold and her eyes which were either green or blue —I could not determine which—were making little flames. She was most brave and determined and I laughed at her which made her the more angry.

She was neither tiny nor large, but slender in her kitchen wench's gown, and it ran in my mind that she was comelier than was good for a maid of her station in life, nor did she speak the pleasant, rude words by which you may know the people of our shire.

"Put him down, Peter Carew," she said.

I was not, strangely enough, surprised that she spoke my name. So many marvels had befallen that day that I was past astonishment.

"Is he thy homunculus?" I asked. "Then bid him drop his knife."

She snapped a word at him and the knife fell into the high grass, so I set him on his feet and he scowled at me most grotesquely.

"What make ye in our forest?" I asked. "Art masterless maid and vagabond?"

"Aye," she said and cast down her eyes.

"There is hue and cry," I told her.

"Aye," she said for the third time, "but not for such as I."

"For an ancient hag, a witch, a dabbler in black magic who maketh pictures to come in a crystal ball," I said.

Now I am no fool, though often have I been deemed so because I think before I speak, and sometimes take overlong about it, so I wondered if kitchen wenches in other parts of the kingdom spoke in this fashion and with so brisk and clear a voice such as made one tingle at the sound of it.

"Thy name," I said severely.

"Betty or Molly, or Mary or Maude. Take thy choice, only go thy way and leave me to go mine."

"To sleep in the forest?"

"There be worse places than forests and worse company than the red deer." She brought her hands from behind her back and shielded her face with them, and

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it seemed to me she was weeping quietly, but then I saw that she was peering at me between her fingers and I knew not what to think. So I stared at her fingers and waited to see what would happen next.

Now it is truth that hands have features as faces have them, and no two hands are alike as no two faces are the same. I have noted that you may recognize a man by his thumb as well as by his nose. And I found myself staring at her hands as at an old acquaintance and was mightily upset by it. A man likes to know where his duty lies, and I was not at all clear about it.

"Who," I made query, "was the warrior in black armor that you made me to see in the crystal ball?" I spoke Italian.

Her brows drew together and her lips pressed upon one another, but she was not frightened.

"How did you know?" she asked.

"By your hands," I said, and she quickly hid them in her skirt.

"I made you see nothing in the globe," she said. "It was you who made yourself to see. I but made it easier for your sight. The man was John of the Black Bands."

"But he is in Italy and I am in England."

"Men have traveled."

"Why," I asked, "does the Cardinal crave to hang you?"

"Mayhap," she said, "he hath other intentions. A red hat doth not make a man less a man—or so I have been told."

"What art thou?" I asked shortly.

"A kitchen wench," she answered.

"Witch-hag this morn," I said. "Kitchen wench before sunset. What next?"

"What will serve my need," she said, "and thank the Father all eyes are not so sharp as thine!"

"I cannot abandon thee in the forest," I said grumpily. "Thou wilt die of a sickness or starve for want of food, or be caught and hanged by the Cardinal. So, willy-nilly, home we go. And kitchen maid thou shalt be to our Old Nonnie for thy personal safety, and she will cuff thine ears and care for thee. And thy familiar here shall shear the sheep. What is his name?"

"Giovanpietro," she answered.

"John-Peter. One apostle is not enough for him. I know the woodland paths. Follow me and we shall reach the farm."

So, because there was nothing else for her to do, she followed me, and John-Peter waddled at our heels. And nothing molested us. I took her into the kitchen to Old Nonnie. . . .

We sat at table, the laborers and wenches and John-Peter and the maid whose name I did not know, but who instructed Nonnie to call her Betsy, when there came a pounding upon our door. I went to see, and it was Hob Davis, hungry and weary from London town. Hob sets down rows of figures in my father's counting room; he brought me a thick letter from my father and a great heavy purse.

I read the letter once and then read it again to make certain I had missed none of its instructions, and then I stared at the maid who allowed us to call her Betsy and who showed dainty manners in eating her food. Because the letter made truth of her prophecy that I was to adventure upon a journey.

First, for two long pages, my father spoke of politics, and how the world was all upset because three jealous young men of warring natures quarreled to see who should be master of it. He discoursed upon long-nosed Francis of France who longed to be a hero, and of cold, thin-lipped Charles of Spain, who was Emperor, and of our own King Hal, whom I had encountered this day. Having so settled the point that all Europe was in turmoil and wars were raging and business unsettled, he came to the point. Which was that I should forthwith set out for Italy and especially Florence, there to collect certain large sums owed to our house, and to make wholesome arrangements with the Calimala, the wool guild, about shipments of woolen cloth to be refined. And to be sure to see to it that we took no unnecessary risk and got the money that was due us in spite of kings and the Pope, who was a Medici, and the plottings of Naples and Milan and Venice.

He instructed me forthwith to take horse to Rye, where a ship of ours was loading, and to proceed to Livorno, and thence to Florence.

IN THE morning Old Nonnie and the house wenches were all in a bustle getting me ready to go; I was pleased with the prospect of it, and of seeing the world and the strange places and customs in it. In the midst of it all I bethought me of the prophecy made by the old woman in the pavilion—who had turned out not to be old at all—that I was going on a journey. So I took the girl aside into a corner of the kitchen near the three brass pots and the five hams hung from a beam, and demanded of her in a whisper how she had come to prophesy about my going to Italy, but she only smiled at me impertinently and told me that I must not enquire into matters that were above my understanding. And I, gullible as any youth of my age, was content to be amazed by a mystery, and never to suspect that I was being made a cat's-paw in affairs of state by a girl who cared not a whit what happened to me so long as she had her way of it.

So I got on my horse with all my gear,

"Does that sound reasonable enough, dear, or shall I get another estimate?"

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but not until I had told the girl who called herself Betsy to demean herself modestly, and to obey Old Nonnie, and to stay where she was until I came back.

To all of which she replied demurely and obediently, and kept her eyes on the floor as a kitchen wench should, until I was not sure she was not making fun of me behind her eyes. For she was a kitchen wench of a sort we never before had seen in the shire, and her hands were pretty, and her face was above her station.

Wat traveled with me, and we arrived safely in Rye; there I had disclosed to me a part of the prophecy that had puzzled me, wherein it had been said that I should go on a ship in a port where horses waited for fish. And I discovered to my further amazement that in Rye there constantly waited three hundred horses for the fishermen to come in with their catch. With which the three hundred horses made off quickly for London town so that people might be fed on Fridays.

I said goodby to Wat on the wharf, and the ship being loaded and only awaiting a fair tide, I was soon at sea and wishing heartily I was ashore again. For the motion of the waves so meddled with the processes of digestion that it would have been better had I refrained from eating at all. I lay down among my gear and cared about nothing in life except getting ashore again—not even caring whether Betsy followed my admonitions about modesty and diligence and staying safe at our farm until I returned to make up my mind what should be done with her.

WE MADE harbor at Livorno late of a hot afternoon, and never was I so glad to set foot on firm ground again. There was much to-do with petty officials before I could search out an inn, which I did ere I went to the house of my father's agent there, one Jacopo Peruzzi, who received me with deference.

From the instant we passed the ancient towers of the *fortezza*, I, a young man ignorant of all lands but my native England, found myself in a state of excitement and delight, so strange and exciting were the sights and sounds. Low hills arose behind the city itself, and the newly built Torre del Marzocco lifted itself above the other visible structures, strange to an eye accustomed only to our English way of building. But it was the people jostling in the narrow streets that told me that indeed I was in a strange land, for there were Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, Germans, Hebrews, Turks, Armenians, Persians, all in their native dress. All these drawn here from the most remote and heathen quarters of the earth by a common loadstone, which was trade—the desire to buy and to sell.

My father's letter admonished me that the course for a stranger to pursue in a strange land and in troubled times was to see with his eyes and listen with his ears, but to mind his own business most strictly. "These Italians," said my father, "have the custom of quarreling one with the other. If you shall see several attacking one in the darkness, do not as an Englishman would do at home and come to the aid of the weaker party, but go softly away and become not embroiled."

I saw no such sight in Livorno, though coming back to my inn after walking through the streets in the evening, I did follow the example of others and walk around the body of a lean man in a purple cloak who lay dead upon the street, his unseeing eyes staring upward. Each nation to its own uses, say I, but this was one that turned my stomach.

I entered the main room of the inn, a large, stone-paved apartment with a fireplace in the middle of the room, not against a wall as our fireplaces are in England. I passed through the room and climbed the stairs to my bed. My door was ajar, and I heard a rustling within, so I approached softly and thrust the door wide. A candle burned and I saw bending over my bundles a brown-robed figure, busily searching them.

I stood in the door and regarded him in some confusion, for it was a noteworthy thing to see a friar thus conducting himself as a thief.

"Brother," I asked, "is thievery a tenet of your order?"

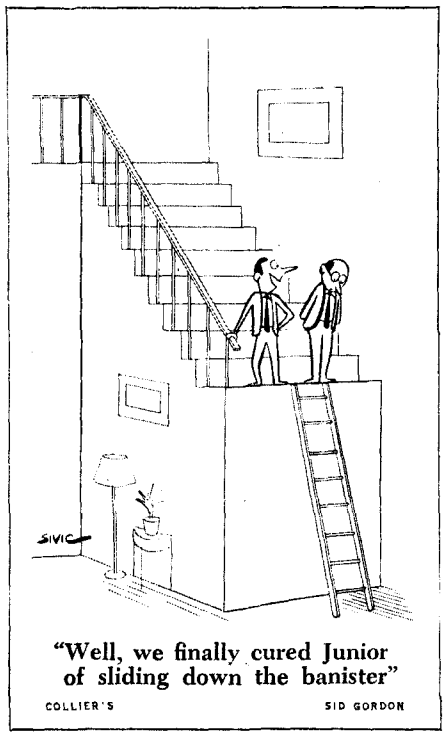
He straightened to his full stature and turned so that the candlelight fell upon his face which was round and hairless under his tonsured dome, and he blinked at me, grinning right merrily.

"Did none halt you at the foot of the stairs?" he asked.

"None," said I.

"I am most scurvily served," he said. "It is the times. Men are not what they were and no reliance can be placed in them. Or I had been warned of your approach in time. Well, Ser Englishman, the church hath been caught with its hands in the sweetmeats. Martin Luther could preach a sermon upon it."

He walked across the room and sat upon my bed and grinned broadly at me, not in the least embarrassed.



"Well, we finally cured Junior of sliding down the banister"

COLLIER'S SID GORDON

"I will instruct you, Ser Englishman. I will add to your knowledge, for you have a simple look. This is not a matter of thievery but of politics. I am frank with you. I act upon high precedent. Aye, English precedent, for did not your own Cardinal Wolsey send most skilled thieves to rummage the baggage of the ambassador of Venice before he took ship from Dover and steal letters and documents of high importance?"

"But I have no letters nor documents!"

He beamed upon me jovially. "Look you," he said, "a Pope must walk warily among kings. More especially a newly elected Pope. And a Medici Pope. He must know in which direction many cats will jump. He must know if your English king will send armies to aid Bourbon against French Francis. He must know who is secretly with the Emperor Charles and who against, who bribes whom."

"These matters," said I, "are far above me. Woolen cloth is my trade."

"A wool merchant or a barber or a goldsmith may be a secret messenger," said the friar. "Therefore, and for some particular reason, His Holiness hath an itching interest in all who arrive from England—and in what they carry."

"Wherefore," I said, "you be no thief but a servant of His Holiness charged with searching the belongings of Englishmen. Well, you have searched mine—and found nothing. When next you see His Holiness, assure him of my veneration and inform him that I am errand boy for none but my father."

"I have rummaged your property," he said, "and found nothing of interest to king, emperor, duke or pope. But a letter is small. I have not searched your person."

"Nor are you like so to do," I told him.

"It might be well for the wholeness of your skin," he said, "if you implored me to do that thing. Then I could make sure report and there would be an end of the matter."

I WAS half of a mind to do it and so rid myself of suspicion, but my gorge rose against the thought of his fat fingers touching me and slipping in and out of my pockets like overfed mice. Besides which there is some kind of pride in a man which causes him to resent that sort of indignity, so I told him straitly that if the Medici Pope came in person and asked to slip his hands into my pockets I would not permit it.

He sighed merrily, if that be possible, and said that in his opinion it was more likely some woman would be entrusted with the errand than a man, and that his advice as a member of a celibate order was that I have no traffic with women, especially beautiful ones. Then he looked at me compassionately. "Thou art a huge simpleton," he said, "that should not be abroad without his mother. But I do not mislike thee. Thou wouldst trust the asp that bit the Queen Cleopatra." He gave off a great bellow of laughter. "Even me thou wouldst trust if I chose to talk thee into it, me but freshly caught rifling thy baggage."

"I have trusted more evil men than thou," I said.

He kneaded his paunch and looked at me thoughtfully. "Mayhap thy simplicity will serve thee for wisdom," he said. "I have a great liking for thee, great simpleton. Yet, if it served a purpose I would use thee; I would cheat thee; I would cozen thee and gull thee artfully. Therefore trust me not." He shook his head ruefully. "I might this day be a bishop, but for a weakness that is in me, and that weakness is a liking for my fellow man. Aye, and the pleasure I find in laughing at them. So, Ser Englishman, my advice to thee is to clothe thyself in a garment of suspicion. Put confidence in none. Follow this warning and thou mayst yet return intact to thy own land."

He spoke as if he believed what he said, and he was of greater experience than I—yet I could not agree with him. It would be an ill world indeed if there were none in it to whom a man might give his love and his trust. I told him so. "Even in this Italy of yours, with its Medicis and its Sforzas, there must be good men and true," I said.

"I know them well," he said, "popes and princes and cardinals and princelings—and of the lot there is but one. One only of all the multitude that is without guile. Only one who is too trustful, refusing to lift himself to power and the rule of a state."

"Tell me then," said I, "the name of this one true man who doth shine so brightly in a murk of knaves."

"It is My Lord Giovanni," he said in a voice of grave respect. "It is our great general, our young, great general. My Lord Giovanni delle Bande Nere."

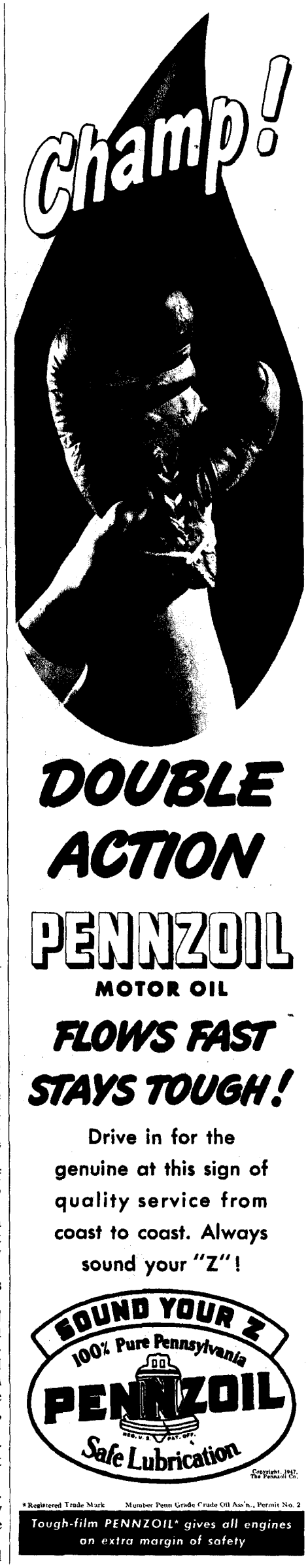
"John of the Black Bands!" I said. "His fame has journeyed even to England."

"His name," said the friar, "will travel higher and farther than your bleak island if he shall remain alive amidst the pestilence of malice and fear of him, and jealousy of him that doth surround him like an evil fog." He paused. "Has the ill news reached thee, Ser Englishman, that Bayard is dead?"

"The Chevalier Bayard!" It was grievous news indeed that this perfect knight was no more.

"Aye," said the friar. "Bayard is dead. In an obscure skirmish. Now only my Lord Giovanni remains to uphold the waning torch of chivalry."

He got up from my pallet and moved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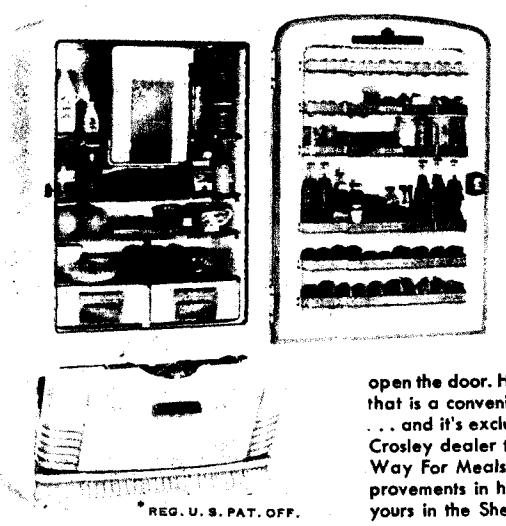

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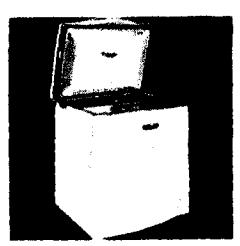

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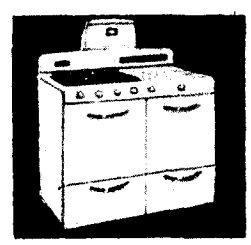

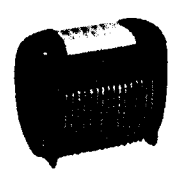

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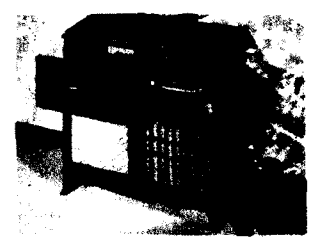

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toward me where I stood against the door. "Stand aside, Ser Simpleton," he said. I opened the door for him and as he passed through into the murky passage, he turned and said a strange thing.

"No man," he said, "is completely lost to evil if he still can perceive and admire virtue in another."

His sandals flapped along the stone pavement of the passageway and down the stairs and out of my sight. I stood there staring after him and scratching my thick head in bewilderment. For there have been many decent and respectable men whom I have liked less than this wicked friar, caught red-handed by me in theft. Maybe God hath a special purpose in bestowing upon certain rascally, spying men the power to charm their fellows and to cause you to love them even knowing the evil that is in them. It is a matter too deep for me to fathom. A bishop or a cardinal might explain it but I doubt if I should understand what they were talking about.

I went back into my hot room and when I had removed my clothing I lay on the overshort bed and slept. . . .

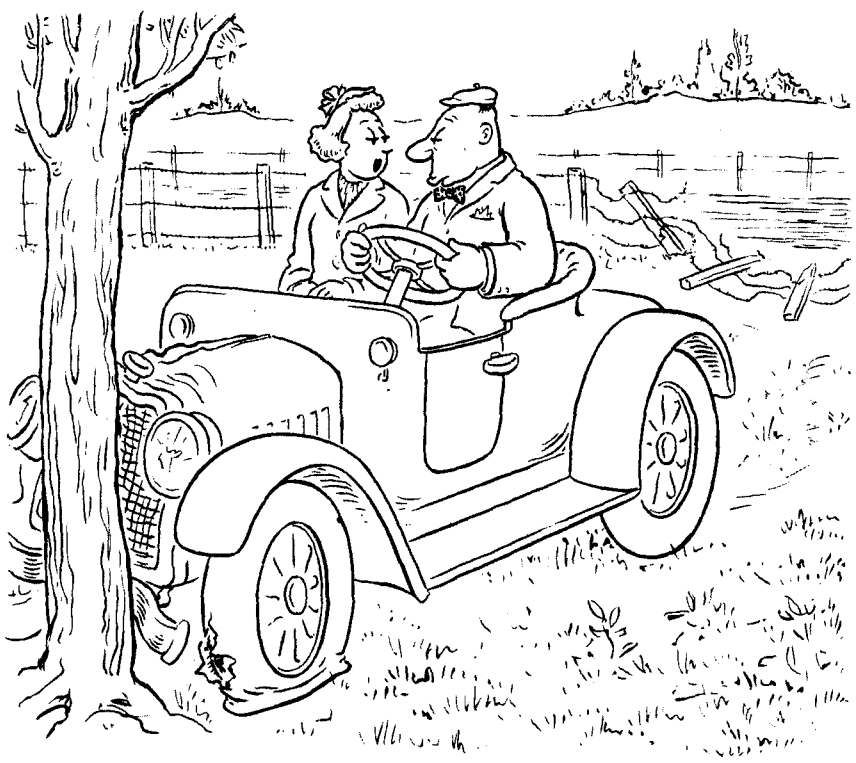
of the zealot Savanarola had ended in flames at the stake.

I found the house of Bratti, a small, dingy structure without, but clean within; and Bartolomeo was only the moment returned from the shop of his master. He was a tall and fleshless man, but with bright eyes and a friendly way about him. And glad indeed to have the extra soldi that I would pay him for lodgment. There was a goodwife and four children, but room was made for me and welcome given for my father's sake, who had lodged here some five years before.

His goodwife refreshed me with wine and food, and the older son, a lad of fifteen, led away my horse for stabling. The talk was of the wool trade with France and Flanders and of the interruption of it by wars that moved southward and might spill themselves over into Italy.

"We have no Magnifico," said Bratti regretfully, "to tread softly among dangers and to balance our enemies one against another, so that Florence may be kept safe. We have only the Pope, who hath sent the Cardinal Passerini to be guardian to young Ippolito and hold the

ALFRED — **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Yes, Alfred, I'm quite sure it was a genuine blowout and not just an excuse to park"

COLLIER'S

On the second day thereafter, having provided myself with a serviceable horse, I set out upon the journey to Florence, riding across the hot, humid plains of Tuscany in company with a train of pack animals bearing my father's woolens and the wares and merchandise of other merchants. We were a considerable company and glad of it, for the times were vexed, and armies gathered and the roads were not of the safest. Yet after days of journeying we accomplished the sixty miles of evil roads and saw against the evening sky the walls and towers and domes and palaces of the ancient city of Florence.

We entered the city by the Porta alla Croce, having fulfilled the requirements of the law, and with the descending sun at our backs, we clumped along, using the dome of the great *duomo* as our guide. My father's letter had instructed me to find lodgings with one Bartolomeo Bratti, a worker in the employ of a merchant of the Calimala with whom our house carried on considerable business. His house was in the Borgo del Greci, which was behind the Palazzo Vecchio, which houses the government of Florence, and before whose entrance the life

city for the Medici until the boy comes to manhood. Thy father is wise, Messer Pietro, to look to the safety of his moneys."

"If the good God," exclaimed Bratti's wife, "had but given us, instead of Passerini and the Pope and the boy Ippolito, the Lord Giovanni, I would sleep sounder in my bed."

"Mind thy tongue, woman," Bratti said fearfully. "Wouldst have me stretched on the rack?"

"For all that," she said boldly, "if we little people of Florence had our way, Giovanni de' Medici would be our lord. It is rumored he is in the city secretly."

"It is no secret," Bratti said. "He is with his sweet wife in the palace of Jacopo Salviati, his father-in-law. His business, wife, is not to plot against Ippolito but only to raise money for the pay of the Black Bands, a troublesome task, and one to which he is not suited." So saying, he rose, and I followed.

I went to my small room under the tiles and removed my travel-stained clothing, and, because the evening was still young, changed into others of finer cloth, including a cap with a feather. I fastened on my belt and dagger, and as I gathered up my castoff garments from the bed I felt, in an inside pocket of my leather jerkin, a small package which had passed from my mind. It was the charm given me by Betsy in the fortuneteller's booth at the fair. Now I be not one to sneer at proper charms and talismans, because any man who has read books as I have knows well that such matters are best treated with respect. I have read it in both Latin and Greek. So it may be that this charm had aided me well to a thus-far prosperous journey. At least it had brought me no harm. Therefore I bestowed it tenderly in a pocket inside my finery and felt the better for it. I then went to the kitchen where the goodman sat whilst his wife and older children washed the dishes.

"Go you out at this time of night, Ser Pietro?" asked Bratti.

"To see your city by the light of the moon," I told him. "I have heard the moon doth enhance its wonders."

"Moon or no moon," said his goodwife, "our nights be not wholesome. But youth rides thy shoulders and I waste no words in telling thee to get to thy bed and lie in safety."

Bratti shrugged and got up from his seat. He went to a corner and returned with a stout cudgel, well-balanced and heavy where weight should be. "Then carry this for company," he said. "And where the shadows fall thick betake thee to the middle of the street."

So I unbarred the door, which Bratti barred after me, and made my way along the narrow street until I found myself in the great open space of the Piazza della Signoria, before the black, great frowning mass of the palace. I walked this way and that, pausing now and then as the moon touched with silver some sculpture from the hand of a master or some towering church or noble palace of huge, hewn stones more like to citadel than to city residence. I knew not where I was, nor cared, because of the glamor of it.

FEW were in the streets as I strode along, but suddenly there was turmoil, and I saw not less than eight men attacking two who placed their backs against the wall and defended themselves right manfully. The attackers wore black cloaks, and I saw that their faces were concealed by masks. So I knew they were in the wrong of it, because honesty does not mask its face. One of the two who were attacked already sank to the pavement, leaving the other to defend himself alone. About his left arm he had wrapped his cloak to serve in some measure as a shield while he held the ruffians at bay with a dagger. I cried him encouragement, for no Englishman can look upon so unequal a fight and lend no hand to the weaker party. And forthwith I fell upon the rear of the ruffians, swinging my cudgel with the strength which God hath given me. It was to their surprise and consternation, and their skulls cracked as sweetly. Whereupon five of them took to their heels, but three remained groaning.

The man who had been the victim of the onslaught bent over his fallen companion and made examination. Then he straightened and turned his face to me. It was a young face and noble, with the eyes of a commander of men, and the bearing of one who is no common man. His dress was rich, and a mustache covered his upper lip.

"He is sped," said this nobleman.

"As thou wert like to be," I answered.

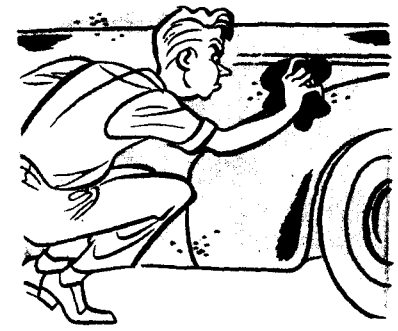
"Who art thou," he asked, "that comes with so ready a cudgel to the aid of a stranger?"

"I am a merchant's son, of England."

"Thou hast mistaken thy calling," he said dryly. "By Saint Francis and Saint Barnabas and all the rest whose names escape me, thou art as out of place in a shop measuring ells of cloth as a lion would be in a cage of doves. Thy name."

"Peter Carew," I answered, and added

You needn't get



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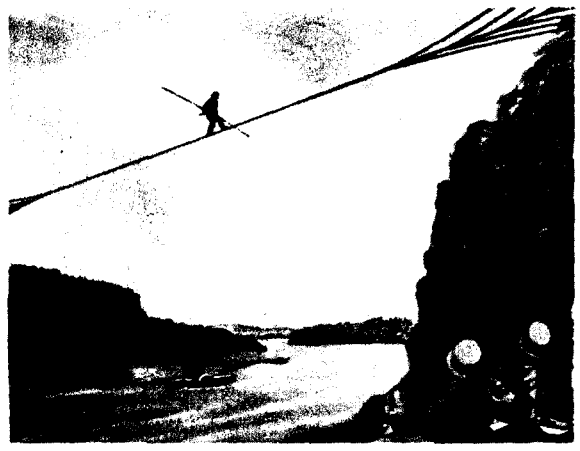
Niagara attracts more than brides



1859 **Beautiful Niagara** has been a magnet to daredevils, as well as honeymooners, since Monsieur Blondin skipped across the Falls on a 3-inch rope. The name Corby's came to Canada a year before this French expert drew crowds to watch his chilling antics.

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1928 **Over the Falls** with no damage other than minor bruises! Hard to believe, but it was done in an 11-foot rubber ball in the 70th year of Canadian fame for the name Corby's. Others had already dared breath-taking parachute jumps from the suspension bridge.

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respectfully, "My Lord." For it was easy to see that he was far above me in station.

"It comes not easily from the tongue," he said. "I am in thy debt, Ser Merchant. It were an ill thing had I come to my death in an alley at the hands of robbers."

"Nay, My Lord," I said. "Not robbers. There was one who stood somewhat aside and golden spurs were on his heels. Robbers wear not such gear. It was an assassination."

"Eyes that see," he said, "and an arm that strikes—that saves my life. By Hector and Achilles, thou shalt repent from being a merchant. I will make it my concern to find better work for thee."

"Nay," said I, "I am content, and I may not forsake nor neglect the business upon which my father sent me."

He looked at me with displeasure, but took from around his neck a chain, and the moon glinted upon jewels. "Take thou this, then," he said, "as a token of my thanks."

Now I looked him in the eye, for it made me angry that he should offer me reward for coming to his aid. It is not a service for which one may take payment without loss of respect for self.

"My Lord," said I, "that was not well done."

His eyes were fierce at the rebuke, but in a moment he smiled crookedly.

"It was not well done," he said. "I thought I understood men. But all men are different and worth studying. A commander who doth not know men is not fit to hold leadership. I would study thee, because something might be learned. From England, say you?"

"Aye, My Lord."

"Come then, and tell me about the realm of England. Doth thy pride revolt at drinking a glass of wine with me whilst we gossip?"

I pointed at the man who lay still at his feet. "Your servant," I said, "is dead."

"No servant of mine," he said, with scarce a glance downward, "but the clerk of a usurer. The watch will find him."

So I saw a certain hardness in this young man that did not please me, for I did not know the whole truth of the matter. I shrugged but was not content, for after all, men are men. and when they die they are not carrion like beasts, but entitled to burial and the rites of the church.

"I have given you my name, My Lord. It is not our English habit to drink," I said, "with men who do not make fair exchange."

Now he smiled, and broadly.

"The name," he said, "is Giovanni de' Medici. Some prefer to call me Giovanni delle Bande Nere."

"John of the Black Bands!" I said in English, and I was confused and abashed that I had spoken with such freedom to so great a lord and so famous a warrior, but he slapped me on the shoulder. "Come along, Ser Merchant, while I essay to make a soldier of you."

As we walked through the night toward the Salviati Palace, I busied myself with recalling what I knew of this young nobleman who had come to be acclaimed the first soldier of the age. In his veins ran the merchant-banker blood of the Medicis—the younger branch of that family who had so long ruled Florence without holding public office. But it was from his great mother that he derived those high qualities and warlike skills which had enabled him to revolutionize the art of war. His mother, daughter of the Duke of Milan, was a Sforza, a tragic, tremendous woman, who had wedded for her second husband Giovanni de' Medici, a bright, handsome man so dear to Florence that he was known as Il Popolano. And now her son, who walked at my side, had taken to wife Maria Salviati, granddaughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent. So, in their son Cosimo was united the strain of the older and the younger Medici branches. And that, in the complex politics of Tuscany, was a dangerous thing.

MY LORD took me to a room richer than any I ever had seen before, its walls embellished with marvelous paintings and tapestries, and there he seated me as if I were his equal, and called for wine. Though he was brusque in speech, nevertheless there was a quality in this young man which gave you ease in his presence and compelled your liking. It was this quality, I was to learn, that caused every soldier in the Black Bands to hold him as companion rather than as commander. Yet he could be terrible in his anger and merciless.

"Tell me of your English soldiery," he said abruptly. "I have never fought against them to test their mettle. What arms do they handle best? Accounts of your archers have reached my ears."

As best I could I described such matters, how our archers were required by law to shoot at the butts from childhood, and how all men were required to own arms and gear. He asked sharp, knowing questions and was impatient if my answers did not go deeply into every matter.

"And you," he asked, "have been so trained in the use of weapons?"

"As was my duty, My Lord."

"I suppose there must be merchants and bankers and churchmen," he said,

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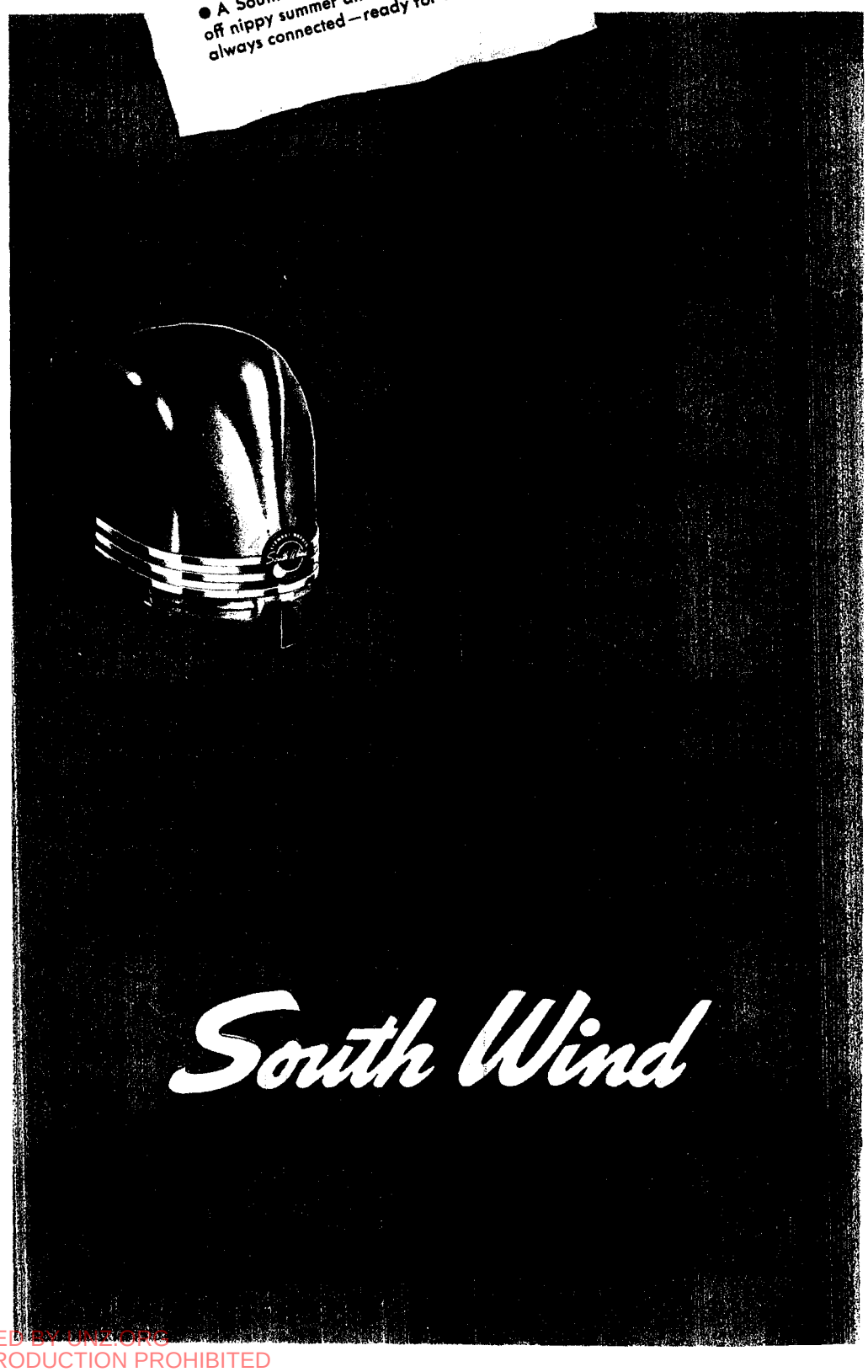

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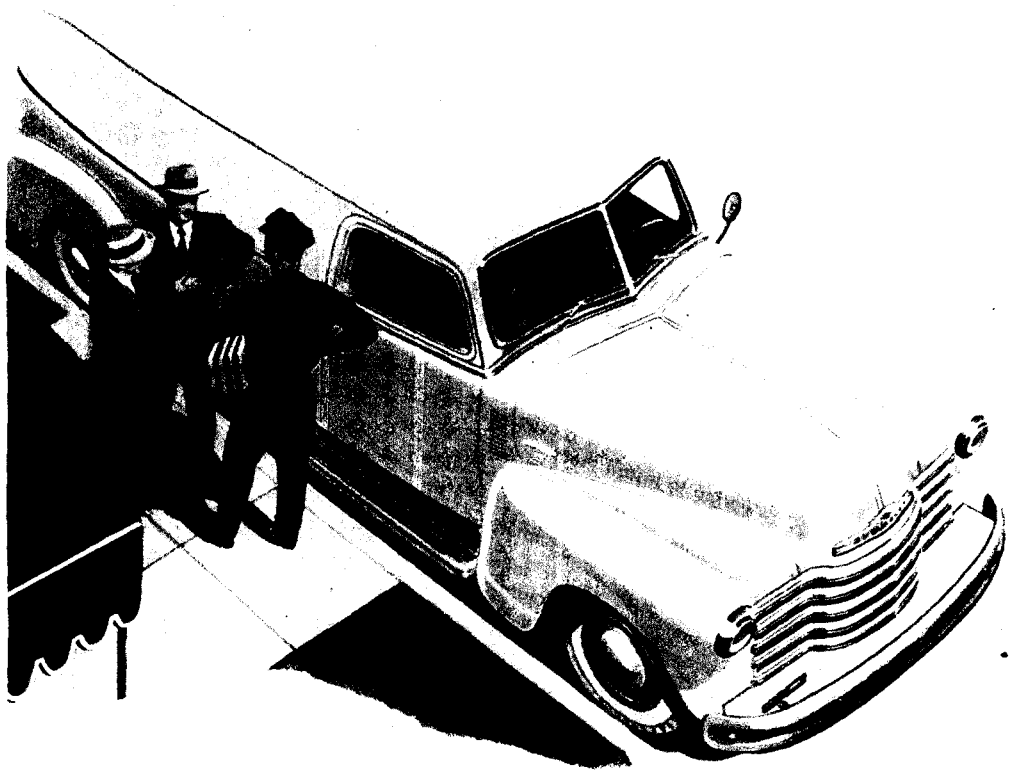

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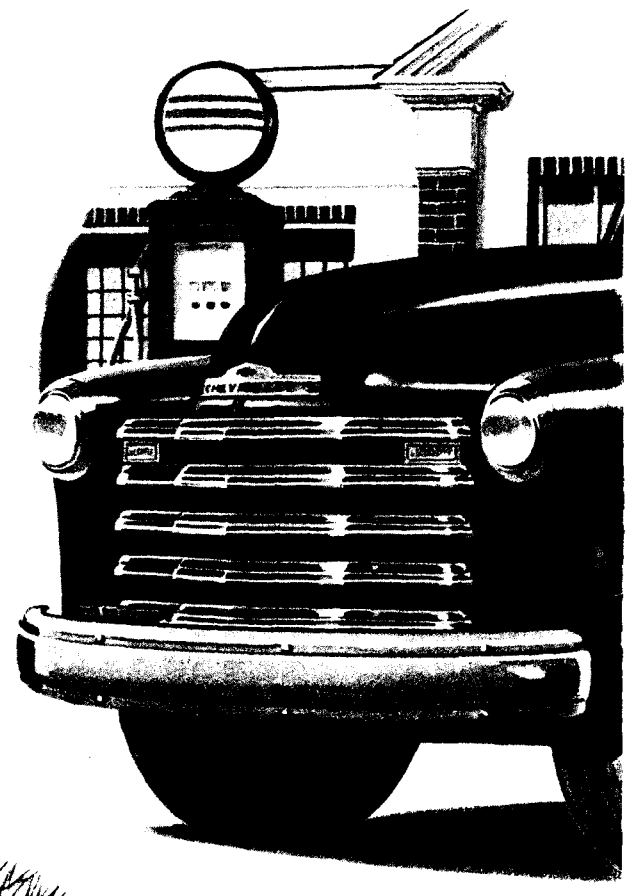

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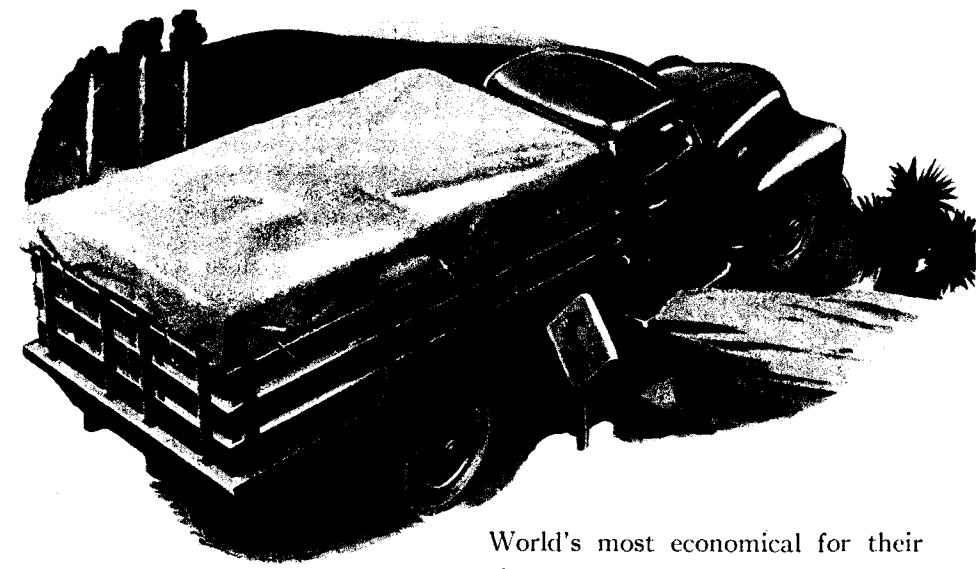

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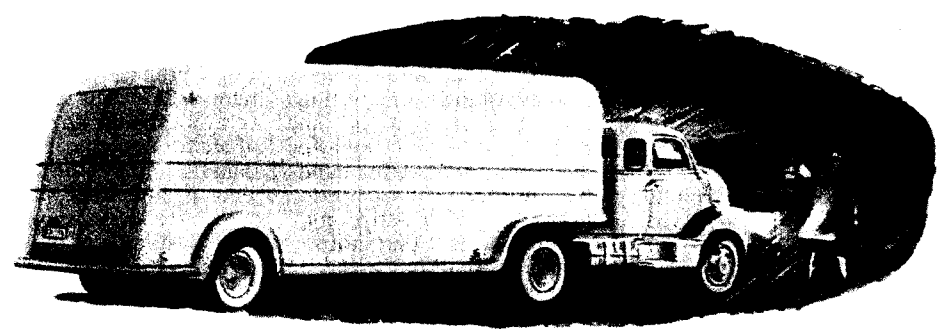

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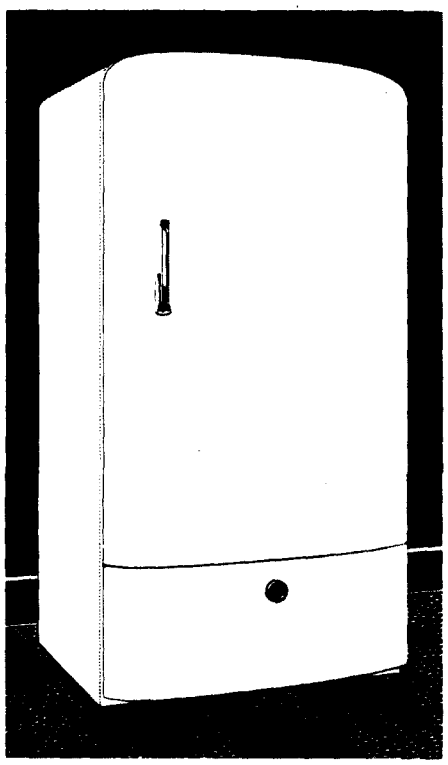

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"but they should be chosen from men of less stature and breadth of shoulder than you, Messer Englishman. God formed you for war, not for peace. It is a sorry waste of muscle."

As he spoke, there came into the room a woman, scarce more than a girl, with sweet, sad face and brooding eyes.

"My Lord," she said softly, "thou art safely returned!"

"Aye," he answered, "thanks to the cudgel of this young man whose name I ill pronounce. But for him it had gone badly for me."

She fixed sad eyes upon me and studied me as if she would read my inmost thoughts, and then she smiled and was beautiful. "I am bound to thee in gratitude," she said, "for my husband is most dear to me." Then as if were necessary that she understand the ins and the outs of it, she asked, "What moved thee to come to the aid of My Lord?"

"He was one, set upon by many."

"A strange reason," she answered musingly, "and one not easily understood." She turned away from me to her husband. "It is your nature to trust," she said gently. "Hast bethought thyself that this could be an artful manner of opening thy friendship to an enemy?"

"Thou shouldst have heard the skulls crack under his cudgel," he said gaily. "Therein was no sham. In all other things I may be simple, my Maria, but not in the reading of men's eyes."

She came closer to me and looked up at me as I stood, and she nodded thrice. "Indeed," she said, "it is a plain, simple face, without guile. It moves me to put my trust in him. When didst arrive in Florence?" she asked.

"This day at sundown," I answered.

"Thou had best leave it before sunup," she said gravely, "for thou hast thwarted some dangerous man and earned his enmity. No small man would dare attempt my husband's life. A rat doth not assail a lion."

"Among them was one with golden spurs," I said.

"My sweet Lord," she said to her husband, "thou art safer in the van of battle than in this evil city. Let us begone from it. I say to thee again: the Pope seeks thy death. Thy shadow is across the path of his ambition. This thing was done by creatures of the Cardinal."

HE SMILED disdainfully, "Passerini would not dare," he said. "The Pope knows I have no desire for the rule of this city, but only that in return for services rendered he shall grant me the lordship of some small state whose revenues will keep us from poverty." He glanced at me and smiled. "I have no skill with money. It doth trickle through my fingers."

"Why, My sweet Lord, doth Clement employ thee so constantly on perilous enterprises? For this one reason," she answered herself, "that he doth hope for thy death in battle and so save his hands from the guilt of murder."

"The business of a soldier is fighting," he said sententiously. "If I keep not my bands employed, who shall pay and feed them?"

"I know. I know. It were waste of breath to warn thee." The Madonna Maria passed sadly from the room, and I could see that she was not happy in her love for Giovanni, living ever in fear.

"Women! Women!" said My Lord ruefully. "But in one matter she has the right of it. Florence is not safe for thee." He came to me and clapped me on the back. "I like thee, Ser Englishman. Come then and take service with me, and I will advance thee, for thou hast the look of a captain in thine eyes."

"Nay, I may not," I answered. "I am charged with business matters."

"I have a feeling within me," he said, "that we shall see each other again, and that there is a bond between us. Shall I send escort with thee to thy lodgings?"

"There is no need," I responded. "Good night, My Lord."

He clapped my shoulder again. "Should the need come for sanctuary," he said, "thou will find it—and a welcome—with the Black Bands. Good night, Pietro."

Thus I parted from him and was shown to the street, and I passed along the Corso and toward the quarter of the city where I lodged. As I made turning after turning I was aware of a black shadow that followed at a distance, but it was only one, so I had no fear of it.

I AWOKE refreshed but bemused that I, a stranger and a merchant's son, could, by merest hap, have played a part in the things that befell last night; and that I should have sat in friendly talk with so high a person as My Lord Giovanni. I dressed and had my morning meal with the Bratti family and found the younger members thereof arrayed in fanciful garments and each with a little mask.

"The city," said Bratti, "makes carnival today to honor the orators of the French king."

By orators I understood him to mean what we in England call ambassadors, and wondered what business was forward between long-nosed Francis and the state of Tuscany.

" 'Twill be a joyous sight," said Bratti's wife, "and wondrous. With procession and booths in the piazza and all in high humor playing pranks. Find you an early station, Messer Pietro, that you may miss none of the spectacle."

"I fear," said I, "that I must give this day to my father's business."

"Florence will see scant business transacted this day," said Bratti. "The heart and center of it will be the piazza before the *duomo* whither the orators go."

Nevertheless, determined to forward my father's affairs, I went to the place where the Calimala carried on its transactions, and there, to my good fortune, I found certain important members of the guild and was able to discuss with them the moneys owed to our house as well as the shipment of woolen cloths to this city in the future. It was a beginning, and I was content. Wherefore it was with clear confidence that I gave the rest of the day to enjoyment and the marvels of the fiesta. The great piazza was a place to wonder at, for it was covered by a roof of blue fabric upon which was sewn a multitude of red lilies—the insigne of the city—and with numerous coats of arms. And everywhere were flaming banners in sheaves, and the faces of the buildings were hidden under draperies of all the colors of the rainbow. Troops of imps and demons and grotesques jostled through the crowd making merry with rough pranks, and none offered to halt them from their mischief. Also there were booths for the sale of trinkets and others for sweetmeats, and conjurers, and animals that performed with the intelligence of humans.

As I stood and gawped I saw a comic figure jostling and bunting and shouldering its way through the throng, and it was not easy to make out if it were human or ape. But for the high turban atop its pate it would not have reached to my waist, and its little legs were like two bows and its ears were so large they seemed to flap. The face turned toward me and the eyes, to my thinking, recognized me. Whereupon the dwarf butted an innocent citizen in the stomach and darted away as if in sudden alarm. As he fled I followed, for I be no Christian and Englishman if it was not the pygmy John-Peter, whom I had caught in our forest and who should at this moment be tending sheep on our farm at home.

At last I caught up with him and reached down for his collar to grasp it. Whereupon he turned and made to bite me on the knee, but I fended him off and clung to him as he squirmed.

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"How come you in Florence, John-Peter?" I demanded.

He looked up at me insolently and thrust out his great pink tongue at me and squeaked at me, "Unhand me, great animal. I know thee not."

But my fingers held him. "Where is Betsy, thou imp of Satan?" I demanded.

"I wot of no Betsy," he squawled. "Let me go or I put a spell upon thee that will cause thy hair to fall and thy flesh to rot, and donkey's ears to grow from thine head."

This was no pleasant hearing, for he was unnatural, and who knows what evil such as he may possess? But I persisted nevertheless, protecting myself from black magic with the sign of the cross. "Is she safe at our farm?" I asked.

But suddenly there was a great surge of people, shoving and jostling, and I was put to it to keep my feet. John-Peter gave a mighty squirm and escaped from my fingers, and before I could grasp him again he dropped to all fours and crawled away between the legs of the mob.

Now here, I thought, is a mystery, and could put my mind to nothing else in spite of the coming of the procession. I scarce saw the troop of men twenty feet tall who strutted on stilts, or the company of red demons with tails. I did take note of the fine riders who followed, and of the orators dressed in the French manner and very foppish, and of the boy who rode between them upon a white steed with his arrogant, sulky face and small eyes, and garments flashing with jewels. It could be none other than the lad Ippolito who the Pope meant should rule Florence when he gained sufficient years. I gave scarce a glance to the narrow wolfish face of the Cardinal Passerini, sent by Pope Clement to govern the city while the boy studied his books.

I did not then guess that this Cardinal and I would have more business with each other than either would get pleasure from.

Now here was a puzzle! Not that the girl Betsy and her manikin had been clear as a forest stream from the beginning, though I had been too occupied with other matters to think much about it. As is the way of youth. I had snatched her up out of the woods much as I would have done with a stray kitten in distress.

I am not shrewd nor quick, and am like to be deceived by smarter folk in the beginning. But now I began to think on the matter. I saw that it had been a large expense to have a pavilion at a fair and that no mere teller of fortunes would abandon such property out of hand. Also it became evident that the law would not trouble itself about a seller of charms unless there were grave reason for it, and I felt through my clothing for the charm which she had given me, and began to doubt if there were more politics than magic mixed up with it, and to ask myself ruefully if I had not been made a cat's-paw, and why my baggage had been searched by the friar, and what trouble I had let myself be drawn into.

In those days, with wars and scheming between nations, it was not so easy to travel from country to country. But here was the dwarf come from our farm to Italy almost as quickly as I had done, which meant he must have had powerful assistance and money in hand. And I much doubted if he would come alone. I bethought me that if John-Peter were here in this great throng, his mistress would not be far away. Whereupon I resolved to look into every stall, because if she had pretended to be a teller of fortunes once, she might be doing the like again. Because I wanted to rid me of the charm she had foisted upon me, deeming it an unsafe thing to carry, and to speak my mind to her forthright about taking advantage of my gullibility.

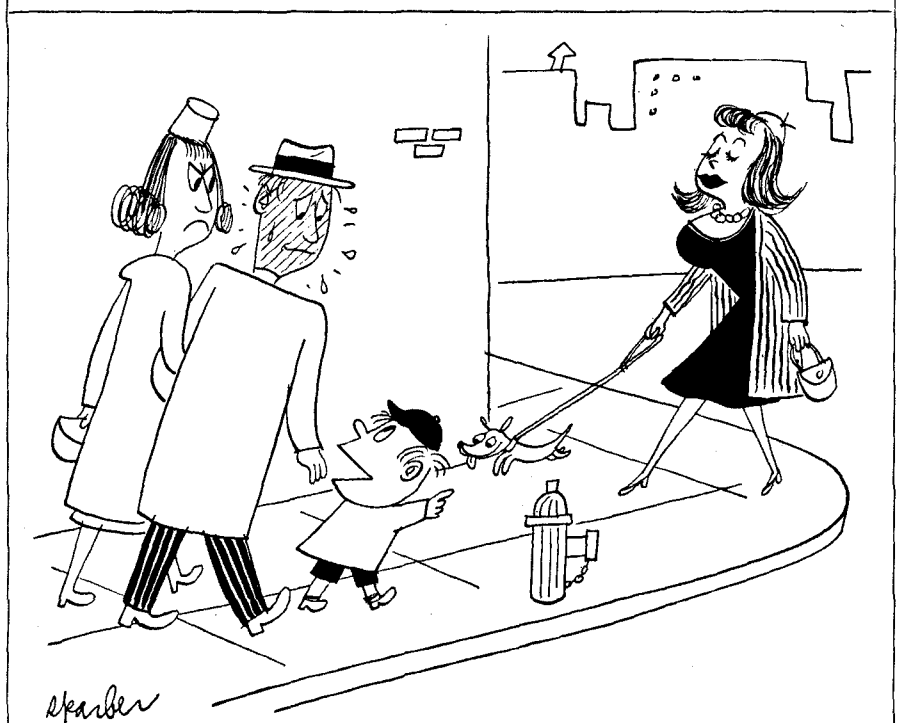
I THRUST my nose into every stall and tent and pavilion, and though there were many sellers of nuts and sweetmeats, and of sands from the River Jordan and pebbles from the foot of the True Cross and knuckle joints of martyred saints, and all manner of folk, none of them all resembled Betsy. Nor caught I another glimpse of her manikin.

The spectacle being over, the citizens of higher degree betook themselves to their homes leaving only the mob to make riotous use of the license common to a carnival. I stayed my hunger with milk and sausages and, vexed at my failure to find the girl, I turned my face toward Bratti's house sulkily. I walked southward, passing the house where the supreme Dante had lived, traversed the Piazza della Signoria and was halfway along the towering walls of the palace when I saw a long-legged apprentice boy leaning against the stones of the wall. His hood was over his head, hiding the most part of his face. As I came abreast of him he spoke in his soft, Italian voice.

"Englishman!" he said.

I halted and faced him. "What will you?" I asked.

TIMMY by HOWARD SPARBER



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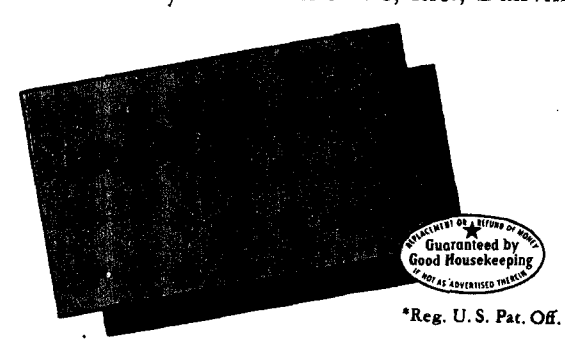

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"Go not home, Englishman," he said. "The street about Bratti's house is crawling with armed men."

"What is that to me?"

"Whether they be sent by the Eight," said the boy, "or the Cardinal, I know not. In the end it would be the same." He drew his finger across his throat.

"I have no quarrel with either Cardinal or Eight," I said. "These armed men, if armed men there be, have no business with me."

"Art a great fool," said the boy sharply. "One was found dead and three with cracked pates last night."

"How know you this?" I asked.

"What matter? It is sufficient pretext."

"Who art thou that warns me?"

"What matter?" he repeated. "So long as thou art warned. Take to thy heels and pass the city gate before sundown. Buy thyself a horse, if thy purse be full enough, and ride swiftly."

"I have no guilt. And there is important business for me in Florence."

"There will be important business for thee in heaven," he answered. "Thou hast meddled in things above thine head." He waved impatiently with his hand in the direction from which I had come. "Hast thou moneys?" he asked.

Now a hand, as I have said, bears features distinctive as a face if you but take the trouble to observe them. The hand of this apprentice lad was not stained with dyes nor calloused by the use of tools. It was slender, with fingers that tapered, and nails the shape of almonds. It was a hand I had seen and studied and remembered. I reached forth my own hand and pushed back the hood from his face.

"Well, Betsy," I said triumphantly, "it appears that I have found thee."

HER hair tumbled and her face flushed prettily. "A curse on thy sharp English eyes," she said shortly.

"In what guise wilt thou next appear?" I asked. And then, "Is it my skin that troubles thee, or the charm thou didst cozen me into smuggling out of England and into Italy?"

"It is safe? Thou hast it upon thee?"

"Aye," I said. I frowned. "What manner of lass art thou, first a witch, then a serving maid, now a 'prentice boy? I like maids that be simple and honest and modest."

"I am none of the three," she said.

"Thou art one," I said severely, "that would let the throat be cut of one who hath shown thee kindness."

"There be necessities in life," she said, "and one must use what tools come to hand. Give me the charm."

"Nay. If you speak truth indeed, and armed men await me, it may purchase my life."

"It would bring torture on the rack before death," she said.

"Let your eye meet mine so I may read if there be truth in thee," I said, and she looked with level gaze into my eyes. "Are there armed men? Is my life in danger?"

"In sharp peril," she answered.

"Which thou hast brought upon me."

"That is as may be," she answered.

"If I flee," I said, "whither shall I go?"

"To Trebbio," she said.

"Wherefore?"

"It is the castle of Giovanni de' Medici," she said. "Methinks thou hast made friend of him. His Black Bands will give thee sanctuary, even against King or Pope."

"Art not thyself in danger?" I asked.

"I am ever in danger," she said impatiently. "Haste thee." Then her eyes widened. "Quick! Give me the charm. Thou hast babbled till it is too late."

I was aware of liveried men wearing swords approaching from both ends of the street and saw there was nothing to do about it. Speedily I snatched forth the charm and put it in her hand.

"What can be done for thee shall be done," she said, and slipped away, and because she was but an apprentice boy and of no moment to anyone, the men did not stay her as she passed but came down upon me fiercely.

"Thou art the Englishman Pietro Carew," said their leader. "I'm bidden to invite thee," he said, "to dine with His Eminence, the Cardinal."

It went against me to show appearance of fear to any foreigner, so I smiled and gave answer, "Thanks to His Eminence for his hospitality."

Whereupon they placed me in their midst and led me away.

MY CAPTORS hustled me across the piazza to the Medici Palace. I was taken up broad stairs and into a splendid apartment, rich with tapestries and frescoes and the pictures of the great masters of the age which had been painted under the patronage of the Magnificent Lorenzo. In a chair before a wondrous desk inlaid with ivory sat His Eminence, Cardinal Passerini, and sitting sulkily, with silken knees crossed, was the boy Ippolito. I liked not his face, though it was not unhandsome. Arrogance and selfishness and self-indulgence were mirrored upon it, and I was sorry for

COLLIER'S "Take that, and that, and that, you cad!" AL ROSS

Florence when he should come to rule it. The Cardinal peered at me through slitted eyes; it occurred to me that he seemed the result of the mismating of wolf with jackal.

Ippolito glanced at me with no great interest and ate sweetmeats. The Cardinal beckoned with white, jeweled hand for us to approach.

"The Englishman," he said in a soft, almost feminine voice.

"It is he, Your Eminence," said the captain of my guard.

He dismissed his ruffians with a gesture and his thick-lipped mouth twisted into the shadow of a smile.

"Is it thus you repay our hospitality, Englishman?" he purred. "By murdering our citizens within an hour of your coming?"

"Nay," I answered, not forwardly as would ill-befit my station, for one should ever show respect to those set so far above him. "I did no murder, Your Eminence. I stopped a murder from being done."

"It was not so reported to me. Reputable men inform me that you, being maddened by overindulgence in wine, did set upon peaceful citizens with murderous intent."

I remained silent, knowing it to be futile to deny his lie.

"Why art thou in our city, Englishman?" he asked.

"To collect certain moneys for my father, and to arrange for further shipments of woolen cloths," I informed him.

"It does well for a pretext," he said silkily.

"I be but a London merchant's son and have no business nor dealings not concerned with cloth."

"You were a convenient messenger," he charged.

"I be no messenger, nor otherwise than I have told Your Eminence."

He smiled upon me as if he would impress me with his kindness—as one who understands and condones the frailty of mankind, and especially the rashness of youth.

"Thou dost stand in great peril of thy life," he said. "I would see thee come to no harm. Aye, my child, I would see thee emerge from this matter with some fair reward. His Holiness hath a generous hand toward those who serve him and I myself am not powerless to grant favors."

"All I ask, Your Eminence, is to be set free to go about my urgent business."

"For instance," he said sleekly, "if thou would but tell me who placed in thy hands some letter or document, and to whom thou didst deliver it." He bent forward and his face was stern and awesome. "I say to thee, young Englishman, that a letter of prime importance from a great personage in Italy to a great personage in England hath been filched. It doth contain perilous words. There is in it that which is powerful to do harm to Church and State did it fall into certain unfriendly hands."

It was made clear to me now why the girl Betsy had been hunted and harried from her pavilion at our fair, and more. I remembered how, in foretelling the future for me, she had prophesied a journey to a far country. She must have known of my father's intention to send me upon this mission and, knowing it, had come to cozen me into being her unwitting messenger. Also it had been Wolsey's men who attempted her capture, so without doubt the letter had been stolen from him. My anger flamed against her for thus treacherously misusing me and bringing me to this pass. Yet, little as I liked her, I could not bring myself to betray her, for she was young and fair and very exciting to think upon. Also I was commencing to hate this man who toyed with me like a cat with a mouse, and stubbornly I resolved to thwart him if thwart I could.

"Thou hast had time to think it over, balancing the evil consequence of obduracy and the benefits of openness and honesty," he purred. "Come. I would stand thy friend."

"I repeat, Your Eminence," I said politely, "that I am but a merchant in woolen cloths and ignorant of matters of State."

Young Ippolito spoke for the first time. "Thou'lt get nought from him with words," he said sulkily. "A few turns of the wheel will loosen his tongue." His own pink tongue licked his lips as if he would take pleasure in my stretching upon the rack.

The Cardinal disregarded him. His eyes were glinting slits, and fury swelled his neck. "Didst deliver that letter to Giovanni de' Medici last night?" he demanded harshly.

"I delivered nought to him," I said stoutly.

"You went to him without delay upon your arrival in Florence."

"I went not to him," I said. "Our meeting was by chance. Your Eminence," I said, "will have many eyes and ears in this city. They will have reported to you the manner of my meeting with him."

He drew a great jewel off his white finger and held it so the light played upon it to make it sparkle. "This stone," he said, "would purchase a shipload of your woolen cloths. It is thine," he said sleekly, "together with enough of its relations to make thee rich beyond thy dreams, for the slender service of speaking the truth—which is the duty of every Christian man."

"I have spoken the truth at no expense to thee whatsoever," I answered.

"Stubborn courage and loyalty to a master," he said, "are qualities of value They are worth a price. What fee hast thou already received? I will double it."

"I tire of so much talk," young Ippolito said sulkily.

PASSERINI turned to him indulgently. "It is the business of one destined to rule," he said, "to learn the art of words. They are sharper than arrows, stronger than ramparts. It is more profitable to win a negotiation than a battle."

"Here is neither negotiation nor battle," said Ippolito, "but a clown who has inside him information that we would get out. If you want the meat from a nut you must crack the shell." He turned upon me and his insolent, cruel eyes were hungry. "Didst ever hear screams of agony come from the throat of one stretched upon the rack?"

"Nay, Your Lordship," I said.

"It is a sweet sound," he said, and again licked his lips.

"Youth is impatient," Passerini said casually, "but sometimes, in the end, it must have its way. For the last time of asking, wilt enter my service and be richly rewarded, or remain obdurate and have thy bones unjointed? Or choose a middle ground and but name the name of him in England who gave thee the letter to deliver." Then, speaking more to himself in a musing sort of way than either to me or to young Ippolito, he said, "There is one who burrows underground and stirs up the people and thwarts well-made plans. Someone who doth steal secrets. Aid me to find that one and I will give thee a lordship."

"I know not such a man," I said. "I know him not."

"I fear," he said catlike, "that My Lord Ippolito must have his will with thee."

"Not rack nor thumbscrew," I said earnestly, "can make me disclose what I do not know."

He made the gesture of washing his hands of it, and Ippolito grinned like a young wolf.

"To the Bargello?" he asked.

"Nay, My Lord, we must act within the law. It is for you, as it was for your ancestors, to observe the forms, and rule, not by force but by love. He shall go to the Eight, lawfully chosen by the people to dispense justice."

"A day will come," said Ippolito sullenly, "when I toss away such shams."

Passerini sighed and rang a golden bell

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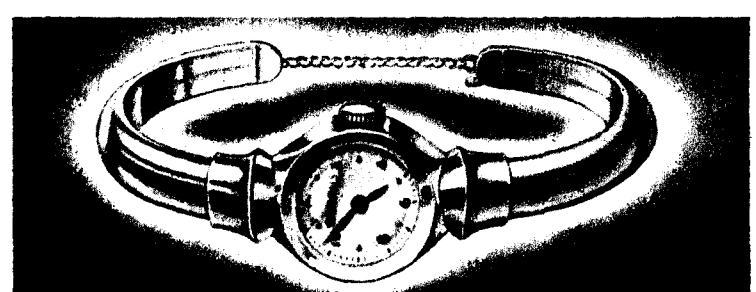

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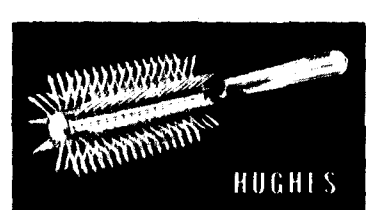

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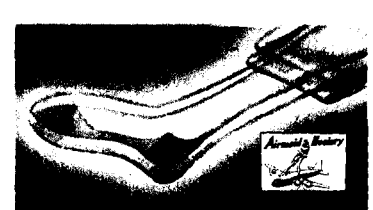

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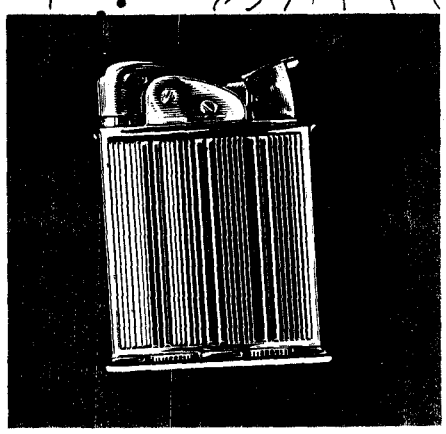

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and the men who had fetched me came again into the room. He motioned toward me, "Take him to the Eight," he said. "I will advise with them how to deal with him." Then to me, "Thou hast brought it upon thine own head," he said with mock sorrow.

I was conducted from the room and down the stairway and through the courtyard to the street. The sun was lowering into the west and I wondered if I were seeing it for the last time, and was hopeless and most forlorn, and fear of torture and of death rode uncomfortably upon my shoulders. It did not seem that I could have saved myself even by telling the Cardinal what little I knew. It was not a tale that demanded belief: that a fortunetelling hag, who was none other than the girl Betsy, had given me a charm to protect me on my travels, and that it had been returned to her in the guise of an apprentice boy.

My thoughts were bitter toward the girl Betsy, whoever she might be and whatever devious game she played with me as a pawn. I thought most despitefully of her and her treachery to me that had brought me to such dire straits. Yet, despising her and hating her, I could not stop from thinking about her.

The ruffians, there were six of them, placed me in their midst and jostled me along, shouldering their way through the streets still seething with merrymakers.

AS WE reached the corner the crowd pressed in upon us until my captors bellowed oaths at them and ordered them to keep their distance. And then there was a sudden surge as of a great sea wave, so that we were thrust into a little knot, unable to move hand or foot, and the men unable to lift weapon against the mob, which began to belabor them with cudgels. I saw one great man with bloody butcher's apron striking with the flat of his ax. Then hands grasped me roughly and dragged me away, so that I was no longer a prisoner of the guard but engulfed in the mob itself. It was the huge butcher who pulled me after him; bewildered at the suddenness of it, I held back and resisted him.

"Halt not till we be well away," he said in his coarse, rough voice. "I take thee to her. She commanded thy rescue."

"To her!" I exclaimed. "Who is she?"

"How should I know?" he growled. "Except that she commanded and I obeyed." He laughed a great bellow. "Not that I held back. Nay. We of the little people love a tumult. We Florentines are a most tumultuous people. What is so joyous as a riot? They think they rule us, these princes and cardinals and popes, but it is only so long as it amuses us. Here we turn to the left. Lengthen thy pace."

We passed through the Mercato, which is the great market place of the city and then, after many turnings, and with evening descending, we came upon an open space surrounded by a wall, which was the Boboli gardens on the Via Romana, and opposite the gate of the gardens was some edifice obviously erected for the purposes of religion and we crossed to its entrance.

"What place is this?" I asked of my guide.

"This be the Annalena Convent where dwell the little Dominican nuns," he said.

"Friend," said he, digging a huge thumb into his ribs," these pagan Turks have customs we who are destined for the Kingdom of Heaven might most profitably imitate."

With that he drummed impiously upon the big door, which opened slowly to disclose a nun in the habit of her order.

"Fare thee well, prisoner," said my butcher guide. "My duty is performed."

I would have thanked him for his service to me, but he was gone.

The nun made me a sort of curtsy. "Follow me, sir," she said softly, and I passed down long corridors flagged with stone until the nun paused before a bronze-studded door upon which she rapped gently; she was bidden to enter. She opened for me the door and stood aside while I went in.

It was a vast, square room with towering fireplace, and upon the floor a deep Eastern rug; upon the walls hung tapestries and in niches stood statues of holy saints. There was a long table with tapers to light the apartment, and chairs of embroidered velvet and handsome candlesticks of the height of a tall man. But my eyes passed over these with but a glance to rest upon the woman who stood in the center with her slender hand resting upon the back of a chair. There was a tight cap of crimson upon her head, covering her ears, and where each ear should have been were three large pearls. The bodice of her dress was low so that a neck of rare whiteness and slenderness was exposed above her rounded bosom. The dress, of rich stuff, was broadly striped, the stripes traveling from floor to shoulder. She was lovely and stately, her oval face with eyes uptilted at the corners, and wondrous high cheekbones. It was not the face of a fortunetelling hag, nor scullery maid, nor apprentice boy. It was not an English face, nor did it seem Italian, but of some strange and foreign people who dealt in magic and hidden things, and understood the matter of love to rob away a man's brains. I stared at her and she stared back at me without smiling or welcome.

"Is it indeed Betsy?" I asked.

"That name or another," she said gravely. "Didst fear I had abandoned thee, great yokel?"

"I knew not what to think," I said, "save that I hated thee for what thou hast done to me."

"When did you ever know what to think?" she said scornfully. "You were not born for it. Leave it to thy betters."

"By what means do you command the mob of Florence?" I asked.

"Because they are simpletons like thyself," she said.

"Yet I did stand thy friend in time of need, and with evil did you requite me."

"Evil or good," she said, "here thou art without scathe."

"But my father's business!" I exclaimed.

"A fig for thy father's business," she said. "Dost think I saved thee to traffic in woolens, or because thy skin was precious to me?"

"Once more," I said straitly, "I do not know what to think, except that thou art of a most bewildering wicked beauty."

"Good or evil," she said, "there is no beauty like to it. Beauty is a most useful quality. It serves me. I rescued thee because I have use for thee."

"I will not serve thee more," I said stubbornly.

SHE took three steps toward me and lifted up her face to mine, and smiled. It was magic but I did not bethink me to make the sign of the cross. My blood turned to water and my bones were soft within me. I thought, but to no purpose, of the witch Circe who lured men to destruction. She smiled more tenderly and stretched out her hand toward me.

"Wilt not serve me?" she asked softly. "Wilt not serve me, indeed?"

From head to heels I was shaking as though with the Roman fever, and my mouth was dry and my head was spinning. I answered, and the answer was drawn from me by some power I might not withstand.

"Serve thee?" I said. "I know not what spell thou hast cast upon me, but it is stronger than I. Let me but be thy servant and I care little what comes of it."

"Good may come of it," she said. "Evil may come of it. But whichever it be, before thou comest to thine end, thou shalt have drunk deep of the cup of life."

(To be continued next week)

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Smooth and Mellow Beer

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THE MAN WHO MADE FRANCO

Continued from page 42

laid the groundwork for the establishment of the German corporation known as "Rowak." Its chief in Germany was Frederick Bethke. Its representative in Spain and Portugal, the man who was to deal directly with Bernhardt, was Anton Wahle. Both Bethke and Wahle were high in the Nazi party and had known Bernhardt many years before, in 1924, when all three had been machinery salesmen in Argentina.

Rowak was to sell Hisma war materials. Some of the material would be sold openly. Some would be sent in crates marked "machinery."

Captain Arranz flew Bernhardt back to Tetuán on July 27th. Bernhardt had cabled the good news to Franco a few days before. When the two friends met they embraced warmly. On July 30th, thirty Junkers transport planes arrived in Morocco, piloted by crack Nazi aviators. In one week they shuttled Franco's 30,000 troops to the mainland. The march on Madrid began—it turned out to be one of the longest marches in history, taking over three years!

The first contingents of the Condor Legion arrived in Cádiz in mid-August, headed by General Hugo Sperrle and General Wolfram von Richthofen. Within a few months there were over 6,000 fliers and technicians in Spain.

Gaining Power and Prestige

As the war dragged on and German munitions shipments increased, Bernhardt's power grew. Franco began relying on him not only for supplies, but for advice on how to run the economy of his rear areas. Slowly and efficiently Bernhardt established a tremendous organization, building into it German technicians and businessmen.

He established a group of factories which dealt in raw materials that Germany needed—hides, minerals, wool, mercury and iron. Germans were placed at the head of some plants, Spaniards of others. Bernhardt was always careful not to hurt the national feelings of the Spaniards. Although every factory he established was owned by German capital, Bernhardt always recognized the value of nominal Spanish ownership.

Two examples of how he did this will be sufficient. When he established the Nisa Shipping Company he placed Captain Arranz, the pilot, at its head. When Bernhardt set up the Mauretania Company to exploit the iron ore of Morocco, he placed Colonel Fernando Carranza at its head.

By 1939, Rowak had shipped Hisma over 400,000,000 reichsmarks' worth of munitions, and Hisma had sent back to Germany some 200,000,000 reichsmarks' worth of Spanish raw materials. Thus Franco owed Germany 200,000,000 reichsmarks, plus another 100,000,000 reichsmarks for the cost of the Condor Legion. In addition he owed Italy about 150,000,000 pesetas.

Bernhardt and his fellow Nazis wanted Franco to win, but at no time did they let their enthusiasm cut into their profits. When Rowak sent shipments to Hisma, the German government, which owned Rowak outright, nevertheless charged it a fee for export licenses. Bernhardt didn't forget his own pocket either. He made a commission on every transaction handled by Hisma, in addition to his salary and his share of the profits as the principal stockholder.

It was not until Franco had won control of all Spain that Bernhardt was able to organize the whole of Spain's resources, the most important of which had been in Republican territory. One of the first things he did was to dissolve Hisma. In its stead he organized a new corporation and named it "Sofindus."

Sofindus and its affiliates controlled over 75 per cent of Spain's exports. In 1940 and 1941, Bernhardt established new mining companies, took over a well-established wine business in Málaga, and set up a fruit-juice factory in Valencia. To handle this vast empire, Bernhardt organized a complete transportation system. He took over established trucking and rail companies and brought in more trucks from France, Germany and Portugal. His fleet of trucks carried cotton, iron, wolfram, mercury, olive oil, leather, coal—every raw material Spain had. Sofindus functioned the same way in Portugal, establishing raw-material plants and shipping the material via Bernhardt trucks to Germany.

Bernhardt had the German transportation system at his beck and call. He ordered railroad cars to the Spanish frontier after France was overrun and shipped his material to the waiting cars by truck. His transportation companies had their own armed guards to fight off roving bands of Spanish guerrillas whose activities at the time were concentrated on blowing up the routes over which

"Watch this next guy. I saw him yesterday and, boy, can he hit curves!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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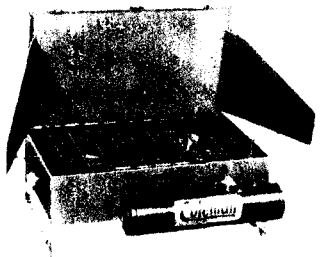
Two Other Coleman Outdoor Favorites

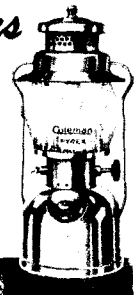
BIG MEALS IN A JIFFY...



For cooking big easy meals out-of-doors, you'll like the Coleman Folding Camp Stove. Lights instantly. Two burners, instantly regulated. Burns its own gas from gasoline. Folds up and carries like a suitcase. It's the smooth way to rough it!

FOR LIGHT AT NIGHT

Another favorite on nighttime outings, hunting and fishing trips is the Coleman Floodlight Lantern. Lights instantly. Safe—can't spill fuel even if tipped over. Wind proof. Rain proof. Floodlights a 100-foot area. Make it a "must" in your outing equipment—always be sure of dependable light.



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If she pouts like this

Instead of puckering like this

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Freshen up for close-ups! Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking. Always good taste!*

The candy with a hole—only 5¢

war materials were carried to Germany.

By 1942, Bernhardt had over 10,000 Spaniards on his pay roll, not counting the workers in the factories he owned. He opened a series of private bank accounts to pay off these Spaniards who were situated in various government administrative posts, the civil guards, the secret service and the army.

Thus Bernhardt found himself at the head of an organization which, in alliance with the Spanish Fascists and other Nazi organizations, ruled Spain. To cement this alliance, Bernhardt made sure that influential Spanish Fascists shared the wealth with him.

Among them was Dometrio Carceller, Minister of Industry and Commerce; José Antonio Giron, Minister of Labor; Carmen Franco, daughter of the generalissimo; Nicolas Franco, brother of the generalissimo; José Luis Arrese, general secretary of the Falange party; and General Saliquet, member of Franco's general staff and one of the group of generals who had first plotted the overthrow of the republic. This list of names is by no means complete.

Devious Ways of Making Tycoons

The manner in which Bernhardt helped make these Spaniards millionaires was not always direct. His factories, in one instance, controlled the output of cement. José Antonio Giron did not become a director of a cement factory; instead he became the owner of a construction company. This construction company was able to get a monopoly of the raw materials which were controlled by Bernhardt. Within two years Giron was a millionaire.

Dometrio Carceller was close to Serrano Suner, then the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Carceller had begun life as the son of a porter and had been a schoolteacher in his middle thirties. As Minister of Industry and Commerce he worked closely with Bernhardt. His ministry controlled the import and export licenses issued to all Sofindus affiliates. By 1942, Carceller entered the ranks of Spain's millionaires. Today he is one of Spain's richest men, and is a partner with the Socony-Vacuum Company in the Spanish oil company, Ciepsa. (Ciepsa, according to Socony-Vacuum officials, is a government monopoly in which the firm has a 50 per cent interest.)

Carmen Franco had her money invested in real estate. Nicolas Franco became a director in about twelve Spanish companies. The Franco family had been poor, but under Bernhardt's "guidance," Franco's daughter and his brother made "clever" investments and they too joined the ranks of Spain's new rich.

General Saliquet took over the factories which sold shoes to the Spanish army. Bernhardt's factories supplied Saliquet's factories with leather at good prices, and Saliquet became wealthy.

When the tide of battle began turning against the Nazis in Europe, Bernhardt prepared himself for the coming German defeat. He went to Lisbon where he changed pesetas into Swiss francs and hid large sums of money in Portugal, which the Allied powers know about, but have never found. He bought three huge haciendas in Spain under different names. Most of the factories which were openly controlled by Sofindus were given over in trust to Spaniards. He prepared as efficiently for defeat as he had for victory. He knew that Germany had made a comeback once before and he was convinced that she would do it again.

During the second week of April, 1945, while Red Army troops were racing through the streets of Berlin, a secret meeting was held in Bernhardt's offices at No. 1 Castellana, in Madrid. Present were Bernhardt, the Wilmer Brothers, Anton Wahle, and other top Nazi figures in Spain. A high Nazi official had flown in from Berlin to be present. I do not know his name. All I know is what transpired at the meeting. No notes were taken but one of those who attended did some unscheduled talking.

The decisions arrived at were these: The assets which were openly owned by either German capital or the German state would obviously be taken over by the Allied powers. Bernhardt would undertake to work with the Allied officials, giving them "full co-operation." He would tell them what was obvious, help them operate what remained of Sofindus, and await developments. The Nazis then were convinced that the differences between Russia and the Western Allies would break into the open sooner or later. When that happened Bernhardt and the other Germans in Spain would know what to do.

There were approximately 50,000 Germans then in Spain. Some were businessmen, some scientists and technicians, some were Gestapo agents, SS officials, members of the German Embassy. The Allied powers undoubtedly would want some of these men, and the meeting agreed that some would have to be handed over. Some others were to go into hiding and still others would be protected by Franco. In any event, the all-important thing was to hold on to what they had as long as possible—until the war took place between Russia and the Western powers.

About a week after this meeting, British and American officials in Madrid contacted Johannes Bernhardt. Germany's unconditional surrender was expected any day and the Allied Powers would soon be governing the country. Bernhardt was asked to turn over Sofindus and all its books. He agreed. According to these books, Sofindus controlled only 22 companies. The Allied officials formally took these over, with the exception of three mining companies. The Spanish government refused to hand over the mining companies, claiming they were owned outright by Spanish capital.

After Germany's surrender, British and American officials moved in on I. G. Farben, A.E.G., and other well-known German firms in Spain. By placing one or more directors on the boards the Allies established "informal intervention" in these companies.

Spain Protected German Assets

In a few cases the Allied governments had actual proof that shares of stocks were being held by Spaniards in trust for Germans. With this proof they were able to move in and take over other factories. But where we did not have documentary evidence, the Spanish government refused to give up a single German-owned or German-controlled factory. If we recall the close relationship between Spain's leading Fascists and German capital we will understand how difficult it will be to take over these German assets. Allied officials in Spain are still trying to unravel the vast network of Bernhardt's secret empire. It is doubtful that this will be accomplished so long as Spanish Fascists remain in control of Spain.

About one hundred Spanish factories which we know to be directly or indirectly controlled by German capital are still the subject of negotiations with Franco. Probably an equal number of camouflaged companies exist whose connections we cannot trace and will not be able to until a democratic government replaces Franco's.

At this writing all the German scientists and technicians who worked in Bernhardt's factories or in I. G. Farben and A.E.G. plants remain in Spain and are continuing their work at their former salaries. The apparatus which Bernhardt organized remains working nearly as efficiently as ever.

At present Franco is offering British

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and American businessmen great concessions in Spanish industry. American capital has moved in on the shipbuilding, aircraft and communications industries. British capital has always had huge investments in the north of Spain, in iron and copper mines, in hydroelectric plants, and it is increasing its investments.

This poses a choice for British and American businessmen. Shall they stop doing business with Franco's Spain and lose profits, or shall they continue to do business and make profits, and also, incidentally, strengthen Spanish and German Fascism?

Johannes Bernhardt believes that British and American businessmen *should*, by all means, continue to do business with Franco. He told me so during our interview in Madrid last fall. Bernhardt is convinced "it is of the utmost importance that Britain and the United States come to an immediate understanding with Spain."

Why is it of such importance? Because, answered Bernhardt, of the coming war between Russia and the Western powers. "I am sure there will be a war between Russia and the United States. The quicker it comes the better, because time is on the side of Russia and Communism."

Therefore an understanding with Fascist Spain is important if we want allies in this war against Russia, Bernhardt pointed out. He organized the economy of Spain during the war and placed it at the disposal of the German war machine. Now, he tacitly assures us, he can do the same thing for Britain and the United States.

Bernhardt gave me a statement for the United States and Britain. The statement is as follows:

"I was loyal to the German government, and now I am loyal to the Allied Control Council, which is now the legal government of Germany. I would like to be considered a friend. There is much we Germans can do. We are anti-Communists. We are people of culture. And we wait for the time we can work together for the common good. You must remember that Germany didn't want the war. All we wanted was to go as far as the Volga and stop there. We never wanted to fight England and the United States. We always wished an accord with Russia, but not an accord as equal to equal, but an accord that would recognize German moral and economic superiority. The Russians are Asiatics. We wanted to bring Russia under European influence. Perhaps it is not too late to do it."

Readers of this article may ask how this German, who played such a historic and decisive role in Spanish and German affairs, managed to keep his activities such a secret. One answer is that he was able to cloak his activities cleverly and he was always content to remain in the background.

The other answer must come from the British and American governments. The whole story of Johannes Bernhardt is locked in the files of the British Foreign Office and the U.S. State Department.

THE END

FRITZ WILKINSON

SPORTING ODDS

Ken Hicks, just out of the Army, was pitching a close one for Los Angeles. With a runner on first, he was all set to pitch to the next batter when the loud-speaker boomed out:

"Attention! The next . . ."

The Army had done a good job on Hicks. Instinctively, he froze into rigid military posture.

And the umpire had to call it a balk, moving the runner to second.

The New York Giants were playing Pittsburgh in the early days of Billy Terry's managership. With two on and Paul Waner, then hitting a cool .386, coming to bat, Terry and the entire infield huddled around relief pitcher Hy Bell.

"Pitch him outside," said Terry, who didn't want to get drilled by a line drive down the first-base line.

"No, I think it would be better to pitch him inside," said Johnny Vergez, who was thinking of what one of Waner's shots down toward third would do to his shins.

There was silence for a few seconds, and then Terry asked, "What do you want to do, Hy?"

"I think we'd all better scatter," said Bell gravely.

—Fred Russell, Nashville, Tennessee

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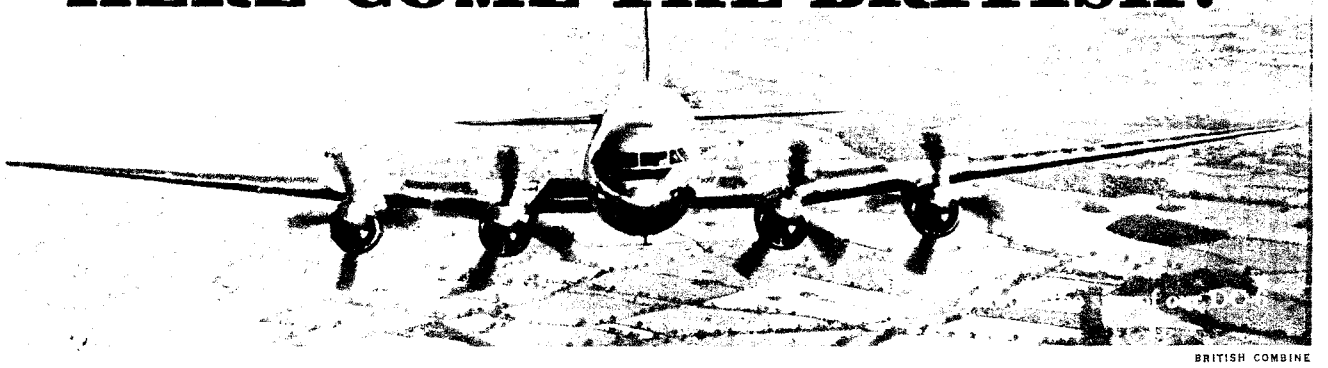
HERE COME THE BRITISH!

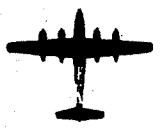


BRITISH COMBINE

IN JANUARY, 1943, the war in Europe was beginning to look a little better for us and people over here began to dream about post-war international air-line possibilities, but in bomb-wrecked London, His Majesty's government decided it was time to do something *then* if Britannia eventually was to rule the world's commercial airways as it had ruled the waves.

America stood between her and this goal. War-planning had prevented Britain's aircraft industry from building transport planes capable of development into postwar air liners like our DC-4 and Constellation, but we had the materials and workers to produce many such planes in addition to fighters and bombers.

Further, our growing Army Air Transport Command and Naval Air Transport Service at that time were opening up airways over most of the globe, many of which would have a high commercial value after peace. Our two- and four-engined landplane transports were amazing everyone by hopping oceans as easily as they hopped continents and the British reasoned that air lines of all nations would find it economical and advantageous to use this bountiful supply for a while after the war. So in January, 1943, was born the British plan and policy to take from America its leadership not only of globe-circling air liners but planes for shorter hauls on the Continent and in other parts of the world.



While the British were working on this, they concluded they'd have to buy American planes for their North Atlantic and European services and this they subsequently did by acquiring Lockheed Constellations for the New York-London route and war-surplus Douglas DC-3s (renamed Dakotas) for their European service.

Then they called in their foremost aviation standard bearer, an estimable gentleman named Lord Brabazon of Tara, the first Englishman to acquire a pilot's license, nearly 40 years ago. He flew with the Royal Flying Corps (predecessor to the RAF) in the first World War; subsequently served as Minister of Transport and is now president of the Royal Aero Club.

Lord Brabazon was directed to head a committee to draw up a program of types of civil air liners to be produced after the war for use by the government-controlled British air lines. However, the long, painful and expensive development work had to begin at once—provided it did not interfere with the war effort—and in short order His Lordship reported back a slate that embraced this startling objective:

One-hundred passenger, New York-London nonstop air liners, one each of landplane and flying-boat types, and weighing nearly 300,000 pounds or nearly three times as large as the Constellation. (Airplane people use gross weight poundage as the index to aircraft size.) The committee also determined upon an assortment of smaller air liners for the British Empire routes, Continental business and service within the British Isles.

When details of the Brabazon program filtered back to America, the initial step—to build the first planes with piston engines and propellers—was all but overlooked as excitement centered around a later and more audacious plan to equip these new air liners with pure jet-propulsion engines or prop-jets —jet engines whose hot-air exhaust spins a turbine attached to a shaft which turns the propeller. (The advantage of prop-jets over the standard piston engines is in greater power for less weight; smaller number of moving parts; compactness for streamlining and installation.)

The British are thoroughly qualified to attempt such a job for they developed and flew the first Allied jet-propulsion engine in May, 1941. As the war ended, they cut themselves another big slice of international prestige in jet-propulsion progress by shooting their Gloster Meteor twin-jet fighter to the world's absolute speed record of 606 miles an hour which they later raised to 616.

Then, just a year after V-J Day, they revealed the world's first air liner to fly on pure jet-propulsion power. It is a converted Lancaster night bomber, named the Lancastrian. Two of its four Rolls Royce Merlin piston engines were replaced by two Rolls Royce Nene (named for a river) jets. For take-off, all four were used, then the Merlins were shut down and the Lancastrian flew on the Nenes with an increased speed of nearly 100 miles an hour. Weighing only 1,630 pounds the Nene develops a thrust horsepower of 4,000, flying 300 mph at 10,000 feet.

Last December, the British prop-jet engine called the Theseus, after the Greek mythology hero, passed its government endurance test with a faultless run of 127 hours and is the first such engine in the world to achieve this high record of reliability. It holds Number One certificate of approval from the British government and already has flown extensively in a heavy bomber. It is the foundation at the moment upon which Britain's future air liners will be built.

Nothing that good has yet been done over here.

Our prop-jet engine was developed by General Electric and first flown in an Army Convair experimental fighter plane, the XP-81, in January, 1946. One year later it was flown in an experimental Navy fighter plane, the Ryan XF2R-1, but the remaining few planes and engines on order for both types were canceled because of limited experimental funds.

The Brabazon Committee's program was no smoke screen. It is an almost terrifying threat to American aeronautical ingenuity and if we don't begin to move now, our older and more stable aviation people see a fleet of Queen Elizabeths of the Air in operation in five to ten years.

America's aircraft industry, however, cannot privately undertake as ambitious a program as its British competitor. The millions of dollars involved in experimental and development work on just one new type are not in the treasuries of our plane builders. Their only hope is to adapt jet or prop-jet engines to existing models—no overnight job—and for engines they may have to turn to the British until our jet-engine industry catches up the lag, variously estimated as being from 18 months to five years.

Just as Britain had to pocket her pride and, even worse, spend scarce American dollars for Constellations, so are we going to build the successful Rolls Royce Nene straight jet engines over here under British license. Rolls Royce has selected Pratt & Whitney Aircraft of East Hartford, Connecticut, and has given it all manufacturing and sales rights for the Nene in this country.

Neither Pratt & Whitney nor Wright Aeronautical Corporation, our biggest builders of piston engines for air liners and combat planes, was permitted by the government to indulge in major research on jet engines while the war was on because of their heavy production work. This assignment instead was tossed to General Electric and Westinghouse, famous for their work in turbines, the heart of the jet engine. The latter will continue with their program of development while both Pratt & Whitney and Wright Aero move into the jet field with designs of their own.

The only way our aircraft industry, under present policy, can build new and radical jet and prop-jet air liners is through bigger and better Army and Navy contracts for jet combat aircraft, notably bombers and military transports. From these they can "extract" commercial versions for sale to air lines at reasonable prices, since the government pays the initial heavy development costs for the military model. That's one reason the Boeing Stratocruiser, our newest, biggest and fastest air liner, now being made ready for commercial service can be sold for $1,250,000. It was developed from the Army C-97 troop and cargo carrier which in turn was evolved from the war-proved B-29 Superfortress.

The policy being followed by the British to carry out the Brabazon plan is an open, direct subsidy. The manner in which American builders are to get competitive planes is also a government subsidy, but Britain's is productive of quicker results.

British hopes to capture the coveted and profitable New York-London air trade are geared to the gigantic and originally designated Bristol Model 167 now under construction and which since has been named the Brabazon I in tribute to that indefatigable pioneer airman, Lord Brabazon.

The Brab One, as it is popularly termed, is expected to fly early next year. The first model will be powered with eight 2,400-horsepower piston engines and propellers but the next, the Brab One B, is to be equipped with eight prop-jets.

An important trump card up the British sleeve is the huge 290,000-pound Saunders Roe Model 45, also known as the Saro, a 100-passenger flying boat to be sped through the air by 12 prop-jets at 350 miles an hour. The British have kept the flying boat in their program, though we appear to have abandoned it for commercial use.

The Brabazon Committee had its eye cocked in the direction of America when it laid down planes of lesser size and performance to block out American competition not only on the prize North Atlantic run but on more leisurely routes.

Built and flying are such types as the Vickers Viking twin-engined 24-passenger, 200-mile-an-hour air liners in which the King and Queen flew on their South African tour earlier this year. They are a worthy competitor in the foreign trade (and at British prices together with British trading methods) of the Martin 2-0-2 and Convair 240 medium twin-engined transports now being pointed for air-line service later this summer. Already the Vikings are replacing the Douglas DC-3s used since the war on British European Airways' continental services and by August this famous American air liner will be gone. Also in commercial operation is the DeHavilland Dove, a little twin-engined, short-range air liner carrying 8 passengers in cozy surroundings at 200 miles an hour.

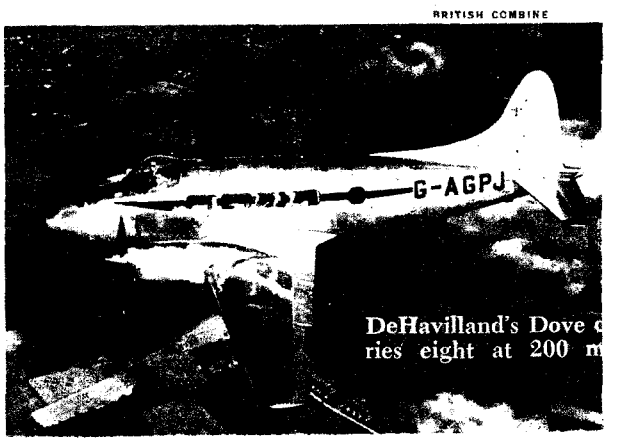
Now under test is the Airspeed Ambassador, a perfectly streamlined twin-engined beauty with wing atop the fuselage so its 40 passengers can see the ground from any window as they cruise at 240 miles an hour. Its route assignment is not as definite as that of the new Handley Page Hermes IV, called Britain's fastest air liner (cruises at 250), 25 of which have been ordered for British Overseas Airways Corporation's Empire routes from London to South Africa, India, Australia and China. The next model of this type is to be the Hermes V, with prop-jets which, they say, will give it a cruising speed of nearly 100 miles an hour faster and a range of more than 3,000 miles with up to 63 passengers at 30,000 feet. This is an added menace to the North Atlantic business with the distance between Gander, Newfoundland, and Shannon, Eire, only 2,000 miles.

The Avro Tudor I and Tudor II, in general about the size of our DC-6 but 60 miles an hour slower, are now flying and undergoing further development with piston engines and propellers.

Another attractive model now flying is the small, four-engined Miles Marathon, with seats for 20, speed of 200 and range of 1,000 miles. It is slated for prop-jet engines in its next edition.

Half a dozen or more other small to medium air liners are being built, some as combination passenger and cargo, others as freighters. They are not part of the Brabazon program yet they are competitive to American types and already are giving us a fight in the world market. ★★★

BRITISH COMBINE



DeHavilland's Dove c
ries eight at 200 m

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THE GOLDEN MESH

Continued from page 32

without a guide. As for this little man with the earrings and the muskrat face, he might be French and listen to reason. The Spaniards did not like Americans. They were under the impression that Louisiana, if it were given up, would be returned to Spain.

Trigg looked behind the man with the earrings. Under the hurricane shade of a lantern stood a young girl. She was not like the Creoles with their chalky faces and coal-black hair, but blue-eyed and pink-cheeked. And the ringlets were light brown. "Yes? You are looking for someone?" she asked brightly.

"Just looking for my way out of this swamp."

"There's no way out at this time of night. You better come in. Don't mind the mud on your boots and your clothes. All the more reason for you to come in and get warm."

He took another look at the man with the earrings. Either dumb, or at least unable to speak English, the webfoot showed his snuff-clinkered teeth in a grin, then slipped around Trigg and jumped down to the shell beach outside.

"That little fellow," Trigg said as the girl took his fox-skin hat, "he seems to belong here, but you—I didn't know there were ladies in this swamp."

"I came to see one of the family who had the swamp fever."

One of the family would be an Englishman, not an American, judging by her accent. "Then there is someone else in the cabin besides your—your servant?"

"I have no servants. I keep a millinery shop in New Orleans. There is no one here. See for yourself." She nodded to the lean-to, which was filled with muskrat traps, fishing gear, a trawl hanging over the batten door. "No one around here except old Po-po. He is a Cajun and has no politics. An American is as welcome as anyone." She went to a window and called out: "Po-po, come in here and boil us some coffee!"

"He is not the one who was sick?"

"The one who was sick is well now and has gone on his rounds to see other trappers. He is a fur buyer."

The Englishman he was pursuing was not old enough to be her father, Trigg remembered. But he could be her brother.

THE Cajun hobbled in and ducked into the kitchen, where he put on a pot and opened a brandy bottle. When he brought in the cups he put the final touch to the Creole coffee by squeezing the juice from a green orange. He might squeeze something else into it, Trigg thought, if he knows what brought me this far down into the marsh. Aloud he said, "Thank you very much, no coffee. I can't lose any time. Must get to New Orleans."

"At night?" the girl laughed. "How can you get anywhere?" Her laugh showed her teeth and a dimpled chin.

"If you could just set me right about the direction—"

"You wouldn't believe the direction I told you. New Orleans is west, but to get there you must first find the St. Francis River." She pointed north toward what is now Bayou Bienvenue. "It would take a long time if you started tonight. It would take forever, because you would never get there. You must have supper with us, then Po-po will fix you a bunk."

Po-po was already slicing garlic and onions in the kitchen. "That little fellow can guide me," Trigg said. "I'll pay him." He took some Spanish dollars from his money belt.

She called to the kitchen, translating this suggestion into Cajun patois. Po-po in answer twisted the cork out of a bottle with his teeth as if killing a chicken. "He has money enough, he says."

Trigg caught the spicy smell of jambalaya simmering. The salty sea cherries he had eaten had merely sharpened his hunger. "You are very hospitable, but I simply cannot stay for dinner."

"Or for breakfast, I suppose you think?" She was very cool about it, her smile seeming to say, "You will go when I let you go." It started a panic in his chest—the panic of being trapped. He took some more dollars from his belt and stacked them on a table like a gambler sweetening the pot. "I'm taking that pirogue I saw under your window."

"Then you can have your coffee when you come back."

He swallowed an oath. There she went again, taking it for granted he couldn't get away. She was right, he discovered, when he went out on the shell beach. The canoe was not there.

He swore aloud this time, then wiped the sweat from his forehead. He had felt hot and loutish when that girl stared at his tangled hair and hunting shirt and mud-soaked pantaloons. Now she had proved him a lout! He circled the cabin toward the kitchen door, intending to

"The passengers are growing ugly. Our club soda is all gone and there's something wrong with the movie projector"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

throttle that little muskrat; but under the window he caught the smell of thyme and bay leaves boiling. At that moment Po-po was pouring in the shrimp which he had already shelled and fried. Trigg's mouth watered as he remembered the jambalaya he always had when he flatboated down to New Orleans.

He could tell her the truth. She knows it all anyway because her brother—he was sure that's who it was—must have come here and warned her that he was on his trail, told her to hold him.

He circled the mud shoals in a vain search for the canoe. He could come right out with it and say: "Look here! We ran into a man dressed as a trapper. When we called to him he answered in good English that he had no time to talk to us. We chased him and he killed one of our men. We opened fire but he escaped—"

No, there was no use telling her all that. Even if she already knew it, it would be a reminder that her brother would be shot when caught.

"Yes, come in," she said when Trigg knocked once again at the front door. "Supper is ready."

She had changed her calico for a sack chemise. Perhaps, like her countrymen, she always changed for dinner; at any rate being a milliner, she knew how to look fashionable even in a trapper's mud-and-stick shanty.

Trigg said nothing about the vanished pirogue. Instead: "That member of the family you mentioned—the sick one who got well with your nursing—he was your brother, I reckon."

The blood drained from her cheeks, but her voice was steady, "What made you think that?"

"If he buys furs from these trappers he must know his way around at night. Thought I'd wait for him."

SHE took a moment to answer, getting a small box from the cupboard. "Then you may as well make yourself comfortable. Try some of this perique tobacco in your pipe."

Po-po, wearing a flower behind his ear, brought in the jambalaya. The girl sat down at the table, motioning Trigg to the opposite chair. A pretty girl and jambalaya! He swallowed hard. But, convinced that he would have to come to close quarters with Po-po sooner or later, he refused. It would not be right to accept their hospitality and then tomahawk the cook.

"But you will have some of this *ponal?*" she asked, filling two cups with Burgundy.

"I can't drink on the eve of battle."

She smiled from the side of her mouth. "I heard your general said he had never heard of a Kentuckian without a gun and a pack of cards and a bottle of whisky."

"So you found out I was a Kentuckian?"

Her eyes dropped guiltily. "It's your long hair and the color of it. I wonder how you would look with it trimmed. I'm a milliner, you see, and hair either on a man or woman is very important."

He stuck to his own subject. "Will you ask Po-po where he hid that pirogue?"

She turned to the webfoot and talked in gumbo. Po-po stood biting the stem of his flower thoughtfully.

"He said you must have seen a cypress log. There was no pirogue on the beach."

Trigg almost believed this lie. The canoe had looked like an alligator, he remembered. But it occurred to him that she might have interpreted the webfoot's remarks to suit her own ends. Trigg circled the dining table and followed Po-po into the kitchen. Holding out a handful of dollars, he said, "Pirogue."

Po-po took one of the coins and bit it; then, closing one eye, he put a finger to his lips. The finger—a mere bone eaten by shrimp juice—pointed to the shell beach outside the window. It was signal enough for Trigg to meet him out there.

"Did he accept your bribe?" the girl asked as Trigg crossed the main room.

"Yes, for a pocketful of dried shrimps."

"You will never taste shrimps again if Po-po takes you away in his pirogue."

"I'll sit behind him with this."

"You'll need that tomahawk for the plat-eyes and witches and moccasins."

"Thanks for the warning." He took another hard look at her. . . .

When he went out on the beach he found Po-po dragging the pirogue out of the cane.

Trigg got in, holding his tomahawk in readiness as he recalled that a pirogue can roll over as easily as the log from which it is hewn. Every stroke of the paddle almost capsized them; so did the tangle of branches and roots that scraped them.

Po-po kept paddling steadily, first along the winding bayou, then into a maze of alligator trails in which he seemed to smell his way, for there was no other sense which could have guided him. He worked skillfully and hard, and just as skillfully he suddenly capsized the pirogue and shot it through a mass of rotting roots into clear water.

Trigg was left far behind, waist-deep in the thick ooze, the mangroves reaching for him like live things. He wriggled out of the mire only to flounder through the murderous swamp grass which sliced his cheeks and hands and even his homespun. He longed for something solid to stand on or cling to but there was not even a floating log. As for that hollowed-out cypress log, the pirogue, he never saw it or the Cajun again.

But he saw the girl. She had taken care of that, hanging a lantern high up in the door of the cabin to guide him back. I'll go back to her or else just lie here and let the carrion crows pick my bones in the morning, he thought bitterly. She came out and helped him the last few yards.

"The jambalaya is hot," the girl said when he staggered in. Trigg wanted to accuse her of ordering her man to drown him, but as he opened his mouth he remembered she had given him fair warning after all. His open mouth must have made him look like a landed fish, he thought. The resemblance was probably heightened by his face, puffing and on fire from the grass cuts. The poison grass, the chills brought on by his long trek in the marsh and finally the ducking in the swamp ooze made him shiver and burn as if in a raging fever.

"An accident—pirogue turned over," he mumbled as he slumped to a chair.

"I'll fix your face and hands to stop the poison," she said, turning to the kitchen.

HALF unconscious, his chin on his chest, he was vaguely aware of her fingers rubbing his face with lye and bacon grease. It was her laugh which brought him out of his stupor. "I wish I could cut off this hair. Just two snips would fix it—"

"Oh, no you don't!" He struggled up, but ashamed at his sudden panic, he sank back again almost in her arms.

"That's it, rest your head back."

"I'm not going to sleep! You won't get my tomahawk or my hunting knife, if that's what you're chuckling over!"

"I was only chuckling at your face. You don't look like a Kentuckian any more. You look like a webfoot. I'll get you some dry clothes, then we'll eat."

He shook his head groggily. He was too sick to eat supper.

"Then take this and you'll feel better." She held a cup to his lips and without

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thinking he let the *pomal* fill his mouth. He swallowed it and the pleasant burn spread down his chest to his stomach then up to his head. It was then that he noticed her eyelids like velvety black moths fluttering. When she spread his hair back so she could rub the ointment on his forehead, he said, "That's one way to keep me here, rubbing my forehead. You should've thought of that the first time."

She pretended not to hear his mumbling. "You Kentuckians wear your hair so long—for strength, like Samson?"

"You'll find out about Kentuckians, you and your little man, if you try to hold me prisoner." He thought he had shouted at her, but like voices in a dream, no sound came out. He knew he was a prisoner, for there was no hope of escaping the swamp without her help. He felt he was her prisoner not just until morning but forever. He was sure of it as he sat across the table, watching her fill his plate with jambalaya.

HE SHOVED the plate away, too sick for food, then reached for the cup she had just refilled. A good swig of the Spanish *pomal* worked on him until he reached for a shrimp, nibbled it. The taste of thyme and peppers made his mouth water. He finished the shrimp, then another. He was suddenly raging hungry and also dead sleepy both at once.

She could have drugged that Burgundy —but where would she get the drug? She's not like those women in New Orleans who rob a flatboatman for his money, he thought. She's doing this so I won't kill her brother.

He lifted his head and tried to focus his eyes on that dimple in her chin. This seemed to drive her off, for she got up and he noticed the tilt of her nose and the young throat as white as the crepe myrtle he had seen in New Orleans courtyards. She got behind him but appeared again on the other side, circling him for no purpose he could imagine except to spin a web.

He stood up and balanced himself. "You could do it when I'm asleep," he mumbled half to himself.

"Do what?"

"Cut my hair—and get my knife and rifle gun in the bargain. Perhaps you've got my bullets already." In a panic he fumbled for the bullets in his pantaloon pockets. "But I'm not going to sleep—not here."

He went to the door, jumped aside as he saw a thin figure stalking in mud. "Your brother—" He ran to the window, lifting his rifle gun.

The girl burst out without thinking: "It can't be my brother! He's not coming back!"

"No, he's buying muskrat furs, you said, or else taking information to the invaders."

Trigg should not have taken the time to jeer at her even though the man out there had not reached the shell beach. It was the girl who made the moment count, for when Trigg snuggled the cherry stock of his gun against his shoulder and beaded on the silver sight, a rope whipped down on his head—not one rope but many as the girl yanked a trawl over him from head to knees.

He swung around, flaying his arms—which merely entangled him further in the net. It acted like swamp grass. He was a fish for sure now, a crappie flopping on the floor boards of a skiff. Although he upset benches and tables, the girl stood by calmly, doing nothing until he tried to untangle himself with both hands. Then she slid his rifle gun out from the web and stepped to the door.

"It's not my brother," she repeated without a change of voice. "But you would be lucky if it were. My brother would give you a chance—but not this redbone." She turned to Trigg. "You get into that lean-to." He struggled to his knees, trying once more to free himself from the bag net. "Get in there I tell you!" she shouted. "That redbone is a guide for the British hunting parties and he'll know what you are with that long hair of yours!"

Trigg was not so sure he didn't prefer the redbone to this Delilah. There was no doubt about the girl's breed, whereas a redbone was neither black nor white, Indian nor Spanish but a mixture of all. Undecided for the moment, Trigg dragged himself and the trawl into the lean-to and the girl closed the door.

"I heard trouble in there!" a voice shouted from the beach.

"I tripped, chasing a muskrat," the girl called back. "What do you want here, Enrico?"

"I want a pirogue. A Dirty Shirt took mine." The man's voice was suddenly amplified as he stepped up to the cabin platform. "I smell jambalaya!"

Through a knothole Trigg could see him now, skinny and bulletheaded and piebald—the redbone who had pretended not to understand English when Trigg commandeered his canoe. Evidently he had waded and swum part of the way, for his smock dripped water and ooze.

"Today your brother ran into some pickets and they shot him and hit him in the arm—oh, you seem to know. Then he came here?"

Trigg could not hear the girl's answer, but he saw her nod.

"He had a dispatch for Pakenham, but he could not use his arm to paddle so he gave me the dispatch. I'll tell you—"

"No!" she interrupted quickly. "Don't tell me anything!"

"This general, Don Andres Jackson, he is boxed in without hope. I can tell you that much of it."

Ethan Trigg cut one of the strands of the trawl, then another.

"Why don't you sit down with me?" the redbone asked. "You're the prettiest thing ever seen in this marsh. Now why are you turning away?"

"I am going to boil some coffee."

"What's wrong with this *pomal?*"

"All right, have a glass, but not too much."

There was a gurgle of the bottle then a belch. "Your brother lives high."

"I said, please not too much. You have already had some tafia rum, if I know anything."

TRIGG'S mind was racing as he squirmed silently out of the trawl. What the redbone had said stirred his blood and made it pump and sing in his head.

Just beyond his door he heard the man muttering in an injured tone, "Why do you draw your hand away like that?"

"Because you are as drunk as a sea gull, that's why."

The man asked suddenly, "Is that Po-po in the kitchen?"

"No. Must be the muskrat again. Let go my hand, Enrico."

"Where did you get that rifle gun?"

"It belongs to a Dirty Shirt. One of Carroll's men, or maybe Coffee's. He's chasing my brother."

"Let me see it."

"No." There was a scuffle.

Trigg took his tomahawk from his belt. Let her think I'm doing this for her—the little hellcat! Let her think it's chivalry, not common sense!

He inched the door open. "What you doing, redbone, tussling with a fine lady?"

The redbone gaped like a gigged frog. He lifted one hand to ward off the tomahawk, his other fumbling for the pistol in his belt. Fire blazed from the nine-inch barrel as the tomahawk landed; an ounce ball roared, lopping Trigg's ear.

The pain came later, delayed like the pain from swamp grass. It came after the girl had fled and the redbone lay with the tomahawk inch-deep in his skull. Trigg sank heavily to his knees, propped by his arms, head hanging so that the

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blood drops splashed one by one on the redbone's smock. He searched the smock and the cottonade breeches, hunting with his fingers—his eyes were blurred with the fever and the wound had made him dizzy.

"Like a gull picking shrimps from a porpoise's back," the girl said.

Trigg wondered how she happened to be in the room until he opened his eyes and blinked stupidly at lantern light. He must have been unconscious for a long time, for he was sitting in a chair. When he tried to get up he discovered his arms and knees were bound by the wisteria which they used in that country for boat cables. Samson was helpless at last—bound with seven green withes.

As his eyes cleared he saw the girl's face, white as a wax candle, then a darker face over her shoulder. This was the Englishman, his arm in a sling.

There's something wrong with my head, Trigg thought. It's not this bandage soaked with *pomal* that makes it feel so cold—and so empty! He looked down at one shoulder then the other where his long hair should have reached.

"Got him gutted and gilled for market sure enough!" the brother said without smiling. "But if he was picking through Enrico's clothes he might have found something."

"I searched his pockets. That's why I tied him up—so I could search him."

The brother knelt down by the redbone's body. "The dispatch—it's gone!" He turned and with his good hand started pulling off Trigg's boots. "I'll find that dispatch if I have to take off every stitch of your clothes."

This might have been the reason for the girl's turning to the door. Whether it was a premonition of danger or modesty, she turned just in time to see what was coming. "A hunting party! Horses!" She stared harder. "Americans!"

The brother lifted his gun, pointing at Trigg's chin. "You'll tell me where you hid that dispatch, or else get this—"

The girl jumped in front of him. "Don't, Hal! He's my prisoner, not yours!" She chattered wildly, "He saved me from that drunk redbone and you aren't going to murder him! They'd find the dispatch on his body anyway—"

The brother swore, repeating what she said under his breath. "Come on—out this window!" he snapped. "My canoe's hidden outside."

As he climbed over the sill the girl held back, glancing to the door on the other side of the room. She could see the dragoons clearly now, as Trigg could see them, wading their horses across the bayou.

"Want to take me with you?" Trigg laughed. That might have been in her mind, considering the certainty that he had the dispatch in his clothes. "You want to keep me prisoner for life, is that it? Can't give me up?"

"You'll be a prisoner when I see you again in New Orleans," she taunted, darting to the window.

"When I see you there they'll still be singing Yankee Doodle!"

"Then drop into my millinery shop and I'll stick a feather in your cap!"

She climbed over the sill and by the time the cavalry pickets rode up to the cabin she was as safe as a muskrat in the cane.

Trigg recognized the officer dismounting at the door as one of Hind's Mississippi Dragoons. He had six men with him, one of them a swamp guide with a fuzzy marsh-bred pony—the kind they called half alligator, half horse.

"A dispatch," Trigg said before they could ask him what had happened. One of his boots was already off but he pointed with his chin at the other. "Inside my pantaloons—left boot."

THE officer found the dispatch and read it while a picket and the guide were casting off the knots in the wisteria. "It's to their general, Lord Pakenham, telling how simple will be the capture of New Orleans. Where did you get this, Trigg?" the officer asked excitedly.

"From the redbone on the floor—guide for a British courier."

"It gives the exact strength of our troops—Carroll's Tennesseans, Morgan across the river"—he ran his eye down the list—"Daquin's Negroes, the Choctaws, Lafitte's pirates, Coffee—" he grinned at the next item: "Total arms in New Orleans, twenty-five hundred muskets, seventy-five pistols! *That's* good news for Pakenham if he ever gets there!"

He folded the paper and tucked it in his blouse. "Get to your horses, men! And you"—he turned to the swamp guide—"take us straight to Chalmette!"

Trigg stretched the crick out of his legs as he stood up. The officer took his arm to steady him. "Tell us what happened while we're riding." He called to one of his men to help Trigg to a saddle. "What the devil happened to your hair?"

"It clotted my wound." Trigg thought up an excuse which might actually have been the truth. "The girl who doctored me wanted it cut even, being a milliner."

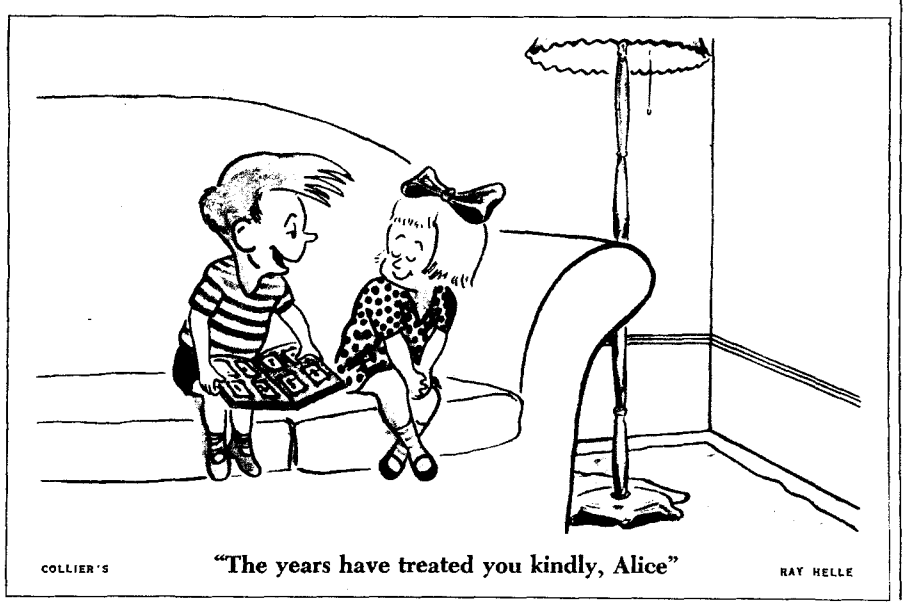
"And the wisteria ropes—who did that?"

Trigg blushed and lied, "She had a brother." Then suddenly he recalled a line of Shakespeare his mother had read to him as a boy . . . *a golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men.* But he swore to himself: When I'm with Old Hickory on the fire step I'll forget her.

But he contradicted this the next moment when the dragoon with whom he was riding laughed, "After the battle at Chalmette we'll make a spree in New Orleans,—a *bamboche*, as these folks call it. I know a girl—a Creole—"

"I can't make *bamboche*," Trigg said, a captive forever, "until I go see a milliner and get a feather for my hat."

THE END

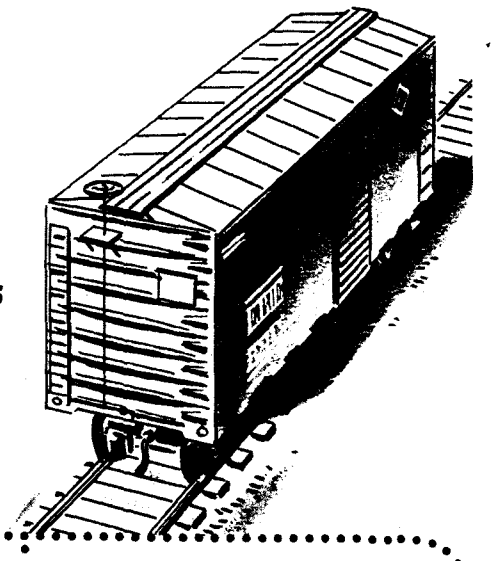


"The years have treated you kindly, Alice"

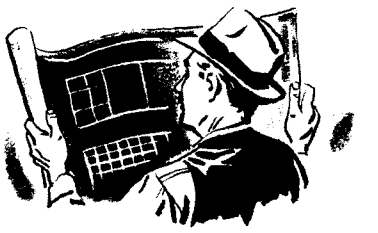
COLLIER'S RAY HELLE

Inside story of Boxcar 82763

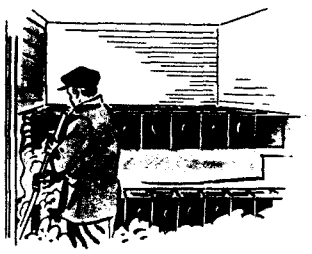
Solving the problem of the Broken Battery Cases



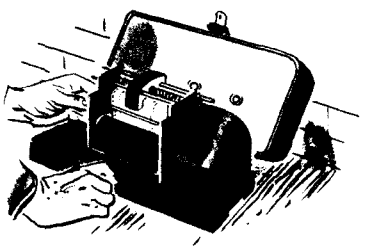
Prominent battery manufacturer plagued with broken shipments enlists the aid of Erie loading specialists.



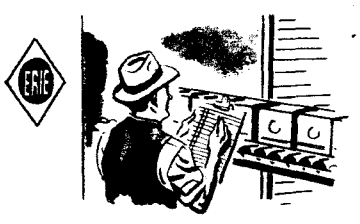
The Erie assigned one of their loading experts to solve the problem. After close, personal observation and examination of several shipments, he planned a new method of loading.



He made sure boxcar floors were smooth and even, suggested containers be trimmed, changed methods of stacking the battery cases, recommended different blocking, bracing, and filling of empty spaces.



To check the effectiveness of this new loading method, a special impact recorder was installed that automatically registers and charts any handling that would affect the shipment.



Personally inspecting the unloading of several cars, the Erie representative found his careful study of the problem and his recommendations had paid-off to the shipper's satisfaction.

These and other specialized skills and services are winning more satisfied shippers, and making more friends who say "Ship it Erie".

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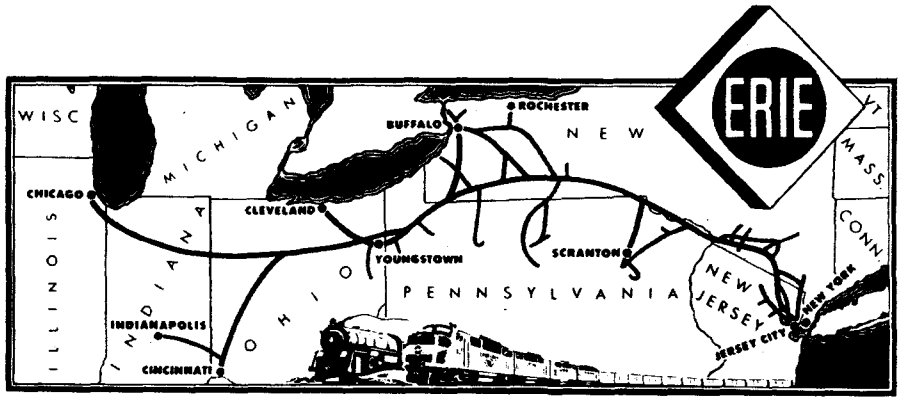

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

convalescent home, X-ray machines, and every modern appliance. Then we had something to offer a doctor. Doctor is a graduate of Vienna—and very satisfactory.

ERIC P. KELLY, Chebeague Island, Me.

. . . I would like to add another reason for the shortage here in South Dakota. We have only one medical school in the state—a two-year one. That means every student must finish his training outside the state—if the out-of-state ones aren't too crowded. Once settled in another state many will not return.

MRS. FRED B. FOREMAN, Watertown, S. D.

COULD I HELP YOU, SIR, PLEASE?

DEAR EDITOR: Yes, it's a relief to be able to buy a spring chicken without having to pay for all the eggs the hen would have laid if she'd lived to a ripe old age. Lester Velie is entirely correct when he tells us The Customer Is Right Again (May 31st).

Why, to give you some idea of how things have changed, the other day I saw a sign that said, "All nickel candy bars, five cents!"

PARKER FENNELLY, Peekskill, N. Y.

Yes, but what this country now needs is a good five-cent nickel.

WOMAN DOCTOR

DEAR EDITOR: When I saw the name of Ralph S. Banay, M.D., I knew I was in for a treat. I sat down, although my head was in a rag (I was cleaning house at the time) and read The Husband Really Pays. I find him keen and refreshing. Modern fiction makes a silly ninny of most of its heroines.

Collier's of May 24th is good copy all through. Your fiction, although up to the minute, does never deem it necessary to go "nausty." Many of our national family magazines are getting smeary. Please keep Collier's clean.

KATE O'LEARY, Janesville, Wis.

. . . If no children have entered the picture then Dr. Banay's fairly accurate, except that men being the "boss" sex pick young flowers rather than faded ones—Do I make myself clear?

MRS. M. HIRAM KAGAN

. . . Millions of veterans will breathe a sigh of silent gratitude to Dr. Banay for not blaming the war for broken homes, as most crackpots do.

An open-minded study of Dr. Banay's work might be beneficial to the host of judges and courts who condemn men to perpetual financial support, regardless of grounds. For a nation as civilized as ours, it is a shame, injustice, and disgrace to tolerate the archaic divorce laws and practices that they have condemned men to for decades. . . .

GEORGE H. MULDER, Bellflower, Cal.

. . . We have a life insurance against death, why can't we have one against divorce? If we had divorce insurance, all cheating and lies would be outlawed.

(MRS.) JEWEL SCAREY, New York City

. . . The demand of public sympathy, the assumed attitude of defenselessness, the exaggeration of supposed physical weaknesses, the airing of marital grievances to the local sewing circle have made purely feminine attributes an undesirable quantity. Excuses have been made that woman is a creature of emotions, but no emotion ever conceived blackmail, which is woman's most potent weapon. The subtle, dripping-tap method of persuasion is the result of cold-blooded logic and is conceived in ice-encapsuled brain cells.

Don't stop now, Dr. Banay, you have a crowd of disciples only waiting for their ideas to be crystallized for them.

LEE WHITE, London, Ontario

TIMBER! 1948

GENTLEMEN: I don't know if there are enough adjectives of PRAISE to express the merit of your presentation of the case of President Truman (A President Grows Up, May 24th). He should be re-elected "hands down," and you awarded the Pulitzer prize for the year—HERE and Now.

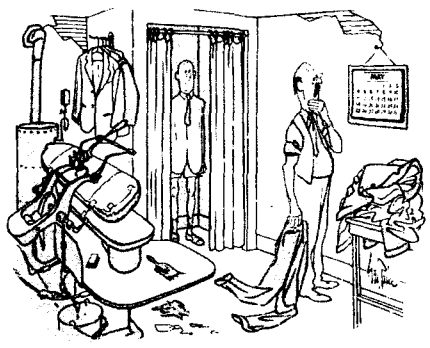
I know it does not mean anything special, but the writer has been a loyal reader of Collier's for over fifty years. Anyhow, it is a consolation that there are a few minds that can rise above petty partisanship.

R. C. BUCHANAN

PLEASE EXPLAIN

DEAR SIRS: None of us could get the enclosed cartoon (May 17th). Are we just plain stupid or have we no sense of humor? Would like explanation.

CARLOS A. SMITH, Bellaire, Ohio



"Now, let's see—today is Friday, isn't it?"

Mr. Price asks any other befogged readers: "How would you like to be caught with your pants down over a week end?"

CHANGE PARTNERS

DEAR EDITOR: Your editorial, Is This Split Necessary? (May 17th), indicated that you do not know that we have a divorce law in Mexico inaugurated by President Caranza called "The Mutual Divorce Law." A couple who wish to separate go before the judge and say so. It is not necessary for one to incriminate the other. They file papers, and the judge tells them to return in one month. At the end of a month they return; the judge asks if they have not changed their minds. If they answer no, he tells them to return in a month. The second month the thing is repeated. If they return the third time and still insist on the divorce, it is granted. As they married with mutual consent they may be divorced the same way.

R. M. GOODRICH, Ensenada, Baja California, Mexico

. . . I call your attention to the fact that the state of Texas provides for a (30-day) "cooling off" period in its divorce laws.

Your editorial implies that the recent adoption of similar provision by the state of Tennessee is an innovation.

FRANK Y. HILL, Laredo, Tex.

IN THE DISCARD

DEAR SIRS: I enjoyed Architects in Feathers (May 10th). But why does Hal H. Harrison have to drag in the old protective coloration theory?

It used to be argued that because everything turns white in the arctic winter this was protective camouflage. The theory went overboard when it was found that birds and animals were merely subject to the law of physics which permits them to retain their own body heat when there is no warmth from the outside.

The French naturalist, Jean Henri Fabre, threw the protective coloration theory out the window, with the remark that where one thing says yes, a thousand things say no.

A. A. PATRICK, Weatherford, Tex.

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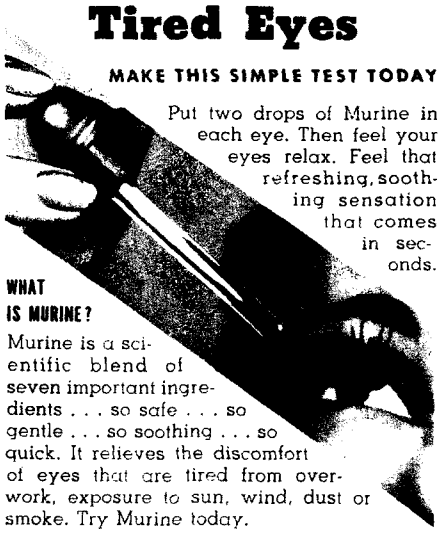

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MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

THE GRAND MARCH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Continued from page 19

discovered that weakness it would mean the end of the only career for which he had been trained. It would mean goodby to the Army in which he had served with honor, even with distinction. His own future would tumble silently around him, and he would be lost indeed.

The sound of radio music came insistently to his ears through that door in front of him, and somehow its measured beat brought him back to present reality. He lifted his hand and knocked on the panel he could not see.

The music stopped. Someone came with quick steps to the door and opened it. David Hammond, a tall man, found himself looking down at a young woman whose upturned brown face startled him with its unmistakable familiarity. He was astonished not so much by this recognition as by the fact that he remembered so clearly the original—the face of the boy he had last seen alive many months ago, and of which the young woman's face was a true but softer copy. Over her shoulder he saw three vague figures sitting motionless in a dimly lighted room.

"Are you—?" he began, then changed his question. "Is this the Taylors' apartment?"

"I'm Lucy Taylor," the girl said. Her eyes moved in swift appraisal of this stranger, this white man who wore the cloth, if not the manner, of authority. For the first time in years, David was conscious of his uniform.

"My name's Hammond. Captain Hammond. I've come—"

"Lucy," a woman's voice broke in calmly, "if he's from the station house, I already bought my ticket to the police benefit."

"Mama, this gentleman's an Army officer."

The pause that followed was curiously disturbing. David had again that sense of helplessness, as though the whole scene, and his purpose within it, were dissolving into illusion. The figures in the room were shadows, the girl scarcely more substantial except for the imprint of her face recalling that other face in his mind. He said, "You must be Buddy Taylor's sister"—and felt like a man who had smashed his way out of a dream.

"Buddy?" the girl said. "Why, yes. I—" Then he heard her catch her breath. "Buddy?"

"I knew him," David said. "He was in charge of a platoon of engineers attached to our headquarters near Pilsen, in Czechoslovakia. That was in May, '45."

LUCY TAYLOR spoke in a low tone that had the resonance of an organ note. "Come in, please."

He stepped into the room. It was lighted by a single lamp with a pleated, brown paper shade that stood on a card table near an overstuffed sofa whose springs dragged on the floor. On the sofa sat two women: a dark-skinned girl, with a baby asleep in her arms, and a big-bosomed, gray-haired matriarch in a black dress, with a proud black face that seemed to Captain Hammond wonderful in the lamplight. The only other person in the room was an old man wearing a stocking cap and a shabby, brown dressing gown tied with a string around his waist, like a monk's robe. He sat erect in a straight-backed chair at the window and stared out into the mild autumn night.

David had heard the door click shut behind him and now Lucy was standing at his side.

"Mama, this is Captain—" She glanced up at him quickly. "I'm sorry I didn't catch your name."

He repeated it for her.

"Captain Hammond," the girl said to her mother.

The gray-haired woman inclined her head but did not speak. David waited till the proud, challenging eyes again met his.

"Mrs. Taylor, I hope you won't think this is an intrusion. I've been looking forward for a long time to meeting you and your family. I got your address from the Army chaplain who wrote you about your son."

The eyes flickered momentarily. "I heard you say you knew Buddy." Then the matriarch resumed her impenetrable mask. "Lucy," she said, "introduce the captain to your sister and grandpa."

Lucy's sister was the girl with the baby. Her name was Mrs. Williams. The grandfather was the old man by the window. When Lucy introduced him he got up and bowed gravely to the visitor in uniform.

"Lost my son in the first World War and my gran'son in this one," Grandpa Taylor said, in a thin, sweet, wandering voice. "I was at El Caney in Cuba in '98, but I don't study 'bout war no more." He sat down again, and turned his wrinkled, leathery face to the night. "I got no comfort but my Jesus now," he said.

"Lucy," Mrs. Taylor said, "get a chair for the captain."

THERE was only one other chair in the room. Lucy pulled it into the circle of lamplight, then sat down on the sofa between her mother and sister. Facing them, David was conscious of a blurred symphony of noises coming up from the street and through the floor. But here was a stillness that would defeat him unless he overcame it. He said to Mrs. Taylor, "I've come to ask a favor—or rather to try to find something that may not even exist. It has to do with your son, and I—"

"My son is dead, isn't he?" the mother said.

"Yes."

"Killed after the war was over and done."

"Yes."

"Over and done," she said, with a finality beyond lament, beyond even bitterness. "I don't ask why. I got over asking why Buddy had to do that terrible work, whatever they call it—"

"Demolition."

"Whatever big name they call it, he was doing what the gov'ment told him. Gov'ment took him the way it took his father in '17. Carried him across the ocean, and Buddy hated it and was proud of it, too. Got blown up by a German bomb"—(It was a mine, David thought mechanically)—"a week after peace had come, and they buried him in foreign ground. What more does the gov'ment want of him? Why does it come bothering 'bout him now?"

David was puzzled. "The government?" he said. Then he understood. "I'm not representing the government."

"You said you wanted to find out something."

"I said *find*, not *find out*."

"Well, that sound like gov'ment."

It would have been funny if it had not been so completely and profoundly the reverse. He said, "I'm here for a purely personal reason."

"You wearing the uniform, so I thought—"

"I'm an officer in the Regular Army. I've just got back from four years' service overseas, including a seventeen months' tour of occupation duty. At present I'm stationed on Governors Island." He gave her these facts deliberately, and with still more deliberation

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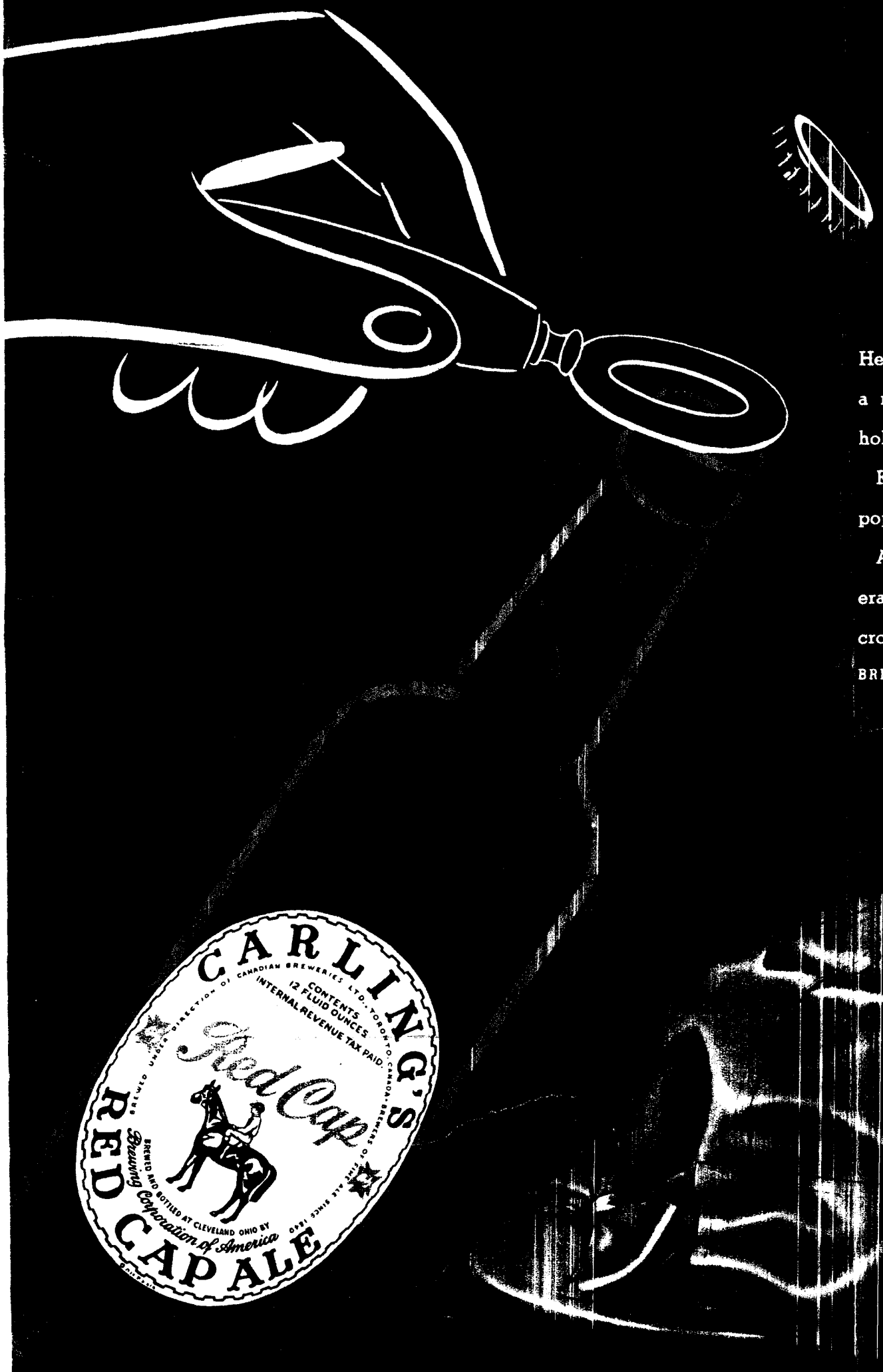
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added, "The last thing I did before I left Pilsen was to visit your son's grave. I wanted to pay my respects to a man I met only once, but will never forget."

The three women simply stared at him—only Lucy's wide brown eyes seemed at all responsive—and David went on talking against the stillness. "He was buried in the Corps cemetery just outside the city in a green and quiet place. At least it was green when I was there. The grave was well cared for and—"

"Yes," Mrs. Taylor said without evident emotion, "the chaplain sent us a picture of it. Shows Buddy's name plain on the cross." Her look was remote. "He was baptized 'Buddy.' I was afraid they wouldn't put that on the cross."

"They did."

THE mother nodded. She said, "We never called him anything else from the day he was born."

Grandpa Taylor's reedy voice came waveringly across the room, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Mrs. Williams' baby stirred and whimpered with a tiny animal noise. She patted it till it slept quietly again. Lucy said to David, "Just what is it that you came here to find, Captain Hammond?"

He looked at her with sudden relief. "Your brother was a musician," he said.

"Why, yes, he played piano."

"He was also a composer, wasn't he?"

"Why," Lucy said, "he was always making up tunes and playing them. But I don't know that you'd call him a composer."

"I would," David said. "But maybe I'd better tell you my whole story. It starts with a party we gave for the Russians at our regimental headquarters in Czechoslovakia. I know the chaplain didn't write you about that because he wasn't there. It was May 13, 1945."

Lucy glanced at her mother, then at David. "The day before Buddy was killed," she said.

"The night before, yes." He tried to speak as factually as possible. "We had captured Pilsen on the sixth, the war ended on the seventh and on the tenth a group of Russian officers, the staff of one of their units opposite us, asked some of us to a celebration on their side of the line. Everyone was busy celebrating right after the victory, and three days later Colonel Grace, my commanding officer, returned the compliment. He invited the Russians to dinner at our headquarters."

The faces of his listeners showed only a faint and puzzled curiosity. He hurried on: "The line between the two zones of occupation ran about ten kilometers east of Pilsen and we were living in a country villa not far from the line. The villa had been used during the war by a German *Luftwaffe* officer who had got out without doing any damage. It had belonged originally to a Czech official of the big Skoda works in Pilsen and was handsomely furnished. There was a grand piano in the drawing room."

He paused, aware that he had struck a spark between the women's memories and his own. He said to Lucy, "I first saw your brother sitting at that piano. He wasn't playing anything. He just sat there with his hands resting on the keyboard and his head turned as if he were listening to something inside the instrument."

"I know!" the girl said. "I can just see—" She did not finish the sentence.

"We'd come in from the dining room after the longest and most tiresome dinner I've ever sat through." He was telling it as he would have told it at the Officers' Club on the Post; any attempt to embellish or dramatize it for their benefit would have been an inexcusable condescension. "We couldn't get to first base with the Russians. They'd been good hosts at their own party, but now they acted as if they were afraid or suspicious of any friendliness. We'd had a lot of toasts—there was plenty to drink, including vodka in honor of our guests—but nobody seemed to loosen up, and the whole thing dragged like a bad movie.

"They were combat men, just as we were—some of them wore the Stalingrad medal—and we admired them and made half a dozen speeches saying so. They made speeches, too, but I got the impression that they thought our contribution to the victory was mostly technical and mechanical. On the human side, we and our Soviet friends were a long way apart.

"A couple of them spoke a little English, but they were cautious about using it in front of their fellow officers, so almost every word had to be translated by interpreters. It struck me as a kind of stupid practical joke that we should all be eating the same food and drinking the same drinks, that we had all fought the same war for the same reasons, yet couldn't speak the same language."

The old man at the window, in spite of his assumed indifference, must have heard every word, for now he said in his piping quaver, "It all go back to the time of Babel. The Lord mix up the language then, and it stay mix up till yet."

The women paid no attention to this interruption, and David said to Mrs. Taylor, "As it turned out, your son had the only language that was worth anything. His music saved the evening. It did something more. It spoke for us Americans as we never could have spoken for ourselves."

FOR the first time Mrs. Williams, the young woman with the baby, broke her curious, dreamlike silence. "How come Buddy was there?"

David said, "He'd appeared at a victory concert in the Pilsen Municipal Theater a couple of nights before. His playing had stopped the show. Colonel Grace heard of it—news like that travels fast in the Army, especially a halted Army—and he asked Sergeant Taylor to come to the villa. I happen to know the invitation was a request, not an order."

Lucy said, "Buddy would play for anybody, any time, anywhere he could get his hands on a piano."

"Yes," Mrs. Taylor said, and suddenly her great bosom heaved. "Oh, yes, Lord! He was born with a misery of music in him!" There was a kind of anger in her eyes. "Why, when he was just a little skinny boy, I'd miss him and go looking for him and find him in the corner saloon, in the back room where they had the piano." She shook her head in still-smoldering resentment. "Be sitting up there on the stool screwed as high as he could get it, fooling with his chords."

"The chords come natural to him," Mrs. Williams said.

"Natural or unnatural," Mrs. Taylor said, sighing, "Buddy grew up with his head full of tunes and his fingers fixed to play them. Taught himself by working in bars or dance halls or any place they would let him practice. Every new piece he heard he was possessed to learn it. But it was his own tunes that really deviled him."

David leaned forward. "Did he ever write them down?"

The blank look came back to the matriarch's face. He turned to Lucy. "Did your brother ever write down the tunes he played? I mean his original compositions?"

"No. At least I don't think so." Then, aware of his eagerness, she said, "Why do you ask, Captain Hammond?"

"Because I heard him play something, on the night we entertained the Russians, that I'd hate to think was lost. I'd hate to think it was one more fine thing lost—"

His voice was too loud. He controlled it and went on quietly: "The party was almost over—I remember the windows of the room were getting gray—when Buddy stood up to make an announcement.

"He said to Colonel Grace, 'Sir, now I'd like to play something special for this occasion. It's a piece I've been carrying around in my head for a long time. I call it The Grand March of the United States of America.' "

It was strange how the rhythm of the words brought back to David Hammond the exact look and mood of that scene in the villa. He remembered the gray-green landscape taking shape beyond the windows and the lights in the room turning pale. He could see the Soviet officers in their dress uniforms, their blouses covered with medals and their shoulder boards giving them a stiff, square look. He could see their faces as Sergeant Taylor's long title was translated to them. Their expressions showed that they expected an outburst of musical boasting. Then Buddy began to play. . . .

Captain Hammond said to Mrs. Taylor, "I'm a professional soldier. I know little about music, except that I'm fond of it. So I'm not competent to judge whether your son's concerto, if that's the right name for it, was as great as it seemed to me. All I can tell you is that when he'd finished—he must have played for an hour—our colonel got up and went to him and shook hands with him. The rest of us followed, and so did the Russians. They kept shouting 'Bravo! Bravo!' and I saw one of them unpin a medal from his blouse and shove it into Buddy's hands. They had heard something that really moved them, something they understood and respected."

He stopped, conscious of values beyond his power to project. He had told it as well as he could in terms of fact; but there was no way he could convey to them either the quality of Buddy's music, or the kind of truth it had let loose in the room, a truth deeper and stronger than words, that had broken the tension between the two groups as a thunderstorm clears the air on a stifling summer day.

ONLY the music itself could bear witness to that truth, and now David Hammond turned again to the girl whose face in the lamplight was a link between the living and the dead.

He said bluntly, "I came here hoping to find the manuscript of your brother's composition."

"Manuscript?"

"A score, if that's what it's called. Or at least some notes—?" His bluntness had become a kind of pleading.

"I see," Lucy said. And then, "Do you have any reason to believe there ever was such a manuscript?"

"Only that Buddy said he'd been thinking about his Grand March for a long time. Then, too, it seems incredible that he could have improvised such a complicated thing. He played it as though he knew it by heart."

Lucy said gently, "He probably did, but I don't think he ever put anything on paper. I don't think he could." She looked sidelong at her mother. "Mama, was there anything like a music manuscript in the package the chaplain sent us?"

"No," Mrs. Taylor said. "It was just my letters to Buddy and his watch and a medal and some little things."

"What about the box he tied up before he left? That cardboard box on the shelf in his closet?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Taylor said. "I never opened it or bothered it, except to dust it. I don't know what's in it."

Lucy looked at David Hammond. Then she got up and walked quickly out of the room.

From his chair by the window Grandpa Taylor spoke his ancient mind. "The Book say, when the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest."

It was a ghostly warning, empty as an echo: yet David was grateful when the old man's protest was overborne by the fretting of Mrs. Williams' baby. "You better put that child to bed," Mrs. Taylor told her daughter.

"In a minute," Mrs. Williams said.

Lucy came back into the room. She was carrying a shoe box tied with a white string. She sat down on the sofa and held out the box to her mother, but Mrs. Taylor folded her hands in her lap.

"You thought of it. You open it, Lucy."

The girl tried to loosen the knot, then broke the string and removed the lid from the box.

David drew his chair closer, and Mrs.

Critical Comment from Coast to Coast on

THE GRAND MARCH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY DANA BURNET

"Burnet's story is a vivid treatment of a fundamental and patriotic theme and illuminates one of the most urgent national issues of our time."—Lee Casey, Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Colorado.

". . . Inspired by something greater than insular or dated patriotism. Perhaps a black boy's march is a symbol of the leadership our powerful democracy must take in guiding the nations of the world into the promised land of peace."—Olga Owens, Boston Sunday Post.

"A profoundly beautiful story that clutches at the heart and yet never betrays the head."—Paul Jordan Smith, Los Angeles Times.

"Dana Burnet has magnificently dramatized eight essentials to our understanding of the troubled world today . . ."—Yandray Wilson Vance, Hartford Courant, Hartford, Connecticut.

"The visitor in the office said, 'Everywhere I go in the United States the people look as though they had lost the war.' He was an English newspaperman from Bombay . . . What have we lost? Nothing, if we catch the spirit defined by Dana Burnet in The Grand March of the United States of America . . . Here is a parable for the times."—William E. Hall, Toledo Blade.

". . . A message of reassurance and comfort to the people of a troubled nation."—Sam Raddon, Jr., Oregon Journal, Portland, Oregon.

"Dana Burnet's story is strongly appealing and affecting. Congratulations to Mr. Burnet and Collier's."—Frank Daniel, Atlanta Journal.

". . . Burnet story is a splendid expression of the value and nobility of the contribution by an unrecognized racial minority to the rich texture of total democracy . . ."—Marjory Stoneman Douglas, Miami Herald.

". . . A deeply moving story . . . It expresses without bombast or bathos the sort of patriotism all of us who love our country have felt."—Carter Brooke Jones, Washington (D.C.) Evening Star.

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Williams, mechanically patting her baby, craned her neck to see.

"I don't know why you had to break the string," Mrs. Taylor said.

No one answered. David watched Lucy's slow brown hand as it lifted and then replaced, one by one, the objects in the box.

There was a spinning-top, painted yellow with a red stripe and cracked down one side; a soiled cheesecloth marble bag; a wad of tin foil; a Christmas tree ornament in the shape of a swan; a slingshot; a small metal airplane; a jackknife with a broken horn handle; a greenish copper penny; a homemade baseball—the kind boys make by winding tar-tape around a hard rubber core; a mouth organ; and a small American flag furled on its slender stick. That was all.

Except for the mouth organ, there was no hint of Buddy Taylor's musical life, which apparently he had lived without record or visible symbol. . . .

"I'm sorry, Captain Hammond," Lucy said.

FOR an instant David was tempted to resist defeat, to continue his questions, his search for the manuscript he had pictured, so conveniently, in his mind. But now he knew, by the very tone of the girl's voice, that he had been cherishing an illusion on which she had pronounced a final judgment.

He stood up, not trying to hide his disappointment. "I'm sorry, too," he said.

Mrs. Williams gathered up her baby and rose from the sofa. With that gesture she seemed to recapture her air of detachment, to withdraw into a world that included only herself and her child. "Well, time to say good night," she murmured, and walked with easy languid grace from the room.

Mrs. Taylor got up and stood facing David.

"It was kind of you," she said, "to come and tell us about Buddy."

"No," he said, "it wasn't kindness. It was just—it was something that seemed important to me." But he could not tell her why. You could never explain the really important things, and yet he felt he must say something more. "You see, I'd counted a good deal on hearing your son's music again."

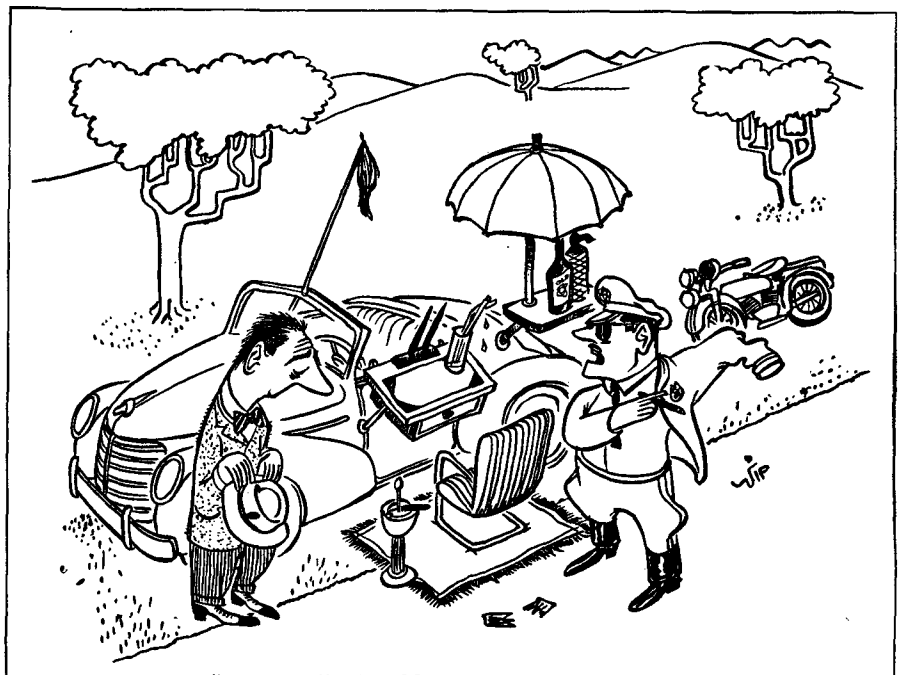
"I would rather hear his voice again," the mother said, "but I got to wait till the Judgment Day."

She said it calmly, without grieving or complaint; but the dark face, the dark stately figure seemed to Captain Hammond the personification of bereavement. He thought of the thousands of her sisters he'd seen in other lands, the shadowy ones to whom suffering had brought the final equality.

He thought of the great democracy of sorrow that made no distinction of kind or color in the faces it set its seal upon; and in himself he felt the fear that had nothing to do with cowardice, but was rather despair of a world unable to make the one distinction that counted—the simple, vital difference between man and man-beast. . . .

He felt the fear in his belly, and pity like a hand at his throat; and he turned away, and saw the old grandfather in his monklike robe getting up from his chair by the window.

"Ain't so long to wait till the Judgment," Grandpa Taylor said. He began a slow, stooping advance toward the sofa. "Anybody study Scripture know the first sign already been fulfilled. Like it say in the Book, hail and fire mix with blood going to be cast down upon the earth—and it sure been cast down!" He came into the lamplight, stopped and lifted his arms. They were like charred branches thrusting from the sleeves of his dressing gown. "Then the sun going to turn black, and the stars fall, and all us poor sinners going to hide from the wrath of the Lamb. For the great day of His wrath is come—" The frail voice gasped and broke, the scarecrow body drooped in sudden impotence, bent double by a twitch of pain.



COLLIER'S "But I really should have given you a ticket" VIRGIL PARTCH

"There now you see!" Mrs. Taylor said. She went to the old man quickly and put her arm around him.

"Crick in my back. Lord, Lord—!" His hand fumbled for the place.

"Yes, all right, Papa Taylor, you come with me. I'll rub it with the liniment."

One moment he was the inspired prophet, uttering solemn portents of doom; the next, he was a shriveled child being helped by a woman to the humiliation of his bed.

"Can I help?" David asked.

"No, but you will have to excuse us, Captain, please."

The old man was making the most of his infirmity. As she led him away he kept groaning and calling on the Lord and saying that the liniment was no good. Then the door closed on them, and David was alone in the room with Lucy Taylor.

He had a queer notion that she had not seen or heard anything that had happened since she last spoke to him. She sat in a kind of trance, staring down at the shoe box on her lap.

"I'm afraid I've upset you all," he said.

"No. . . . No, I'm glad you came. It makes me feel better about my brother." She didn't raise her head. "I miss him. . . . We were twins. I guess twins are specially close—" Her speech blurred, became clear again. "Now I can think of him always in that room, sitting at the piano the way you told it, the way I used to see him—"

"Well—" David said.

HE HAD put his cap on the table under the lamp and now he moved to get the cap. But the girl spoke again, and he heard in her voice the deep, resonant organ note.

"You said it was *important* to you, Captain."

"My coming here? Yes." He turned back abruptly, almost blundering into the chair opposite the sofa. "I've been telling myself it was my duty to make this call—to try to salvage a work of genius. But that was just an excuse."

"An excuse?"

"The truth is I was looking for something I seem to have lost. Something I had once—a feeling—a conviction—" His hands went out and gripped the back of the chair. He was like a blind man reaching for some tangible support. "Anyway, I think I should tell you that my reason for coming here was a selfish one."

She looked up at him then; and he wondered confusedly why the faces of saints were always painted white or ivory or rose. He had never seen anything saintlier or more compassionate than this autumnal face lifted toward him in the lamplight.

Lucy said, "Selfish people don't talk about their selfishness, Captain Hammond. You seem more like somebody seeking."

"Seeking?"

"It's a word Grandpa Taylor uses sometimes. It means somebody seeking salvation. Seeking faith."

David said slowly, "I guess that's the word for me."

She said, "When you were talking about Buddy, I thought there was something bothering you more than just finding the music—"

"You're right."

He sat down again in the chair facing her. "Going back to the night of our victory party," he said; then paused, absorbed in recollection, till the girl said, "Yes?"

He went on: "I've told you I thought Buddy's Grand March was great music. The reason I thought so was that it gave me a feeling I'd had only once in my life before. That was when I was crossing the Channel on D-Day, when I stood on the deck of an American transport and saw with my own eyes the power, the greatness, of our America in action.

"The piece your brother played for us had that same greatness. Except that he seemed to get at the thing behind the ships and the planes and the guns, the thing inside the men, behind them, going back to the factories and the homes, the farms and the streets they'd come from. The thing going back—the spirit, I suppose you'd call it—reaching all the way back to the Hudson River rebellion, to Concord Bridge and Lexington . . ."

He had thought he could never tell it or explain it to anyone, but it did not seem impossible there in the room in the lonely night with Buddy Taylor's sister.

"I don't mean that what we heard was patriotic bragging or even a military march, though it was full of the sound of marching—"

"Oh!" the girl said softly.

"But it seemed closer to the music of your own great spirituals . . . and somehow your brother was using that music as a language to tell the truth about America.

"Because it was the truth, there were discords that hurt your ears to listen to. But even in the discords you could hear the note of power, the people moving forward and the greatness finding itself . . .

"I think that's what impressed the Russians; that, and the fact that they heard in Buddy's masterpiece a revolu-

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tionary faith much older and deeper-rooted than their own.

"They'd been taught that Americans were reactionaries, modern barbarians who were out to conquer the world with money and machines. Yet here was an American enlisted man, a member of what they call a minority group, telling them something different. When he'd finished, and we were all crowding around him, I heard their ranking officer say to him in English, 'But this is revolutionary music!' And Buddy said, 'Yes, sir. Every good American is a rebel at heart. Our people got the habit way back in '76, and they've never gotten over it.' Then he looked straight at the Russian and said, 'It takes a free man to be a real revolutionist, sir.' "

Captain Hammond leaned back, put his hands to his face and drew them down slowly across his eyes. "I remember what your brother said, I remember the impression his music made on me, but the feeling I had about it is gone.

"It was strong and clear to me then. Everything was as clear as the sun coming in at the windows. Our victory was real, there was truth and understanding between us and our allies, peace was possible. . . .

"But my faith in these things didn't last. It got lost somewhere between that night and now. So I thought, if I could hear Sergeant Taylor's music again—"

HIS hands were still. They covered his eyes, and he sat very still, because he was hearing it. There was a sound in the room that he did not identify at once because it seemed an echo suddenly released from his own memory. Then he realized that Lucy was singing, humming, the theme of her brother's American concerto.

"My God, how did you know?"

She did not answer him directly, but then as he dropped his hands to stare at her the low, vibrant voice drifted almost imperceptibly into speech. "I remember now," Lucy said. "It was the summer we were ten years old. Fourth of July . . . and they gave us the little flags and we marched up Lenox Avenue to some hall on 125th Street." Her lips smiled faintly. "It was so hot the asphalt was soft in the street and there must have been hundreds of us kids marching in our Sunday clothes and all our flags waving because we kept fanning ourselves with the flags. . . .

"I was thinking about the ice cream they'd promised us after the celebration, how cool it would taste, but they had a band for us to march to, and when I looked at Buddy I saw he was excited about the band. His eyes were big and shiny the way they always got when he heard music, and he walked so light I knew he felt proud. One of his shoelaces came untied and I told him to stop and fix it, but he wouldn't break the step. I don't know why I should think of that. . . .

"I don't know why we were there at all, except it was election year and they had somebody big, a big man from Albany, going to make a speech. I guess the politicians thought it would be showy to have us children march, or maybe they figured it would help to get the parents out. Anyway, the word was passed down through the precinct captains, and you could go or not, but when I heard about the ice cream I begged Mama to let us go.

"It was hotter than ever in the hall and I felt sorry for the man from Albany. He was a fat man with a fat, red face that he kept mopping all the time. Drinking water and mopping his face all the time, and I guess I got to giggling, because Buddy grabbed my arm and told me hush, and then I saw he was listening to the speech, so I listened too.

"It was all about the first Independence Day and what it meant and what the flags we were carrying stood for. I suppose it was just an ordinary Fourth of July speech, but I remember some things the speaker said. He said the world had never had but two ideas about government: one that it should be master of the people and the other that it should be servant. He said the first meant slavery no matter what name you called it and the second was freedom. He told how America had made its choice for freedom, and how there were some who said it would never work and some who abused it and others who were afraid of it, but it was still the best idea anybody'd ever had, and someday it would lead human beings everywhere out of darkness into the light.

"Then it was over and we got our ice cream and had to eat it fast before it melted, and then we walked home. When we got to our building I was tired, and wanted to sit on the steps till suppertime, but Buddy said no, we were going to play the marching game.

"I said, 'What game is that?' and he said, 'I just made it up. Come on, I'll show you.' Then he told me to get behind him and we would march up the stairs to the roof, and I said, 'What for?' And he said, 'Because we have to. Because it's part of the game. I'll be the leader because I've got the flag.'

"Well, I'd lost my flag somewhere, but he still had his, so I didn't argue with him. I never did anyway. I just asked him who I was supposed to be. He said, 'You're the people. You're all the people, and you have to follow me because I've got the flag.'

"So then we started up the steps from the street and went through the hall and up the stairs past the door of our flat, with Buddy stomping in front and me marching behind him. It was black as night on the stairs and I heard him singing, 'Dark! Dark! Dark!'—not singing loud but sort of chanting it to himself; and then we came out on the roof.

"It was empty because everybody was down getting supper and I remember there was a breeze blowing and the sky was all red and bright with sunset. We didn't stop but went right on marching around the roof, and Buddy had the little flag held up to catch the breeze, and there was something about the way he looked, and the brightness and the wind blowing on my face, that made me want to cry. I began to think the marching game was wonderful, and then all at once Buddy burst out singing again, really singing this time, at the top of his lungs, like this!"

The girl lifted her head and sang:

"March, march, march, march, march, march, march!
Now all the people are marching in the light!"

The rich, full-throated contralto rose and soared and overflowed the room, triumphant and briefly joyous, repeating in that single phrase, that musical fragment, the great theme that David Hammond remembered, and would always remember now.

Then without any pause or false stillness she was speaking again: "We played the marching game every night for maybe a week or so, and then we didn't play it any more. But I guess Buddy never forgot—"

"No," David said, "I'm sure he never forgot." He leaned toward her, wishing that he could share with her his exaltation for something of value saved from the obscene waste of war and death. But all he could think to say was, "Thank you." And again, "Thank you, Lucy Taylor."

Her look was fixed on the open box that rested like a miniature white coffin on her lap. Her hand moved slowly, but with decision, among her brother's childhood treasures.

"I'd like you to have this," she said, and held out to him the gift she'd selected. "Please take it—and keep it . . ."

This time he couldn't thank her. He couldn't say anything at all.

GOING down the stairs Captain Hammond did not think about their darkness. Nor did he have now any sense of shadow within himself. The force of his consciousness was directed outward, flowing as a man's strength should flow in calmness and clarity toward the future.

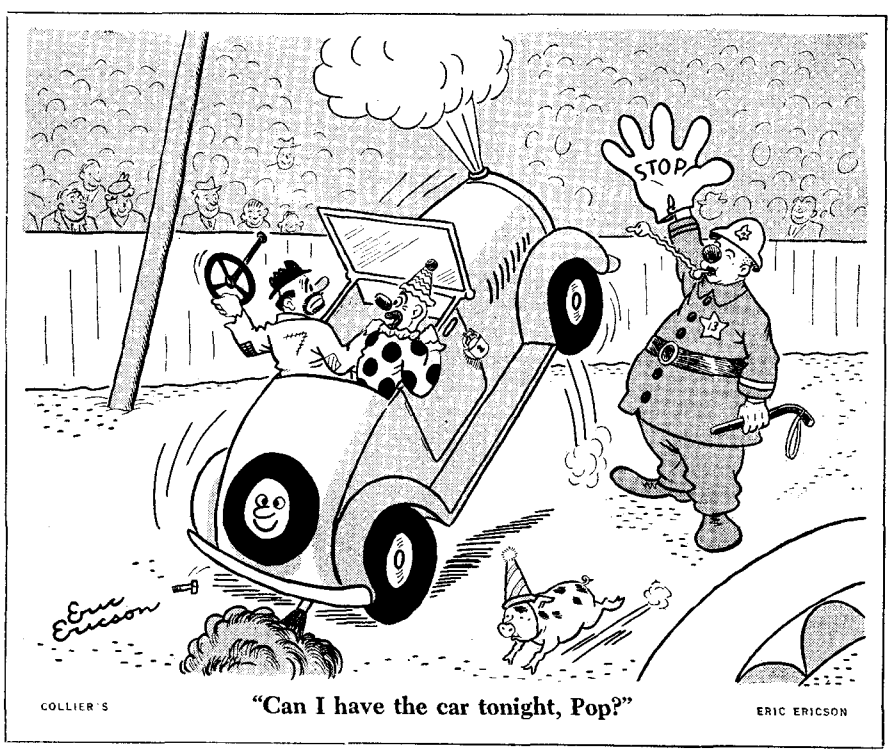
Inevitably he thought of the test he had dreaded, the physical examination that he'd have to take tomorrow. By the time he reached the street, he knew he no longer was worried about it. He was no longer afraid of what the doctors would discover in his mind or in his spirit.

He was no longer afraid.

The night air was cool and good to breathe, it was good to be walking the street of an American city, the muffled, oceanic rhythm of which still came serene and unbroken to his ear. He reached the corner and turned south on Lenox Avenue toward the subway.

He was carrying the gift that Lucy had given him, the small American flag that had once belonged to Buddy Taylor. He carried it upright in his hand, clutching it tightly by its slender stick. He knew he must look ridiculous to the shadowy figures he passed on the sidewalk. But he didn't care. He did not feel ridiculous. He felt as if he were holding on to the one sure thing left in a fearfully shaken and vastly uncertain world.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Can I have the car tonight, Pop?" ERIC ERICSON

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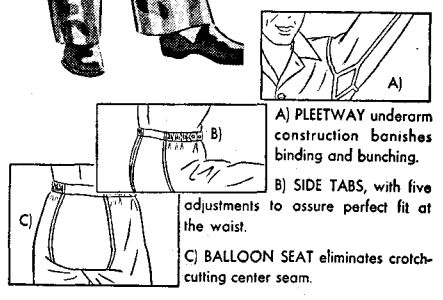

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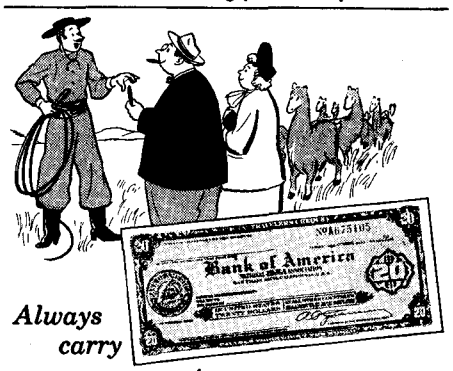

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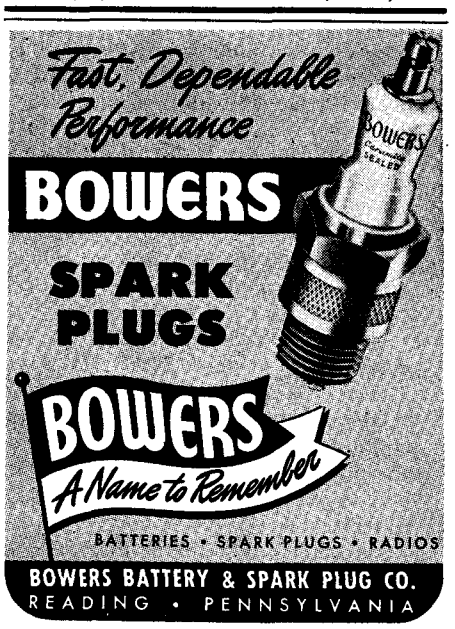

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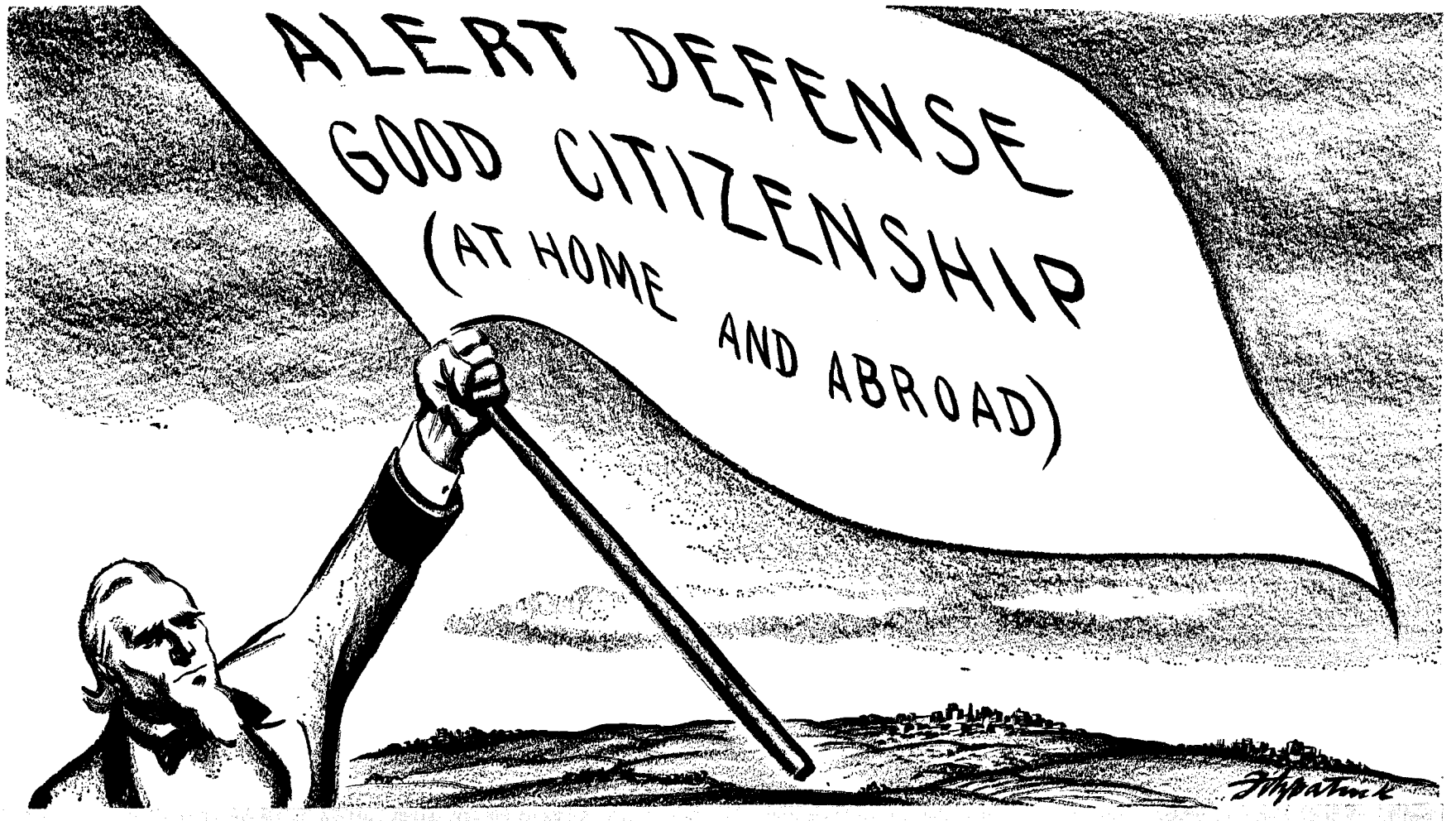

DAY OF INDEPENDENCE

The Star-Spangled Banner bring hither;
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave.
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
—*Thomas à Becket:* The Red, White and Blue (better known as Columbia the Gem of the Ocean).

NO POSSESSION is more valuable to a nation than its independence—freedom to make its own decisions and go its own way in the world. Any American who doesn't realize that fact might profitably spend a half hour or so on July 4, 1947, the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence, reading about how France enjoyed its recent German occupation or how the various nations under the Russian shadow relish their lack of freedom today.

With independence, a people can work out its own destiny, for better or for worse. Without independence, virtually all is lost.

We've been fortunate enough to preserve our freedom since the Revolution of 1776-83, against progressively more serious threats. The last time—1941-45—we did it by the grace of God and a great deal of luck, as invaluable aids to the fighting courage of millions of American warriors and the skill of a group of great generals and admirals, plus the immense productive power of our industries.

Why not make July 4, 1947, an occasion for renewing the resolve, so fervently and frequently voiced during the war, that never again will we let ourselves be caught unprepared or half prepared by any enemy?

We can work to make the United Nations a success; true. But the U.N. is a long way from being a success as yet.

Meanwhile, the possibility of further huge wars continues unabated; eternal vigilance goes on being the price of liberty; and it is still true that the best way to remain at peace is to be constantly prepared to fight.

We can't stay prepared merely by telling one another with loud, proud cheers that, "I am an American," or by putting a blind Maginot-line kind of faith in the atom bomb.

What we need are a first-class Air Force, a top-drawer Navy, and an Army of ample size—all of them tuned up ceaselessly, and as expensively as need be, to every new development in the art and science of war.

These are the essentials of national defense, and there are no substitutes for them.

And on this Independence Day, 1947, while we congratulate ourselves on our democracy's long life and good health to date, and renew our resolves to stay in training, we'd also do well to give some thought to a couple of rather important shortcomings of ours.

One of these is external, the other internal.

The external one has to do with the way too many of our occupation troops have been misconducting themselves in Germany. There is no need to go into the details here; most of us are well aware of them.

It is customary to blame this aromatic record of our German legionaries on the fact that these are new soldiers who saw none of the fighting in the war, the combat veterans having been brought home as fast as possible after V-E Day.

If that is true, then why is it that in Japan, on the other side of the world, our occupation troops have made such an admirable showing? These are new soldiers, too; MacArthur's veterans of Luzon and Okinawa are long gone.

We're not holding any brief for either the Germans or the Japs. But what is important to Americans is that the Germans by and large dislike us because of our occupation forces, while the Japs, again because of our occupation forces, are now potential allies of ours and think MacArthur is some species of god.

Since we preach democracy so loudly at home, the biggest job facing General Lucius Clay, our new commander in Germany, would appear to be to see to it that all of his boys—not just a goodly majority of them—practice democracy in the Reich, as MacArthur's boys do in Japan.

Our biggest internal shortcoming just now, we believe, is our handling of interracial relations; mainly those between white people and colored people.

A brutal lynching of a Negro is perpetrated by a gang of white men in Greenville, South Carolina. The governor of the state and the prosecuting attorney of the county bulldoze the affair to a trial. The evidence is open and shut, consisting of confessions by 26 of the men involved. Yet the jury acquits them all.

The verdict gives aid and comfort to anti-U.S. propagandists, Communist and otherwise, all over the world; and, like the conduct of some of our troops in Germany, it belies our democratic preachments.

This episode is a tragically dramatic symptom of a real disease afflicting our democracy. All sorts of cures are suggested, from antilynch laws and anti-discrimination laws down.

It seems to us that the most effective remedy lies in the hands of decent, responsible, substantial people in every community, rather than in laws. If these people will take to letting it be known, in season and out, that they will not approve and will fight violence, hatred and intolerance of all kinds, we think those things can be gradually cut to the irreducible minimum in this country. If not, not; and we'll go on having lynchings, race riots, and well-nigh unbearable racial tensions.

On Independence Day, 1947, then, let's look around for ways and means of making another part of the grand old song mentioned above come closer to 100 per cent true than it now is; the part, we mean, that goes:

Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make Tyranny tremble
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

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